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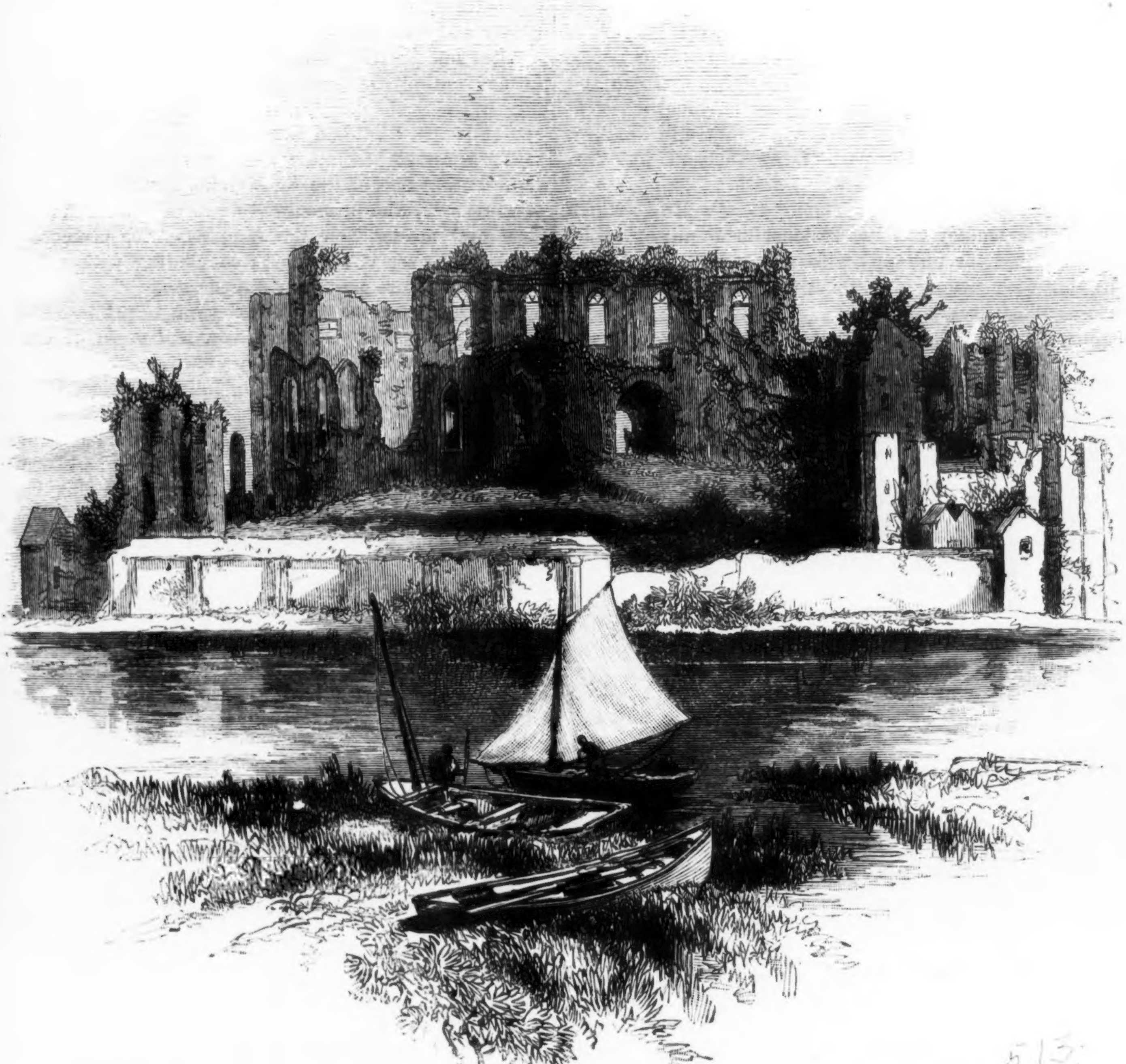
AMY ROBSART.

BY N. ROBINSON.

ENGLAND is rich—immeasurably richer than any other country under the sun—in its "Homes"; and these homes, whether of the sovereign or of the high nobility, of the country squire or the merchant prince, of the artisan or the laborer—whether, in fact, they are palace or cottage, or any intermediate grade, have a character possessed by none others. England, where "Home, Sweet Home" has become almost a national anthem—so closely is its sentiment entwined around the hearts of the people of every class—is indeed a kingdom of homes; and these, and their



RUINS OF KENILWORTH CASTLE.

associations and surroundings, and the love which is felt for them, are its main source of true greatness. Beautifully has the gifted poetess, Mrs. Hemans, sung of English "Homes," and charmingly has she said:

> 'The stately Homes of England,
> How beautiful they stand
> Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
> O'er all the pleasant land!"

Whether "stately" in their proportions or in their style of architecture; in their internal decorations, or in their outward surroundings; in the halo of historical associations which encircles them, or in the families which have made their greatness, these "Homes" are a fitting subject for both pen and pencil—and with the "righte doleful" story which has flung its ghastly shadow over the history of two of the most notable houses in Merrie England, this faithful chronicle proposes to deal.

"The Wizard of the North," as Sir Walter Scott has been happily termed, in his "Kenilworth" has flung a vivid-colored mantle of romance over the tragic end of the ill-fated daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart of Lidcote Hall, who gave her heart and hand on a bright June day in 1550 to Lord Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester—a "goodly personage," upon whom the "Virgin Queen" Elizabeth had cast a languishing and amorous eye. Dudley's ambition went ablaze at the idea of a royal alliance; and, it is alleged, in order to clear the path to this goal of his burning hopes, he caused to be done to death his "righte winsome and loving spouse," Amy. That the poor lady met a violent and untimely end is certain; but a doubt still obscures immediate action on the part of her husband, who was, however, "infamed" by his wife's death.

A paper remains, however, among Cecil's MSS., which proves that Dudley was less zealous for inquiry than he seemed; that his unhappy wife was indeed murdered; and that with proper exertion the guilty persons might have been discovered.

Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was a personage of very great distinction, whose manor of Kenilworth was an ancient demesne of the Crown, the castle being demolished in the war of Edward Ironside and Canute the Dane, early in the eleventh century. In the reign of Henry I., the manor was bestowed by the King on Geoffrey de Clinton, who built a strong castle and founded a monastery here. On the death of Geoffrey the fortress descended to his son, from whom it was transferred to the Crown, and garrisoned by Henry II. during the rebellion of his son. In the reign of Henry III. it was used as a prison; and in 1254 the King gave to Simon de Montfort, who had married Eleanor, the King's sister, the castle in trust for life.

In 1286, a grand chivalric meeting of one hundred knights of high distinction, English and foreign, and the same number of ladies, was held at Kenilworth; and at this festival, it is said, silks were worn for the first time in England.

In the reign of Edward II. the castle again came into the hands of the Crown, and the King intended to make it a place of retirement for himself; but in the rebellion which soon followed, he was taken prisoner in Wales, and brought to Kenilworth, where he was compelled to sign his abdication.

Edward III. restored the castle to the Earl of Lancaster, whose granddaughter brought it in dower to the celebrated John of Gaunt, afterward Duke of Lancaster, who made to the castle many additions, which still retain the name of Lancaster's Buildings. At his death it descended to his son, afterward Henry IV. During the civil wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster, the castle was alternately taken by the partisans of the White and Red Roses. In 1436, King Henry VI. kept Christmas here. Very long after the termination of the civil wars, Queen Elizabeth bestowed Kenilworth upon her ambitious favorite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. That wealthy nobleman spared no expense in beautifying the castle, and in making many splendid additions, called after him Leicester's Buildings.

And now we come to that event in the history of Kenilworth which was the direct cause of the untimely fate of the young and beautiful wife of its lordly proprietor.

The most memorable event in the history of Kenilworth Castle is the Royal State entertainment given by Leicester to Queen Elizabeth, who came attended by thirty-one barons, besides the ladies of the Court, who, with four hundred servants, were all lodged in the fortress. The festival continued for seventeen days, at an expense estimated at five thousand dollars a day—a very large sum in those times. The waiters upon the Court, as well as the gentlemen of the Barons, were all clothed in velvet. Two oxen were slaughtered every morning, and the consumption of wine is said to have been sixteen hogsheads, and of beer, forty hogsheads, daily. An account of this singular and romantic entertainment, published at the time by an eye-witness, presents a curious picture of the luxury, plenty and gallantry of Elizabeth's reign.

After her journey from London, which the Queen performed entirely on horseback, she stopped at Long Itchington, where she dined, and, hunting on the way, arrived at Kenilworth Castle on Saturday, July 9th, 1575. Here, says the above account, "she was received by a person representing one of the ten sybills, comely clad in a pall of white sylk, who pronounced a proper poezie in English rime and meeter," on the happiness her presence produced, wherever it appeared; concluding with a prediction of her future eminence and success.

"On her entrance to the tilt-yard," continues an eye-witness, "a porter, tall of person and stern of countenance, wrapt also in sylk, with a club and keiz of quantitie according, in rough speech, full of passion, in meter aptly made to the purpose," demanded the cause of all this "din and noise, and riding about, within the charge of his office!" but upon seeing the Queen, as if he had been instantaneously stricken, he falls down upon his knees, humbly begs pardon for his ignorance, yields up his club and keys, and proclaims open gates and free passage to all.

After this pretty device, six trumpeters "clad in long garments of sylk, who stood upon the wall of the gate, with their silvery trumpets of five foot long, sounded a tune of welcome." These "harmonious blasters, walking upon the walls, maintained their delectable music, while her highness all along the tilt-yard rode, into the inner gate," where she was surprised "with the sight of a floating island on the large pond," on which was a beautiful female representing the Lady of the Lake, supported by two nymphs, surrounded by blazing torches, and many ladies clad in rich silks as attendants; whilst the genii of the lake greeted her Majesty with "a well penned meter" on "The Auncientie of the Castle," and the hereditary dignity of the Earls of Leicester. This pageant was closed with a bruit of cornets and other music, and a new scene was presented to view.

A Latin inscription over the castle explained the whole; this was read to her by a poet "in a long, ceruleous garment, with a bay garland on his head and a skroll in his hand. So passing into the inner court, Her Majesty (that never rides but alone) thear set down from her palfrey, was convoyed up to her chamber, when after did follo a great peal of gunz and lighting by fyrworks." Besides these, every diversion the romantic and gallant imagination of that period could devise was presented for the amusement of Her Majesty and the Court—tilts, tournaments, deer hunting in the park, savage men, satyrs, bear and bull baitings, Italian tumblers and rope-dancers, a country bridal ceremony, prize fighting, running at the quintam, morris dancing, and brilliant fireworks in the grandest style and perfection; during all this time the tables were loaded with the most sumptuous cheer. On the pool was a Triton riding on a mermaid, eighteen feet long, and an Arion on a dolphin, who entertained the royal visitors with an excellent piece of music.

The old Coventry play of "Hock Tuesday," founded on the massacre of the Danes in 1002, was also performed here "by certain good-hearted men of Coventry."

We gather from other accounts of these revels that the bear-baits were much enjoyed by the Queen. Laneham, in his celebrated letter, reprinted in Nichol's "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," describes this country pastime: "It was a sport very pleasant of these beasts; to see the bear with his pink eyes leering after his enemie's approach, the nimbleness and wait of the dog to take his advantage, and the force and experience of the bear again to avoid the assault; if he was bitten in one place how he would pinch in another to get free; that if he was taken once, then what shift with biting, clawing, with roaring, tossing and tumbling, he would work to wind himself from them; and when he was loose, to shake his ears twice or thrice, with the blood and the slaver about his visonomy, was a matter of goodly relief."

This festival gathered all the country round to see its pageants, the boy Shakespeare with the rest.

We shall now turn from the glitter of this wondrous pageantry to the quiet of a neighboring country mansion, Cumnor Hall, and take a peep at the beautiful bride of the unscrupulous Earl.

"The dews of Summer night did fall;
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby."

Sir Walter Scott, in his entrancing historical novel of "Kenilworth," thus describes the apparel of Amy Robsart, through the mouth of one Master Goldthred, a mercer, who addresses Tressilian, a rejected lover of the luckless girl, a rake-helly fellow, Michael Lambourne, being present. Tony Foster is a follower of Leicester's, and keeps watch and ward over the Countess at Cumnor Hall.

"'And so, sir,' said Goldthred, 'as I passed under the great painted window, leaving my rein loose on my ambling palfrey's neck, partly for mine ease and partly that I might have the more leisure to peer about, I hears me the lattice open; and never credit me, sir, if there did not stand there the person of as fair a woman as ever crossed mine eyes; and I think I have looked on as many pretty wenches, and with as much judgment, as other folks.'

"'May I ask her appearance, sir?' said Tressilian.

"'Oh, sir,' replied Master Goldthred, 'I promise you she was in gentlewoman's attire—a very quaint and pleasing dress, that might have served the Queen herself; for she had a forepart with body and sleeves of ginger-colored satin, which in my judgment must have cost by the yard some thirty shillings, lined with murrey taffeta, and laid down and guarded with two broad laces of gold and silver. And her hat, sir, was truly the best fashioned thing that I have seen in these parts, being of tawny taffeta, embroidered with scorpions of Venice gold, and having a border garnished with gold fringe; I promise you, sir, an absolute and all-surpassing device. Touching her skirts, they were in the old pass-devant fashion.'

"'I did not ask you of her attire, sir,' said Tressilian, who had shown some impatience during their conversation, 'but of her complexion—the color of her hair, her features.'

"'Touching her complexion,' answered the mercer, 'I am not so special certain; but I marked that her fan had an ivory handle, curiously inlaid—and then again, as to the color of her hair, why, I can warrant, be its hue what it might, that she wore above it a net of green silk, parcel twisted with gold.'

"'A most mercer-like memory,' said Lambourne; 'the gentleman asks him of the lady's beauty, and he talks of her fine clothes.'"

The following is a vivid description of Cumnor Hall as visited by Tressilian and Lambourne:

"While he thus spoke, they had entered a large orchard which surrounded the house on two sides, though the trees, abandoned by the care of man, were overgrown and mossy, and seemed to bear little fruit. Those which had been formerly trained as espaliers, had now resumed their natural mode of growing, and exhibited grotesque forms, partaking of the original training which they had received. The greater part of the ground, which had once been parterres and flower-gardens, was suffered in like manner to run to waste, excepting a few patches which had been dug up, and planted with ordinary pot-herbs. Some statues, which had ornamented the garden in its days of splendor, were now thrown down from their pedestals and broken in pieces, and a large summer-house, having a heavy stone front, decorated with carving, representing the life and actions of Samson, was in the same dilapidated condition.

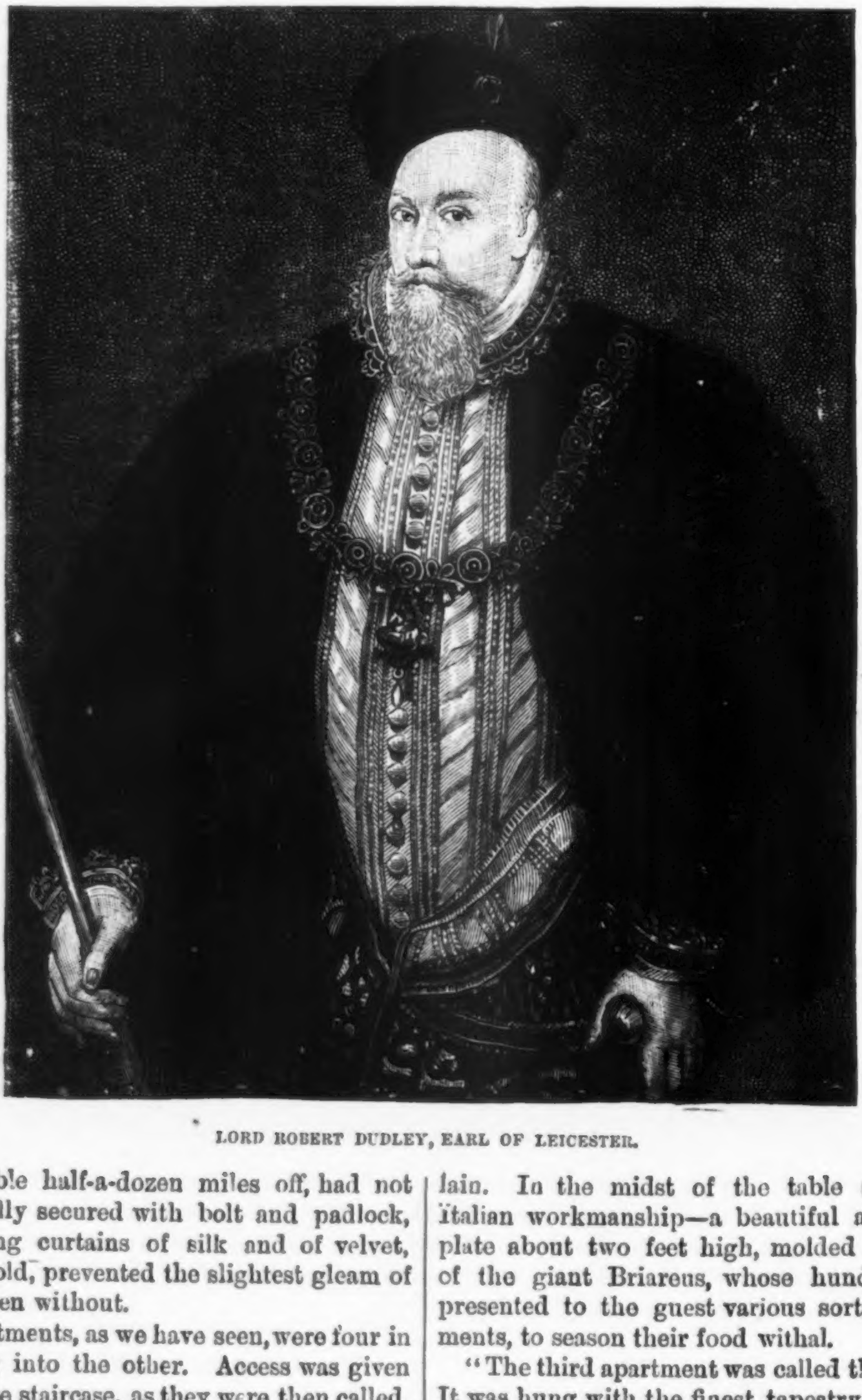
"They had just traversed this garden of the sluggard, and were within a few steps of the door of the mansion, when Lambourne had ceased speaking; a circumstance very agreeable to Tressilian, as it saved him the embarrassment of either commenting upon or replying to the frank avowal which his companion had just made of the sentiments and views which induced him to come hither. Lambourne knocked roundly and boldly at the huge door of the mansion, observing, at the same time, he had seen a less strong one upon a county jail. It was not until they had knocked more than once, that an aged, sour-visaged domestic reconnoitred them through a small square hole in the door, well secured with bars of iron, and demanded what they wanted.

* * * * * * *

"In a short time the servant returned, and drawing with a careful hand both bolt and bar, opened the gate, which admitted them through an archway into a square court, surrounded by buildings. Opposite to the arch was another door, which the serving-man in like manner unlocked, and thus introduced them into a stone-paved parlor, where there was but little furniture, and that of the rudest and most ancient fashion. The windows were tall and ample, reaching almost to the roof of the room, which was composed of black oak; those opening to the quadrangle were obscured by the height of the surrounding buildings, and, as they were traversed with massive shafts of solid stone-work, and thickly painted with religious devices, and scenes taken from Scripture history, by no means admitted light in proportion to their size; and what did penetrate through them, partook of the dark and gloomy tinge of the stained glass."

Leicester, with his accustomed magnificence, fitted up a wing of Cumnor Hall, regardless of all expense, for the reception of his bride. With the hand of his royal mistress ever in view, his marriage with Amy Robsart was necessarily a secret one, and her seclusion a matter of life and death, for Queen Bess was not made of that stuff which would bear trifling, and the headsman's ax was within too easy call of the august lady's lips.

"Four apartments, which occupied the western side of the old quadrangle at Cumnor Place, had been fitted up with extraordinary splendor. This had been the work of several days prior to that on which our story opened. Workmen sent from London, and not permitted to leave the premises until the work was finished, had converted the apartments in that side of the building, from the dilapidated appearance of a dissolved monastic house, into the semblance of a royal palace. A mystery was observed in all these arrangements; the workmen came thither and returned by night, and all measures were taken to prevent the prying curiosity of the villagers from observing or speculating upon the changes which were taking place in the mansion of their once indigent, but now wealthy neighbor, Anthony Foster. Accordingly, the secrecy desired was so far preserved, that nothing got abroad but vague and uncertain reports, which were received and repeated, but without much credit being attached to them.



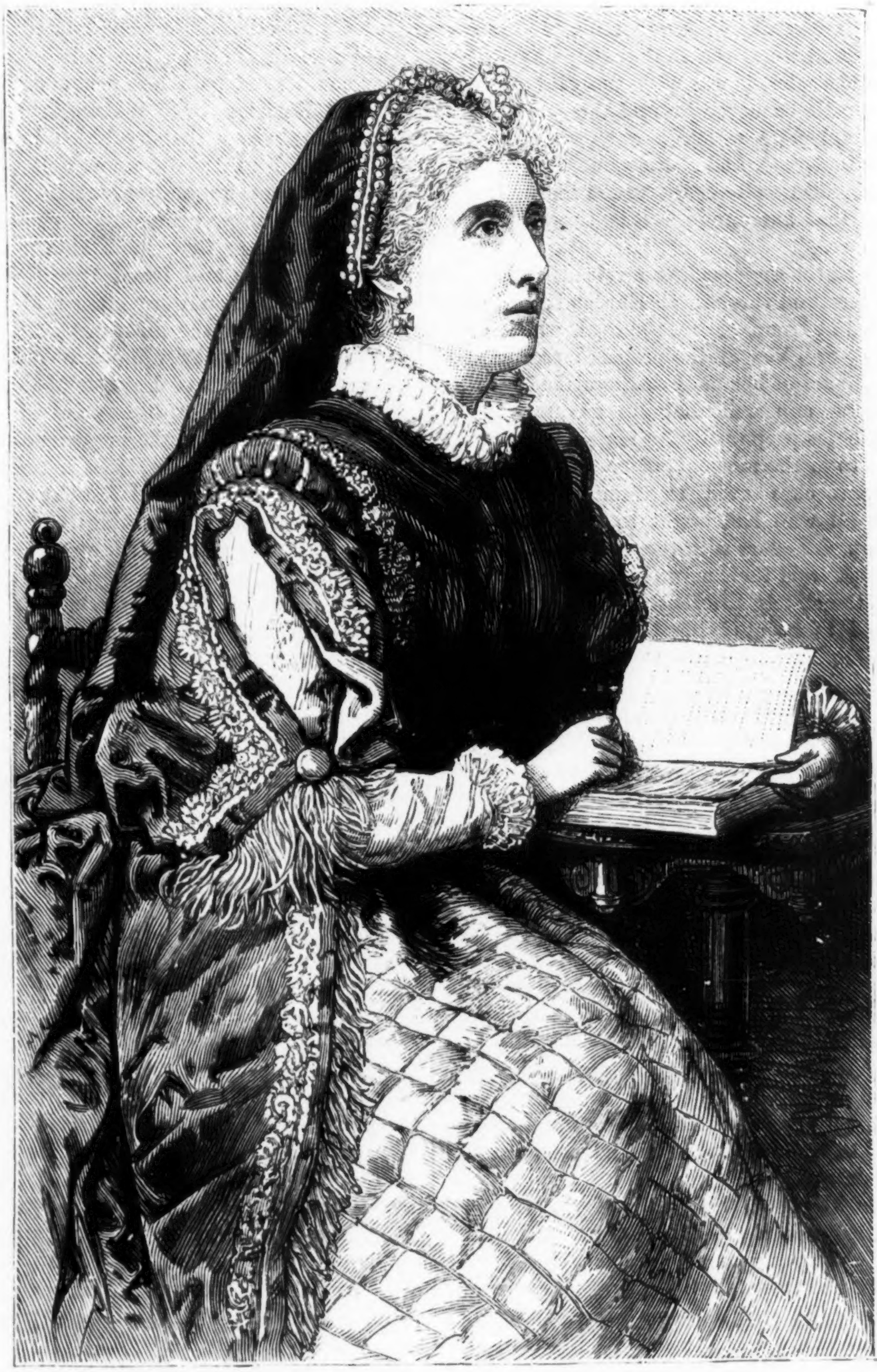
LORD ROBERT DUDLEY, EARL OF LEICESTER.

"On the evening of which we treat, the new and highly decorated suite of rooms were, for the first time, illuminated, and that with a brilliancy which might have been visible half-a-dozen miles off, had not oaken shutters, carefully secured with bolt and padlock, and mantled with long curtains of silk and of velvet, deeply fringed with gold, prevented the slightest gleam of radiance from being seen without.

"The principal apartments, as we have seen, were four in number, each opening into the other. Access was given to them by a large scale staircase, as they were then called, of unusual length and height, which had its landing-place at the door of an antechamber, shaped somewhat like a gallery. This apartment the Abbot had used as an occasional council-room, but it was now beautifully wainscoted with dark foreign wood of a brown color, and bearing a high polish, said to have been brought from the Western Indies, and to have been wrought in London with infinite difficulty, and much damage to the tools of the workmen. The dark color of this finishing was relieved by the number of lights in silver sconces, which hung against the walls, and by six large and richly-framed pictures, by the first masters of the age. A massy oaken table, placed at the lower end of the apartment, served to accommodate such as chose to play at the then fashionable game of shuffle-board; and there was at the other end an elevated gallery for the musicians or minstrels, who might be summoned to increase the festivity of the evening.

"From this antechamber opened a banqueting-room of moderate size, but brilliant enough to dazzle the eyes of the spectator with the richness of its furniture. The walls, lately so bare and ghastly, were now clothed with hangings of sky-blue velvet and silver; the chairs were of ebony, richly carved, with cushions corresponding to the hangings; and the place of the silver sconces which enlightened the antechamber was supplied by a huge chandelier of the same precious metal. The floor was covered with a Spanish foot-cloth, or carpet, on which flowers and fruits were represented in such glowing and natural colors, that you hesitated to place the foot on such exquisite workmanship. The table, of old English oak, stood ready covered with the finest linen, and a large portable court-cupboard was placed within the leaves of its embossed folding doors displayed, showing the shelves within decorated with a full display of plate and porcelain. In the midst of the table stood a salt-cellar of Italian workmanship—a beautiful and splendid piece of plate about two feet high, molded into a representation of the giant Briareus, whose hundred hands of silver presented to the guest various sorts of spices, or condiments, to season their food withal.

"The third apartment was called the withdrawing-room. It was hung with the finest tapestry, representing the fall of Phaeton; for the looms of Flanders were now much occupied on classical subjects. The principal seat of this apartment was a chair of state, raised a step or two from the floor, and large enough to contain two persons. It was surmounted by a canopy, which, as well as the cushions, side-curtains, and the very foot-cloth, was composed of crimson velvet embroidered with seed-pearl. On the top of the canopy were two coronets, resembling those of an earl and countess. Stools covered with velvet, and some cushions disposed in the Moorish fashion, and ornamented with Arabesque needlework, supplied the place of chairs in this apartment, which contained musical instruments, embroidery-frames, and other articles for ladies' pastime. Besides lesser lights, the withdrawing-room was illuminated by four tall torches of virgin wax, each of which was placed in the grasp of a statue, representing an armed Moor, who held in his left arm a round buckler of silver, highly polished, interposed betwixt his breast and the light, which was thus brilliantly reflected, as from a crystal mirror.



QUEEN ELIZABETH IN HER YOUTH.

"The sleeping-chamber belonging to this splendid suite of apartments was decorated in a taste less showy, but not less rich, than had been displayed in the others. Two silver lamps, fed with perfumed oil, diffused at once a delicious odor and a trembling, twilight-seeming shimmer through the quiet apartment. It was carpeted so thick that the heaviest step could not have been heard; and the bed, richly heaped with down, was spread with an ample coverlet of silk and gold; from under which peeped forth cambric sheets, and blankets as white as the lambs which yielded the fleece that made them. The curtains were of blue velvet, lined with crimson silk, deeply festooned with gold and embroidered with the loves of Cupid and Psyche. On the toilet was a beautiful Venetian mirror, in a frame of silver filigree, and beside it stood a gold posset-dish, to contain the night draught. A pair of pistols and a dagger, mounted with gold, were displayed near the head of the bed, being the arms for the night, which were presented to honored guests, rather, it may be supposed, in the way of ceremony, than from any apprehension of danger. We must not omit to mention, what was more to the credit of the manners of the time, that in a small recess, illuminated by a taper, were diposed two cassocks of velvet and gold, corresponding with the bed furniture, before a desk of carved ebony. This recess had formerly been the private oratory of the Abbot, but the crucifix was removed, and instead, there were placed on the desk two Books of Common Prayer, richly bound and embossed with silver. With this enviable sleeping apartment, which was so far removed from every sound, save that of the wind sighing among the oaks of the park, that Morpheus might have coveted it for his own proper repose, corresponded two wardrobes, or dressing-rooms as they are now termed, suitably furnished, and in a style of the same magnificence which we have already described. It ought to be added that a part of the building in the adjoining wing was occupied by the kitchen and its offices, and served to accommodate the personal attendants of the great and wealthy nobleman, for whose use these magnificent preparations had been made.

"The divinity for whose sake this temple had been decorated was well worthy the cost and pains which had been bestowed. She was seated in the withdrawing-room which we have described, surveying with the pleased eye of natural and innocent vanity the splendor which had been so suddenly created, as it were, in her honor. For, as her own residence at Cumnor Place formed the cause of the mystery observed in all the preparations for opening these apartments, it was sedulously arranged, that until she took possession of them, she should have no means of knowing what was going forward in that part of the ancient building, or of exposing herself to be seen by the workmen engaged in the decorations. She had been, therefore, introduced on that evening to a part of the mansion which she had never yet seen, so different from all the rest, that it appeared, in comparison, like an enchanted palace. And when she first examined and occupied these splendid rooms, it was with the wild and unrestrained joy of a rustic beauty, who finds herself suddenly invested with a splendor which her most extravagant wishes had never imagined, and at the same time with the keen feeling of an affectionate heart, which knows that all the enchantment that surrounds her is the work of the great magician Love.

"The splendor of the approaching revels at Kenilworth was now the conversation through all England; and every thing was collected at home, or from abroad, which could add to the gayety or glory of the prepared reception of Elizabeth, at the house of her most distinguished favorite. Meantime, Leicester appeared daily to advance in the Queen's favor. He was perpetually by her side in council, willingly listened to in the moments of courtly recreation, favored with approaches even to familiar intimacy; looked up to by all who had aught to hope at Court; courted by foreign ministers with the most flattering testimonials of respect from their sovereigns; the *Alter Ego*, as it seemed, of the stately Elizabeth, who was now very generally supposed to be studying the time and opportunity for associating him, by marriage, into her sovereign power.

"Amid such a tide of prosperity, this minion of fortune, and of the Queen's favor, was probably the most unhappy man in the realm which seemed at his devotion. He had the Fairy King's superiority over his friends and dependants, and saw much which they could not. The character of his mistress was intimately known to him; it was his minute and studied acquaintance with her humors, as well as her noble faculties, which, joined to his powerful mental qualities, and his eminent external accomplishments, had raised him so high in her favor; and it was that very knowledge of her disposition which led him to apprehend at every turn some sudden and overwhelming disgrace. Leicester was like a pilot possessed of a chart, which points out to him all the peculiarities of his navigation, but which exhibits so many shoals, breakers, and reefs of rocks, that his anxious eye reaps little more from observing them than to be convinced that his final escape can be little else than miraculous.

"In fact, Queen Elizabeth had a character strangely compounded of the strongest masculine sense, with those foibles which are chiefly supposed proper to the female sex. Her subjects had the full benefit of her virtues, which far predominated over her weaknesses; but her courtiers, and those about her person, had often to sustain sudden and embarrassing turns of caprice, and the sallies of a temper which was both jealous and despotic. She was the nursing-mother of her people, but she was also the true daughter of Henry VIII.; and though early sufferings and an excellent education had repressed and modified they had not altogether destroyed, the hereditary temper of that 'hard-ruled King.' 'Her mind,' says her witty god-son, Sir John Harrington, who had experienced both the smiles and the frowns which he describes, was ofttime like the gentle air that cometh from the western point in a Summer's morn—'twas sweet and refreshing to all around her. Her speech did win all affections. And again, she could put forth such alterations, when obedience was lacking, as left no doubting *whose* daughter she was. When she smiled, it was a pure sunshine, that every one did choose to bask in, if they could; but anon came a storm, from a sudden gathering of clouds, and the thunder fell, in a wondrous manner, on all alike.'

"This variability of disposition, as Leicester well knew, was chiefly formidable to those who had a share in the Queen's affections, and who depended rather on her personal regard, than on the indispensable services which they could render to her councils and her crown. The favor of Burleigh, or of Walsingham, of a description far less striking than that by which he was himself upheld, was founded, as Leicester was well aware, on Elizabeth's solid judgment, not on her partiality; and was, therefore, free from all those principles of change and decay, necessarily incident to that which chiefly arose from personal accomplishments and female predilection. These great and sage statesmen were judged of by the Queen, only with reference to the measures they suggested, and the reasons by which they supported their opinions in council; whereas the success of Leicester's course depended on all those light and changeable gales of caprice and humor, which thwart or favor the progress of a lover in the favor of his mistress, and she, too, a mistress who was ever and anon becoming fearful lest she should forget the dignity, or compromise the authority of the Queen, while she indulged the affections of the woman. Of the difficulties which surrounded his power, 'too great to keep or to resign,' Leicester was fully sensible; and, as he looked anxiously around for the means of maintaining himself in his precarious situation, and sometimes contemplated those of descending from it in safety, he saw but little hope of either. At such moments, his thoughts turned to dwell upon his secret marriage and its consequences; and it was in bitterness against himself, if not against his unfortunate Countess, that he ascribed to that hasty measure, adopted in the ardor of what he now called inconsiderate passion, at once the impossibility of placing his power on a solid basis, and the immediate prospect of its precipitate downfall.

"'Men say,' thus ran his thoughts, in these anxious and repentant moments, 'that I might marry Elizabeth, and become King of England. All things suggest this. The match is carolled in ballads, while the rabble throw their caps up. It has been touched upon in the schools, whispered in the presence-chamber, recommended from the pulpit, prayed for in the Calvinistic churches abroad, touched on by statists in the very council at home. These bold insinuations have been rebutted by no rebuke, no resentment, no chiding; scarce even by the usual female protestation that she would live and die a virgin princess. Her words have been more courteous than ever, though she knows such rumors are abroad; her actions more gracious; her looks more kind; naught seems wanting to make me King of England, and place me beyond the storms of Court-favor, excepting the putting forth of mine own hand to take that crown imperial, which is the glory of the universe! And when I might stretch that hand out most boldly, it is fettered down by a secret and inextricable bond! And here I have letters from Amy,' he would say, catching them up with a movement of peevishness, 'persecuting me to acknowledge her openly—to do justice to her and to myself—and I wot not what. Methinks I have done less than justice to myself already. And she speaks as if Elizabeth were to receive the knowledge of this matter with the glee of a mother hearing of the happy marriage of a hopeful son! She, the daughter of Henry, who spared neither man in his anger nor woman in his desire—she to find herself tricked, drawn on with toys of passion to the verge of acknowledging her love to a subject, and he discovered to be a married man! Elizabeth to learn that she had been dallied with, in such fashion as a gay courtier might trifle with a country wench! We should then see to our ruin *furens quid fœmina!*"

In this extremity Leicester turned for counsel to an unscrupulous follower, Sir Richard Varney, who instantly resolved to sacrifice Amy in order to elevate his master to the throne, and through this elevation to secure riches and honors for himself.

Elizabeth having heard of the spiriting away of Amy Robsart, through her father, Sir Hugh, taxed Leicester with the abduction, when Sir Richard Varney, who was present, boldly stepped in, and taking the onus on his shoulders, the Earl remaining silent, declared that Amy was *his*, Varney's, wife. Whereupon the Queen ordered the presence of *Lady Varney* at the Revels at Kenilworth.

Sir Richard Varney hied him to Cumnor, where he had private audience of the Countess. Scott thus describes the result of Varney's proposition:

"The door was unlocked and thrown open, and Janet her waiting-woman, and Foster, Janet's father, rushed in, anxious to learn the cause of these reiterated exclamations.

"When they entered the apartment, Varney stood by the door grinding his teeth, with an expression in which rage, and shame, and fear, had each their share. The Countess stood in the midst of her apartment like a juvenile Pythoness, under the influence of the prophetic fury. The veins in her beautiful forehead started into swollen blue lines through the hurried impulse of her articulation; her cheek and neck glowed like scarlet; her eyes were like those of an imprisoned eagle, flashing red lightning on the foes whom it cannot reach with its talons. Were it possible for one of the Graces to have been animated by a Fury, the countenance could not have united such beauty with so much hatred, scorn, defiance, and resentment. The gesture and attitude corresponded with the voice and looks, and altogether presented a spectacle which was at once beautiful and fearful; so much of the sublime had the energy of passion united with the Countess Amy's natural loveliness. Janet, as soon as the door was open, ran to her mistress; and more slowly, yet with more haste than he was wont, Anthony Foster went to Richard Varney.

"'In the Truth's name, what ails your ladyship?' said the former.

"'What, in the name of Satan, have you done to her?' said Foster to his friend.

"'Who, I?—nothing,' answered Varney, but with sunken head and sullen voice; 'nothing but communicated to her her lord's commands, which, if the lady list not to obey, she knows better how to answer it than I may pretend to do.'

"'Now, by heaven, Janet,' said the Countess, 'the false traitor lies in his throat! He must needs lie, for he speaks to the dishonor of my noble lord—he must needs lie doubly, for he speaks to gain ends of his own, equally execrable and unattainable.'

"'You have misapprehended me, lady,' said Varney, with a sulky species of submission and apology; 'let this matter rest till your passion be abated, and I will explain all.'

"'Thou shalt never have an opportunity to do so,' said the Countess. 'Look at him, Janet. He is fairly dressed, hath the outside of a gentleman, and hither he came to persuade me it was my lord's pleasure—nay, more, my wedded lord's commands, that I should go with him to Kenilworth, and before the Queen and nobles, and in presence of my own wedded lord, that I should acknowledge him—*him* there—that very cloak-brushing, shoe-cleaning fellow—*him* there, my lord's lackey, for my liege lord and husband; furnishing against myself—great God!—whenever I was to vindicate my right and my rank, such weapons as would hew my just claim from the root, and destroy my character to be regarded as an honorable matron of the English nobility!'"

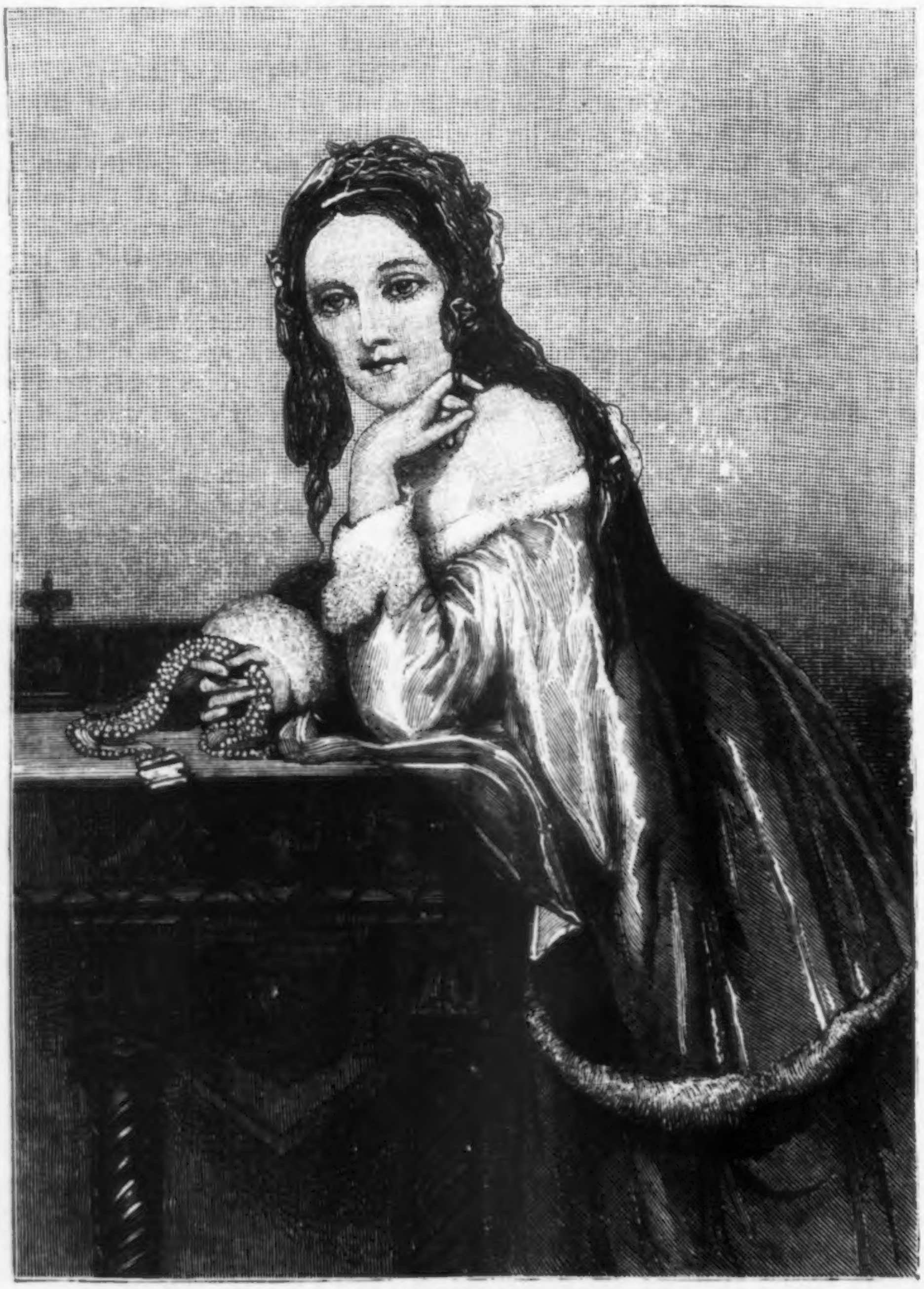
Amy resolved upon hieing to Kenilworth and seeing Leicester. The following is a graphic description of the castle at that period:

"The outer wall of this splendid and gigantic structure inclosed seven acres, a part of which was occupied by extensive stables, and by a pleasure-garden, with its trim arbors and parterres, and the rest formed the large base-court, or outer yard, of the noble castle. The lordly structure itself, which rose near the centre of this spacious inclosure, was composed of a huge pile of magnificent castellated buildings, apparently of different ages, surrounding an inner court, and bearing in the names attached to each portion of the magnificent mass, and in the armorial bearings which were there blazoned, the emblems of mighty chiefs who had long passed away, and whose history, could ambition have lent ear to it, might have read a lesson to the haughty favorite, who had now acquired and was augmenting the fair domain. A large and massive keep, which formed the citadel of the castle, was of uncertain though great antiquity. It bore the name of Cæsar, perhaps from its resemblance to that in the Tower of London so-called. Some antiquaries ascribe its foundation to the time of Kenelph, from whom the castle had its name, a Saxon king of Mercia, and others to an early era after the Norman Conquest. On the exterior walls frowned the scutcheon of the Clintons, by whom they were founded in the reign of Henry I., and of the yet more redoubted Simon de Montfort, by whom, during the Barons' Wars, Kenilworth was long held out against Edward III. Here Mortimer, Earl of March, famous alike for his rise and his fall, had once gayly reveled in Kenilworth, while his dethroned sovereign, Edward II., languished in its dungeons. Old John of Gaunt, 'time-honored Lancaster,' had widely extended the castle, erecting that noble and massive pile which yet bears the name of Lancaster's Buildings; and Leicester himself had outdone the former possessors, princely and powerful as they were, by erecting another immense structure, which now lies crushed under its own ruins, the monument of its owner's ambition. The external wall of this royal castle was, on the south and west sides, adorned and defended by a lake partly artificial, across which Leicester had constructed a stately bridge, that Elizabeth might enter the castle by a path hitherto untrodden, instead of the usual entrance to the northward, over which he had erected a gate-house, or barbican, which still exists, and is equal in extent, and superior in architecture, to the baronial castle of many a northern chief.

"Beyond the lake lay an extensive chase, full of red deer, fallow deer, roes, and every species of game, and abounding with lofty trees, from amongst which the extended front and massive towers of the castle were seen to rise in majesty and beauty. We cannot but add, that of this lordly palace, where princes feasted and heroes fought—now in the bloody earnest of storm and siege, and now in the games of chivalry, where beauty dealt the prize which valor won—all is now desolate. The bed of the lake is but a rushy swamp; and the massive ruins of the castle only serve to show what their splendor once was, and to impress on the musing visitor the transitory value of human possessions, and the happiness of those who enjoy an humble lot in virtuous contentment.

"It was with far different feelings that the unfortunate Countess of Leicester viewed those gray and massive towers, when she first beheld them rise above the embowering and richly shaded woods, over which they seemed to preside. She, the undoubted wife of the great Earl, of Elizabeth's minion, and England's mighty favorite, was approaching the presence of her husband, and that husband's sovereign, under the protection, rather than the guidance, of a poor juggler; and though unquestioned mistress of that proud castle, whose lightest word ought to have had force sufficient to make its gates leap from their massive hinges to receive her, yet she could not conceal from herself the difficulty and peril which she must experience in gaining admission into her own halls.

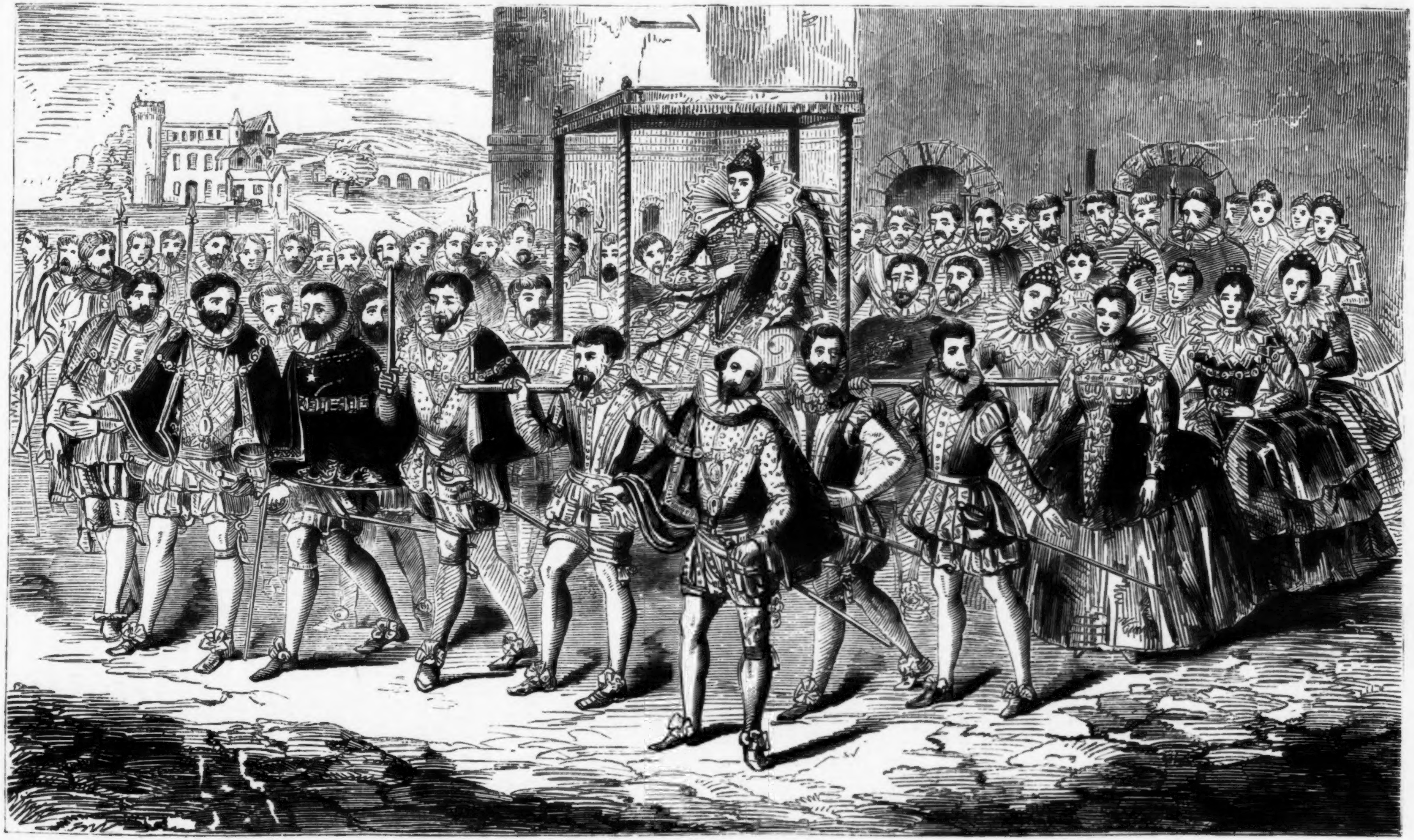
"Leicester, who glittered like a golden image with jewels and cloth of gold, rode on her Majesty's right hand, as well in quality of her host, as of her Master of the Horse. The black steed which he mounted had not a single white hair on his body, and was one of the most renowned chargers in Europe, having been purchased by the Earl at large expense for this royal occasion. As the noble animal chafed at the slow pace of the procession, and, arching his stately neck, champed on the silver bits which restrained him, the foam flew from his mouth, and speckled his well-formed limbs as if with spots of snow. The rider well became the high place which he held, and the proud steed which he bestrode; for no man in England, or, perhaps, in Europe, was more perfect than Dudley in horsemanship, and all other exercises belonging to his quality. He was bareheaded, as were all the courtiers in the train; and the red torchlight shone upon his long curled tresses of dark hair, and on his noble features, to the beauty of which even the severest criticism could only object the lordly fault, as it may be termed, of a forehead somewhat too high. On that proud evening those features wore all the graceful solicitude of a subject, to show himself sensible of the high honor which the Queen was conferring on him, and all the pride and satisfaction which became so glorious a moment. Yet, though neither eye nor feature betrayed aught but feelings which suited the occasion, some of the Earl's personal attendants remarked that he was unusually pale, and they expressed to each other their fear that he was taking more fatigue than consisted with his health. Varney followed close behind his master, as the principal esquire in waiting, and had charge of his lordship's black velvet bonnet, garnished with a clasp of diamonds, and surmounted by a white plume. He kept his eye constantly on his master; and, for reasons with which the reader is not unacquainted, was, among Leicester's numerous dependants, the one who was most anxious that his lord's strength and resolution should carry him successfully through a day so agitating. For although Varney was one of the few—the very few, moral monsters, who contrive to lull to sleep the remorse of their own bosoms, and are drugged into moral insensibility by atheism, as men in extreme agony are lulled by opium, yet he knew that in the breast of his patron there was already awakened the fire that is never quenched, and that his lord felt, amid all the pomp and magnificence we have described, the gnawing of the worm that dieth not. Still, however, assured as Lord Leicester stood, by Varney's own intelligence, that his Countess labored under an indisposition which formed an unanswerable apology to the Queen for her not appearing at Kenilworth, there was little danger, his wily retainer thought, that a man so ambitious would betray himself by giving way to any external weakness."



AMY ROBSART.

Sir Richard Varney thus foreshadowed his murderous intentions with regard to the Countess:

"Varney officiously assisted his lord to bed, and placed a



A STATE PROGRESS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

XUM

massive silver night-lamp, with a short sword, on a marble table which stood close by the head of the couch. Either in order to avoid the light of the lamp, or to hide his countenance from Varney, Leicester drew the curtain, heavy with entwined silk and gold, so as completely to shade his face. Varney took a seat near the bed, but with his back toward his master, as if to intimate that he was not watching him, and quietly waited till Leicester himself led the way to the topic by which his mind was engrossed.

"'And so, Varney,' said the Earl, after waiting in vain till his dependant should commence the conversation, 'men talk of the Queen's favor toward me?'

"'Ay, my good lord,' said Varney—'of what can they else, since it is so strongly manifested?'

"'She is indeed my good and gracious mistress,' said Leicester, after another pause. 'But it is written, "Put not thy trust in princes."'

"'A good sentence and a true,' said Varney—'unless you can unite their interest with yours so absolutely, that they must needs sit on your wrist like hooded hawks.'

"'I know what thou meanest,' said Leicester, impatiently, 'though thou art to-night so prudentially careful of what thou sayest to me. Thou wouldst intimate, I might marry the Queen if I would?'

"'It is your speech, my lord, not mine,' answered Varney; 'but whose soever be the speech, it is the thought of ninety-nine out of an hundred men throughout broad England.'

"'Ay, but,' said Leicester, turning himself in his bed, 'the hundredth man knows better. Thou, for example, knowest the obstacle that cannot be overleaped.'

"'It must, my lord, if the stars speak true.'

"'What! talkest thou of them,' said Leicester, 'that believest not in them or in aught else?'

"'You mistake, my lord, under your gracious pardon,' said Varney; 'I believe in many things that predict the future. I believe, if showers fall in April, that we shall have flowers in May; that if the sun shines, grain will ripen; and I believe in much natural philosophy to the same effect, which, if the stars swear to me, I will say the stars speak the truth. And in like manner, I will not disbelieve that which I see wished for and expected on earth, solely because the astrologers have read it in the heavens.'

"'Thou art right,' said Leicester, again tossing himself on his couch; 'earth does wish for it. I have had advices from the reformed churches of Germany, from the Low Countries, from Switzerland, urging this as a point on which Europe's safety depends. France will not oppose it; the ruling party in Scotland look to it as their best security; Spain fears it, but cannot prevent it; and yet thou knowest it is impossible.'

"'I know not that, my lord,' said Varney; 'the Countess is indisposed.'

"'Villain!' said Leicester, starting up on his couch, and seizing the sword which lay on the table beside him, 'go thy thoughts that way?—thou wouldst not do murder!'

"'For whom or what do you hold me, my lord?' said Varney, assuming the superiority of an innocent man subjected to unjust suspicion. 'I said nothing to deserve such a horrid imputation as your violence infers. I said but that the Countess was ill. And Countess though she be—lovely and beloved as she is—surely your lordship must hold her to be mortal? She may die, and your lordship's hand become once more your own.'

"'Away! away!' said Leicester; 'let me have no more of this!'

"'Good-night, my lord,' said Varney, seeming to understand this as a command to depart; but Leicester's voice interrupted his purpose.

"'Thou scapest me not thus, Sir Fool,' said he; 'I think thy knighthood has addled thy brains. Confess thou hast talked of impossibilities, as of things which may come to pass.'

"'My lord, long live your fair Countess,' said Varney; 'but neither your love nor my good wishes can make her immortal. But God grant she live long to be happy herself, and to render you so! I see not but you may be King of England notwithstanding.'"

Sir Walter Scott brings about a meeting between Elizabeth and Amy at Kenilworth, the situation being intensely dramatic. He also gives a sample of one of those tender passages between the Queen and Leicester, which were as meat, drink and clothing to the Court gossips:

"It chanced that one of the earliest of the huntress train, who appeared from her chamber in full array for the chase, was the Princess for whom all these pleasures were instituted, England's Maiden Queen. I know not if it were by chance, or out of the befitting courtesy due to a mistress by whom he was so much honored, that she had scarcely made one step beyond the threshold of her chamber ere Leicester was by her side, and proposed to her, until the preparations for the chase had been completed, to view the Pleasance, and the gardens which it connected with the castle-yard.

"Elizabeth's sylvan dress, which was of a pale-blue silk, with silver lace and *aiguillettes*, approached in form to that of the ancient Amazons; and was, therefore, well suited at once to her height, and to the dignity of her mien, which her conscious rank and long habits of authority had rendered in some degree too masculine to be seen to the best advantage in ordinary female weeds. Leicester's hunting-suit of Lincoln-green, richly embroidered with gold, and crossed by the gay baldric, which sustained a bugle-horn, and a wood-knife instead of a sword, became its master, as did his other vestments of Court or of war. For such were the perfections of his form and mien, that Leicester was always supposed to be seen to the greatest advantage in the character and dress which for the time he represented or wore.

"The conversation of Elizabeth and the favorite Earl has not reached us in detail. But those who watched at some distance (and the eyes of courtiers and court ladies are right sharp), were of opinion that on no occasion did the dignity of Elizabeth, in gesture and motion, seem so decidedly to soften away into a mien expressive of indecision and tenderness. Her step was not only slow, but even unequal, a thing most unwonted in her carriage; her looks seemed bent on the ground, and there was a timid disposition to withdraw from her companion, which external gesture in females often indicates exactly the opposite tendency in the secret mind. The Duchess of Rutland, who ventured nearest, was even heard to aver that she discerned a tear in Elizabeth's eye, and a blush on the cheek; and still further, 'She bent her looks on the ground to avoid mine,' said the duchess; 'she, who, in her ordinary mood, could look down a lion.' To what conclusion these symptoms led is sufficiently evident; nor were they probably entirely groundless. The progress of a private conversation, betwixt two persons of different sexes, is often decisive of their fate, and gives it a turn very different, perhaps, from what they themselves anticipated. Gallantry becomes mingled with conversation, and affection and passion come gradually to mix with gallantry. Nobles, as well as shepherd swains, will, in such a trying moment, say more than they intended; and

Queens, like village maidens, will listen longer than they should.

"Horses in the meanwhile neighed, and champed the bits with impatience in the base-court; hounds yelled in their couples, and yeomen, rangers, and prickers lamented the exhaling of the dew, which would prevent the scent from lying. But Leicester had another chase in view; or, to speak more justly toward him, had become engaged in it without premeditation, as the high-spirited hunter which follows the cry of the hounds that have crossed his path by accident. The Queen — an accomplished and handsome woman—the pride of England, the hope of France and Holland, and the dread of Spain, had probably listened with more than usual favor to that mixture of romantic gallantry with which she always loved to be addressed; and the Earl had, in vanity, in ambition, or in both, thrown in more and more of that delicious ingredient, until his importunity became the language of love itself.

"'No, Dudley,' said Elizabeth, yet it was with broken accents; 'no, I must be the mother of my people. Other ties, that make the lowly maiden happy, are denied to her Sovereign. No, Leicester, urge it no more; were I as others, free to seek my own happiness, then, indeed—but it cannot—cannot be. Delay the chase—delay it for half an hour—and leave me, my lord.'

"'How, leave you, madam!' said Leicester. 'Has my madness offended you?'

"'No, Leicester, not so!' answered the Queen, hastily; 'but it is madness, and must not be repeated. Go—but go not far from hence—and meantime let no one intrude on my privacy.'

"While she spoke thus, Dudley bowed deeply, and retired with a slow and melancholy air. The Queen stood gazing after him, and murmured to herself: 'Were it possible—were it *but* possible! But no—no—Elizabeth must be the wife and mother of England alone.'

"As she spoke thus, and in order to avoid some one whose step she heard approaching, the Queen turned into the grotto in which her hapless, and yet but too successful, rival lay concealed.

"The mind of England's Elizabeth, if somewhat shaken by the agitating interview to which she had just put a period, was of that firm and decided character which soon recovers its natural tone. It was like one of those ancient druidical monuments, called Rocking stones. The finger of Cupid, boy as he is painted, could put her feelings in motion, but the power of Hercules could not have destroyed their equilibrium. As she advanced with a slow pace toward the inmost extremity of the grotto, her countenance, ere she had proceeded half the length, had recovered its dignity of look, and her mien its air of command.

"It was then the Queen became aware that a female figure was placed beside, or rather partly behind, an alabaster column at the foot of which arose the pellucid fountain, which occupied the inmost recess of the twilight grotto. The classical mind of Elizabeth suggested the story of 'Numa and Egeria,' and she doubted not that some Italian sculptor had here represented the Naiad, whose inspirations gave laws to Rome. As she advanced, she became doubtful whether she beheld a statue or a form of flesh and blood. The unfortunate Amy, indeed, remained motionless, betwixt the desire which she had to make her condition known to one of her own sex, and her awe for the stately form which approached her, and which, though her eyes had never before beheld, her fears instantly suspected to be the personage she really was. Amy had arisen from her seat with the purpose of addressing the lady, who entered the grotto alone, and, as she at first thought, so opportunely. But when she recollected the alarm which Leicester had expressed at the Queen's knowing aught of their union, and became more and more satisfied that the person whom she now beheld was Elizabeth herself, she stood with one foot advanced and one withdrawn, her arms, head, and hands perfectly motionless, and her cheek as pallid as the alabaster pedestal against which she now leaned. Her dress was of pale sea-green silk, little distinguished in that imperfect light, and somewhat resembled the drapery of a Grecian Nymph, such an antique disguise having been thought the most secure, where so many masquers and revellers were assembled; so that the Queen's doubt of her being a living form was well justified by all contingent circumstances, as well as by the bloodless cheek and the fixed eye.

"Elizabeth remained in doubt, even after she had approached within a few paces, whether she did not gaze on a statue so cunningly fashioned that by the doubtful light it could not be distinguished from reality. She stopped, therefore, and fixed upon this interesting object her princely look with so much keenness, that the astonishment which had kept Amy immovable gave way to awe, and she gradually cast down her eyes, and dropped her head under the commanding gaze of the Sovereign. Still, however, she remained in all respects, saving this slow and profound inclination of the head, motionless and silent.

"From her dress, and the casket which she instinctively held in her hand, Elizabeth naturally conjectured that the beautiful but mute figure which she beheld was a performer in one of the various theatrical pageants which had been placed in different situations to surprise her with their homage, and that the poor player, overcome with awe at her presence, had either forgot the part assigned her, or lacked courage to go through it. It was natural and courteous to give her some encouragement; and Elizabeth accordingly said, in a tone of condescending kindness: 'How now, fair nymph of this lovely grotto—are thou spellbound and struck with dumbness by the charms of the wicked enchanter whom men term Fear? We are his sworn enemy, maiden, and can reverse his charm. Speak, we command thee.'

"Instead of answering her by speech, the unfortunate Countess dropped on her knees before the Queen, let her casket fall from her hand, and clasping her palms together, looked up in the Queen's face with such a mixed agony of fear and supplication, that Elizabeth was considerably affected.

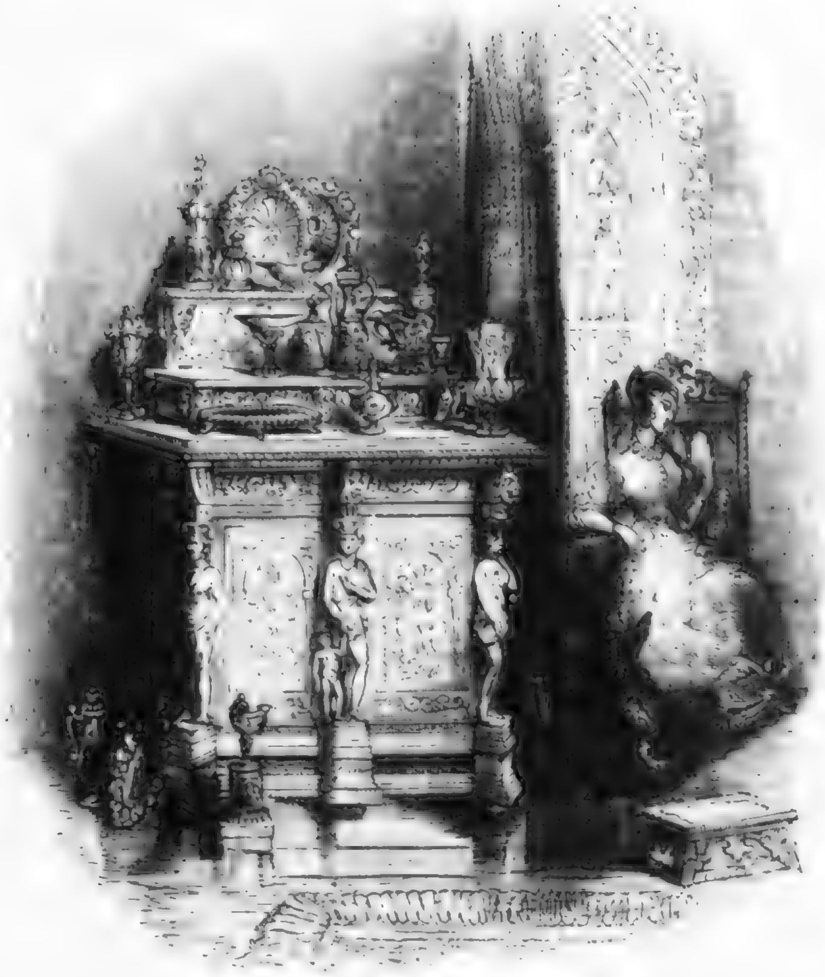
"'What may this mean?' she said; 'this is a stronger passion than befits the occasion. Stand up, damsel; what wouldst thou have with us?'

"'Your protection, madam,' faltered forth the unhappy petitioner.

"'Each daughter of England has it while she is worthy of it,' replied the Queen; 'but your distress seems to have a deeper root than a forgotten task. Why, and in what, do you crave our protection?'

"Amy hastily endeavored to recall what it was best to say—what might secure herself from the imminent dangers that surrounded her, without endangering her husband; and plunging from one thought to another, amidst the chaos which filled her mind, she could at length, in answer to the Queen's repeated inquiries, in what she sought protection, only falter out: 'Alas, I know not!'

"'This is folly, maiden,' said Elizabeth, impatiently, for there was something in the extreme confusion of the suppliant which irritated her curiosity, as well as interested



A LADY'S CHAMBER IN THE DAYS OF ELIZABETH

her feelings. 'The sick man must tell his malady to the physician, nor are WE accustomed to ask questions so oft without receiving an answer.'

"'I request—I implore,' stammered forth the unfortunate Countess, 'I beseech your gracious protection—against—against one Varney.' She choked well-nigh as she uttered the fatal word, which was instantly caught up by the Queen.

"'What, Varney—Sir Richard Varney—the servant of Lord Leicester! What, damsel, are you to him, or he to you?'

"'I—I—was his prisoner—and he practiced on my life—and I broke forth to—to——

"'To throw thyself on my protection, doubtless,' said Elizabeth. 'Thou shalt have it—that is, if thou art worthy; for we will sift this matter to the uttermost. Thou art,' she said, bending on the Countess an eye which seemed designed to pierce her very inmost soul, 'thou art Amy, daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart of Lidcote Hall?'

"'Forgive me—forgive me—most gracious princess!' said Amy, dropping once more on her knee from which she had arisen.

"'For what shall I forgive thee, silly wench?' said Elizabeth; 'for being the daughter of thine own father? Thou art brain-sick surely. Well, I see I must wring the story from thee by inches. Thou didst deceive thine old and honored father—thy look confesses it; cheated Master Tressilian—thy blush avouches it; and married this same Varney.'

"Amy sprang on her feet, and interrupted the Queen, eagerly, with, 'No, madam, no—as there is a God above us, I am not the sordid wretch you would make me! I am not the wife of that contemptible slave—of that most deliberate villain! I am not the wife of Varney! I would rather be the bride of Destruction!'

"The Queen, overwhelmed in her turn by Amy's vehemence, stood silent for an instant, and then replied: 'Why, God ha' mercy, woman! I see thou canst talk fast enough when the theme likes thee. Nay, tell me, woman,' she continued, for to the impulse of curiosity was now added that of an undefined jealousy that some deception had been practiced on her, 'tell me, woman—for by God's day, I WILL know—whose wife or whose paramour art thou? Speak out, and be speedy. Thou wert better dally with a lioness than with Elizabeth.'

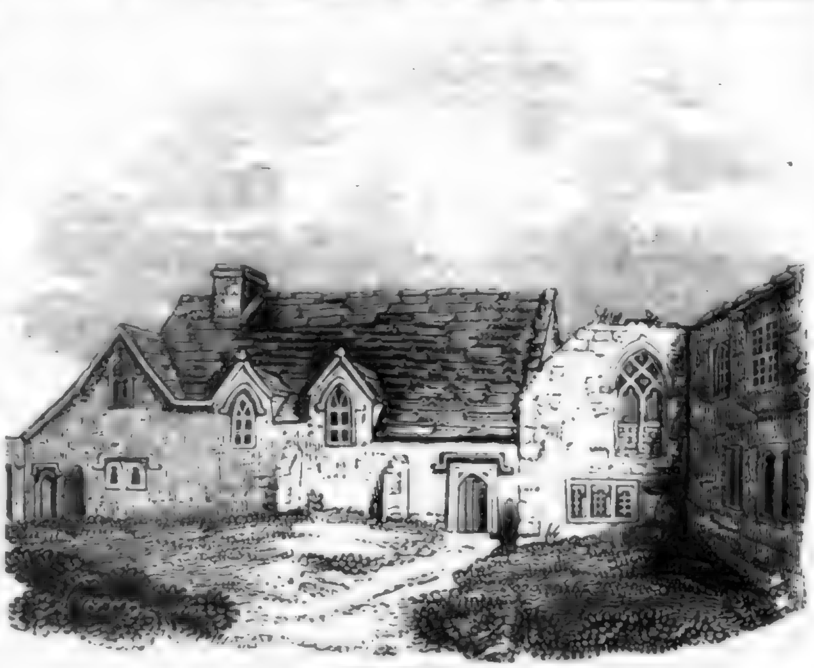
"Urged to this extremity; dragged, as it were, by irresistible force to the verge of the precipice, which she saw but could not avoid—permitted not a moment's respite by the eager words and menacing gestures of the offended Queen, Amy at length uttered, in despair: "'The Earl of Leicester knows it all.'

"'The Earl of Leicester!' said Elizabeth, in utter astonishment. 'The Earl of Leicester!' she repeated, with kindling anger. 'Woman, thou art set on to this—thou dost belie him—he takes no keep of such things as thou art. Thou art suborned to slander the noblest lord, and the truest-hearted gentleman, in England! But were he the right hand of our trust, or something yet dearer to us, thou shalt have thy hearing, and that in his presence. Come with me—come with me instantly!'

"As Amy shrank back with terror, which the incensed Queen interpreted as that of conscious guilt, Elizabeth rapidly advanced, seized on her arm, and hastened with swift and long steps out of the grotto, and along the principal alley of the Pleasance, dragging with her the terrified Countess, whom she still held by the arm.

"Leicester was at this moment the centre of a splendid group of lords and ladies assembled together under an arcade, or portico, which closed the alley.

"'Leicester,' said Elizabeth, in a voice which trembled



CUMNOR HALL.

with passion, 'could I think thou hast practiced on me—on me, thy Sovereign—on me, thy confiding, thy too partial mistress, the base and ungrateful deception which thy present confusion surmises—by all that is holy, false lord, that head of thine were in as great peril as ever was thy father's!'

"Leicester had not conscious innocence, but he had pride to support him. He raised slowly his brow and features, which were black and swollen with contending emotions, and only replied: 'My head cannot fall but by the sentence of my peers—to them I will plead, and not to a princess who thus requites my faithful service.'

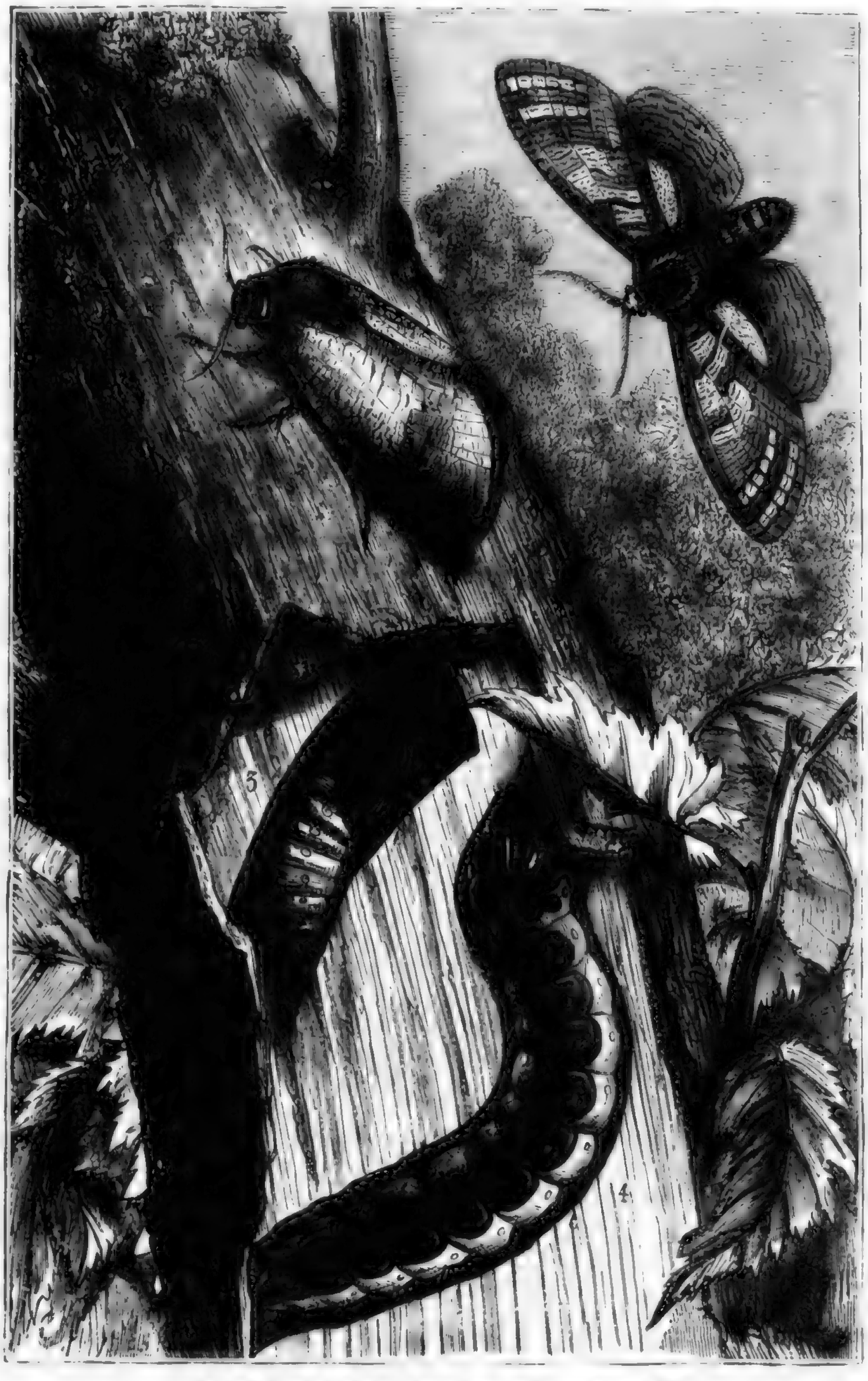
"'What! my lords,' said Elizabeth, looking around, 'we are defied, I think—defied in the castle we have ourselves bestowed on this proud man? My Lord Shrewsbury, you are marshal of England, attach him of high-treason.'

"'Whom does your Grace mean?' said Shrewsbury, much surprised, for he had that instant joined the astonished circle.

"'Whom should I mean but that traitor, Dudley, Earl of Leicester! Cousin of Hunsdon, order out your band of gentleman pensioners, and take him into instant custody. I say, villain, make haste!'

"Hunsdon, a rough old noble, who, from his relationship to the Boleyns, was accustomed to use more freedom with the Queen than almost any other dared to do, replied bluntly: 'And it is like your Grace might order me to the Tower to-morrow, for making too much haste. I do beseech you to be patient.'

"'Patient—God's life!' exclaimed the Queen; 'name not the word to me—thou know'st not of what he is guilty!'



THE GOAT MOTH IN ITS VARIOUS STAGES.—SEE PAGE 527.

"Amy, who had by this time in some degree recovered herself, and who saw her husband, as she conceived, in the utmost danger from the rage of an offended Sovereign, instantly (and, alas, how many women have done the same!) forgot her own wrongs, and her own danger, in her apprehensions for him, and throwing herself before the Queen, embraced her knees, while she exclaimed: 'He is guiltless, madam, he is guiltless; no one can lay aught to the charge of the noble Earl of Leicester!'

"'Why, minion,' answered the Queen, 'didst not thou thyself say that the Earl of Leicester was privy to thy whole history?'

"'Did I say so?' repeated the unhappy Amy, laying aside every consideration of consistency, and of self-interest; 'Oh if, I did, I foully belied him. May God so judge me, as I believe he was never privy to a thought that would harm me.'"

The end was now close at hand. Another scene with the Queen, and all hope of royal favor was gone for even, Sir Richard Varney, having received from Leicester his signet-ring as a token to Amy, repaired to the chamber of the Countess.

"The horror of Amy may be conceived, when, starting from a broken slumber, she saw at her bedside Varney, the man on earth whom she most feared and hated. It was even a consolation to see that he was not alone, though she had so much reason to dread his sullen companion.

"'Madam,' said Varney, 'there is no time for ceremony. My Lord of Leicester, having fully considered the exigencies of the time, sends you his orders immediately to accompany us on our return to Cumnor Place. See, here is his signet, in token of his pressing commands.'

"'It is false!' said the Countess; 'thou hast stolen the warrant—thou, who art capable of every villainy, from the blackest to the basest!'

"'It is TRUE, madam,' replied Varney; 'so true, that if you do not instantly arise, and prepare to attend us, we must compel you to obey our orders.'

"'Compel!—thou darest not put it to that issue, base as thou art,' exclaimed the unhappy Countess.

"'That remains to be proved, madam,' said Varney, who had determined on intimidation as the only means of subduing her high spirit; 'if you put me to it, you will find me a rough groom of the chambers.'

"It was at this threat that Amy screamed so fearfully, that had it not been for the received opinion of her insanity, she would quickly have had Lord Hunsdon and others to her aid. Perceiving, however, that her cries were in vain, she appealed to Foster in the most affecting terms, conjuring him, as his daughter Janet's honor and purity were dear to him, not to permit her to be treated with unwomanly violence.

"'Why, madam, wives must obey their husbands—there's Scripture warrant for it,' said Foster; 'and if you will dress yourself, and come with us patiently, there's no one shall lay finger on you while I can draw a pistol-trigger.'

"Weeping, trembling, and praying, the unfortunate lady dressed herself—with sensations how different from the days in which she was wont to decorate herself in all the pride of conscious beauty! She endeavored to delay the completing her dress as long as she could, until, terrified by the impatience of Varney, she was obliged to declare herself ready to attend them.

"'If you do but consent to execute your husband's will in quietness, you shall,' said Varney, 'see but little of me. I will leave you undisturbed to the care of the usher whom your good taste prefers.'

"'My husband's will!' she exclaimed. 'But it is the will of God, and let that be sufficient to me. I will go with Master Foster as unresistingly as ever did a literal sacrifice. He is a father at least, and will have decency, if not humanity. For thee, Varney, were it my latest word, thou art an equal stranger to both.'

Half leaning on Foster, and half carried by him, the Countess was transported from Saintlowe's Tower to the postern gate, where Tider waited with the litter and horses.

The Countess was placed in the former without resistance. She saw with some satisfaction that while Foster and Tider rode close by the litter, which the latter conducted, the dreaded Varney lingered behind, and was soon lost in darkness. A little while she strove, as the road winded round the verge of the lake, to keep sight of those stately towers which called her husband lord, and which still, in some places, sparkled with lights, where wassailers were yet reveling. But when the direction of the road rendered this no longer possible, she drew back her head, and, sinking down in the litter, recommended herself to the care of Providence.

"The remainder of the journey was made with a degree of speed, which showed the little care they had for the health of the unhappy Countess. They paused only at places where all was under their command, and where the tale they were prepared to tell of the insane Lady Varney would have obtained ready credit, had she made an attempt to appeal to the compassion of the few persons admitted to see her. But Amy saw no chance of obtaining a hearing from any to whom she had an opportunity of addressing herself; and, besides, was too terrified for the presence of Varney to violate the implied condition, under which she was to travel free from his company. The authority of Varney, often so used, during the Earl's private journeys to Cumnor, readily procured relays of horses where wanted, so that they approached Cumnor Place upon the night after they left Kenilworth.

"At this period of the journey Varney came up to the rear of the litter, as he had done before repeatedly during their progress, and asked: 'What does she?'

"'She sleeps,' said Foster; 'I would we were home; her strength is exhausted.'

"'Rest will restore her,' answered Varney. 'She shall soon sleep sound and long. We must consider how to lodge her in safety.'

"'In her own apartments, to be sure,' said Foster. 'I have sent Janet to her aunt's, with a proper rebuke, and the old women are truth itself—for they hate this lady cordially.'

"'We will not trust them, however, friend Anthony,' said Varney; 'we must secure her in that stronghold where you keep your gold.'

* * * * * * *

"When they had arrived at Cumnor Place, the Countess asked eagerly for her waiting woman, Janet, and showed much alarm when informed that she was no longer to have the attendance of that amiable girl.

"'My daughter is dear to me, madam,' said Foster, gruffly; 'and I desire not that she should get the court-tricks of lying and 'scaping; somewhat too much of that has she learned already, an it please your ladyship.'

"The Countess, much fatigued and greatly terrified by the circumstances of her journey, made no answer to this insolence, but mildly expressed a wish to retire to her chamber.

"'With all my heart,' answered Foster; and taking a light, he led the way to a part of the building where Amy had never been, and conducted her up a stair of great height, preceded by one of the old women with a lamp. At the head of the stair, which seemed of almost immeasurable height, they crossed a short wooden gallery, formed of black oak, and very narrow, at the further end of which was a strong oaken door, which opened and admitted them into the miser's apartment, homely in its accommodations in the very last degree, and, except in name, little different from a prison-room.

"Foster stopped at the door, and gave the lamp to the Countess, without either offering or permitting the attendance of the old woman who had carried it. The lady stood not on ceremony, but taking it hastily, barred the door, and secured it with the ample means provided on the inside for that purpose.

"Varney, meanwhile, had lurked behind on the stairs, but hearing the door barred, he now came up on tiptoe, and Foster, winking to him, pointed with self-complacence to a piece of concealed machinery in the wall, which, playing with much ease and little noise, dropped a part of the wooden gallery, after the manner of a drawbridge, so as to cut off all communication between the door of the bedroom, which he usually inhabited, and the landing-place of the high winding stair which ascended to it. The rope by which this machinery was wrought was generally carried within the bedchamber, it being Foster's object to provide against invasion from without; but now that it was intended to secure the prisoner within, the cord had been brought over to the landing-place, and was there made fast, when Foster, with much complacency, had dropped the unsuspected trap-door.

"Varney looked with great attention at the machinery, and peeped more than once down the abyss which was opened by the fall of the trap-door. It was dark as pitch, and seemed profoundly deep, going, as Foster informed his confederate in a whisper, nigh to the lowest vault of the Castle. Varney cast once more a fixed and long look down into this sable gulf, and then followed Foster to the part of the manor-house most usually inhabited.

"On the next day, when evening approached, Varney summoned Foster to the execution of their plan. Tider and Foster's old man-servant were sent on a feigned errand down to the village, and Anthony himself, as if anxious to see that the Countess suffered no want of accommodation, visited her place of confinement. He was so much staggered at the mildness and patience with which she seemed to endure her confinement, that he could not help earnestly recommending to her not to cross the threshold of her room on any account whatever, until Lord Leicester should come, 'which,' he added, 'I trust in God, will be very soon.' Amy patiently promised that she would resign herself to her fate, and Foster returned to his hardened companion with his conscience half eased of the perilous load that weighed on it. 'I have warned her,' he said; 'surely in vain is the snare set in the sight of any bird!'

"He left, therefore, the Countess's door unsecured on the outside, and, under the eye of Varney, withdrew the supports which sustained the falling trap, which, therefore, kept its level position merely by a slight adhesion. They withdrew to wait the issue on the ground floor adjoining, but they waited long in vain. At length Varney, after walking long to and fro, with his face muffled in his cloak, threw it suddenly back, and exclaimed: 'Surely never was a woman fool enough to neglect so fair an opportunity of escape!'

"'Perhaps she is resolved,' said Foster, 'to await her husband's return.'

"'True—most true!' said Varney, rushing out. 'I had not thought of that before.'

"In less than two minutes, Foster, who remained behind, heard the tread of a horse in the court-yard, and then a whistle similar to that which was the Earl's usual signal. The instant after the door of the Countess's chamber opened, and in the same moment the trap-door gave way. There was a rushing sound—a heavy fall—a faint groan—and all was over."

NOTE.—Ashmole's chronicle of the murder of Amy Robsart concludes: "For Sir Richard Varney above-said (the chief projector in this design), who, by the Earl's order, remained that day of her death alone with her, with one man only and Forster, who had that day forcibly sent away all her servants from her to Abington Market, about three miles distant from this place; they (I say whether first stifling her, or else strangling her) afterward flung her down a pair of stairs and broke her neck, using much violence upon her; but, however, though it was vulgarly reported that she by chance fell down-stairs (but still without hurting her hood that was upon her head), yet the inhabitants will tell you there that she was conveyed from her usual chamber where she lay to another where the bed's head of the chamber stood close to a privy postern door where they in the night came and stifled her in her bed, bruised her head very much, broke her neck, and at length flung her down-stairs, thereby believing the world would have thought it a mischance, and so have blinded their villainy. But behold the mercy and justice of God in revenging and discovering this lady's murder, for one of the persons that was a coadjutor in this murder was afterward taken for a felony in the marches of Wales, and offering to publish the manner of the aforesaid murder, was privately made away in the prison by the Earl's appointment; and Sir Richard Varney, the other, dying about the same time in London, cried miserably, and blasphemed God, and said to a person of note (who hath related the same to others since), not long before his death, that all the devils in hell did tear him in pieces. Forster, likewise, after this fact, being a man formerly addicted to hospitality, company, mirth, and music, was afterward observed to forsake all this, and with much melancholy and pensiveness (some say with madness), pined and drooped away."

THE GOAT MOTH IN ITS VARIOUS STAGES.

THE tints of the wings of moths (under this term we include the nocturnal and crepuscular) are principally shades of gray and brown, and resemble the colors of the trees and walls when the light is dim and night is advancing. But the wings of some, although not so brilliant and coruscating as those of the butterflies, are exquisitely delicate and soft in their tone.

Some of the moths that fly by day, and thus lead the life of butterflies, often have colors as glowing as these have, but the tints are never brilliant and sparkling. The educated eye can distinguish at once between the scales of a butterfly and those of the brightest of moths.

The wings of moths rest upon the body of the insect when in repose, and are not stuck upright like those of the butterflies.

The antennæ of the moths are very different in shape to those of the butterflies, as can readily be seen.

The *Bombycina*, or spinner moths, are very numerous, and often attain a great size; they are celebrated for their beauty and strangeness of form, as well as for the simplicity of the decorations of the species which are the most valuable to man. As moths, the *Bombycina* are usually stout and solid about the body, without being as robust as the sphinxes. Their wings are usually large, and the antennæ, which are formed like the teeth and stem of a comb (pectinated), are sometimes feathery in the males. The trunk is rudimentary and useless, and the legs are short. The majority of the moths live for love, and the lady bombycides are so attractive that their pursuit and courtship are the sole pleasures and delights of the males, which seek them out at great distances, and in a most remarkable manner.

If a female moth be carried into a house in a town far away from the fields and hedges, and be placed upon the window-pane, she will surely attract followers and lovers in abundance. Toward the evening the gentlemen begin to arrive; they are in a great hurry, and usually are very short-sighted; so that they can see their cherished object, what else is worthy of consideration?

An Australian traveler once caught a pretty little moth, and placed it in his pocket inside a box. All the evening he was pestered with moths that flew about him and settled upon him in every direction. They followed him into his house, and would not be satisfied without a sight of bombycina.

The males, which are thus able to find out the hidden females, have feathery antennæ, and perhaps there is some excessively delicate organization in them that gives the insect the peculiar power of discovering the distant and desired object. Sight is of no importance, neither is hearing, in this peculiar inquiry; and, although it is difficult to understand, probably the odor of the female insect attaches itself to anything it may touch, and thus attracts the males.

There are many tribes in this great group.

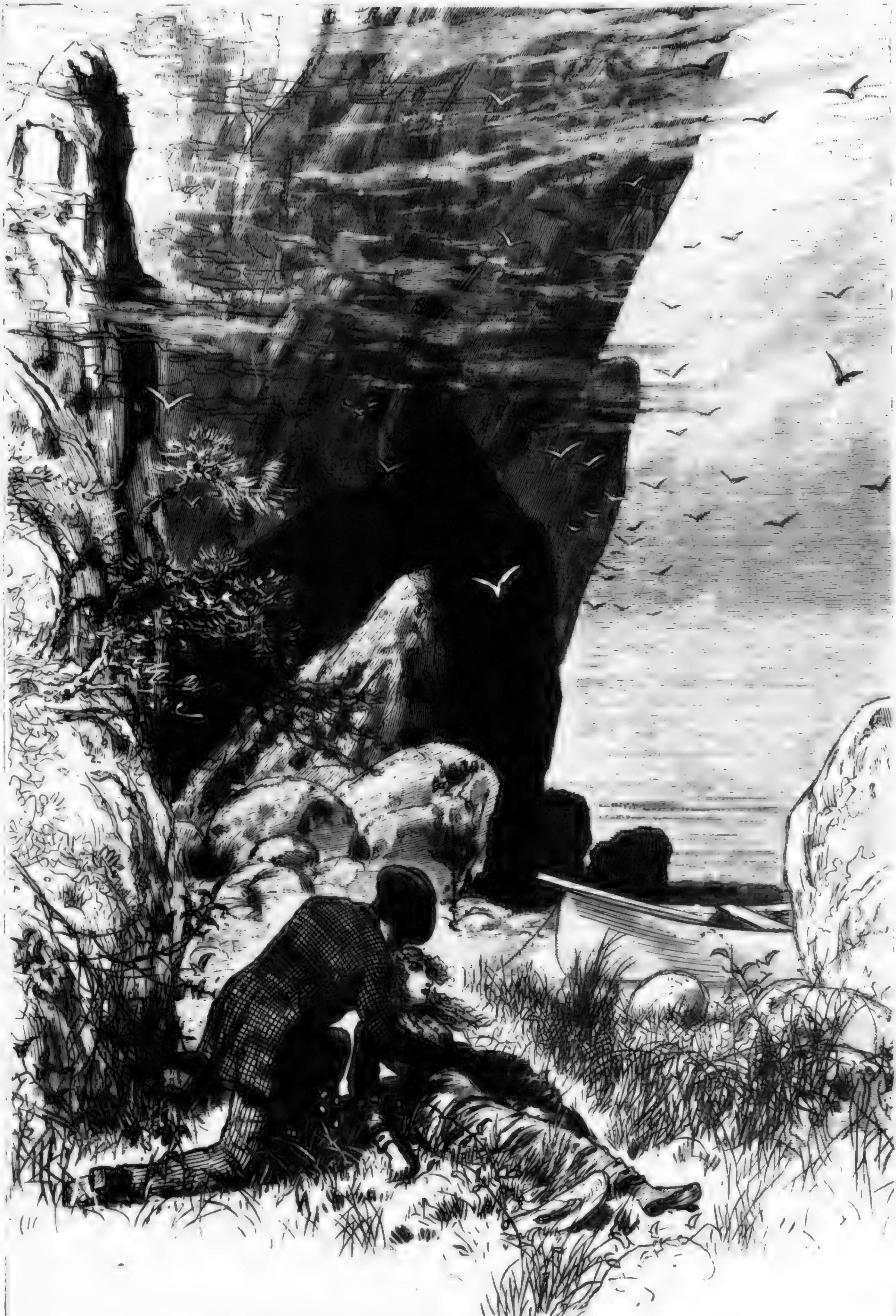
The goat moth *(Cossus ligniperda)* is a well-known insect, with a short body and large and broad wings of a pale brownish-white color, marked with short wavy lines. The caterpillar of this insect is flesh or wine colored, and has a few hairs upon it; and a faint and disagreeable smell is evolved from it, which is left behind upon the wood over which it has recently crawled. This larva gnaws the old trunks of willows and elms, and, by excavating large galleries in the trees, it often destroys some of the largest and finest. It is admirably adapted for this sort of life, and the upper lip is not notched; moreover, the jaws are strongly toothed.

The simple lip and the dentated jaws enable the larva to gnaw away at the wood, which it does not want to hold like a leaf. The membranous legs of the larva are short, and are furnished with a ring of hooks, so as to allow it to move readily in the long galleries.

CLYTIE.— FROM THE PAINTING BY EDGAR HANLEY.

When fully grown the caterpillar is nearly three inches in length, and is as thick as a man's finger; this size is only attained after at least three years' gnawing and tunneling under the bark of the trees it injures. It makes a cocoon of the gnawings of wood, which it fastens together with a viscous secretion, and then all is lined with soft silk. This case is so placed that the end corresponding to the head of the chrysalis (so writes Dr. Baird), is turned toward a hole which the caterpillar has had the precaution to form beforehand in the bark of the tree on that side from which it is about to escape. This hole remains closed outside, but the partition is so thin that the slightest effort can break it and let the prisoner free.

The chrysalis itself bursts this slight partition, and escapes about half way through before breaking its own bonds and assuming the perfect form. Some of the moths measure at least three inches across the wings.



JET.—"DUGAL KNELT DOWN AND RAISED HER HEAD ON HIS KNEE. IT WAS JET!"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

LUCK AND LOVE.

"Lucky at cards, unlucky in love."—*Old Proverb.*

I.—Life's Dice-box.

I was throwing dice, and thought to win the game
By desperate will, and so with sleight of wrist
I strove to give the box a cunning twist.
—Appeared a hand! . . . like a thin spectral flame
Scarce more discerned than viewless air it came,
And shook the box my slackening fingers missed,
Yet no less seemed to hold. Did I desist?
I somehow could not, but played on the same.
This fate that brooded o'er, the way it knew
To make the ivories any number show—
I sat in dread, so passionlessly drew
Those fingers backward from each subtle throw,
And held my breath, and kept my anger in,
To mark the game . . . 'twas meant I should not win!

II.—Playing for Love.

Bruised by the world, and every way forlorn,
Spring of my heart I lost, and learned to hate,
Flung hot reproaches in the teeth of fate,
And came to wonder wherefore I was born.
Then in that heaven whereto we pray for morn
To chase old dark despair that stays so late,
Some angel cried, Unlock this mortal's gate—
With one flower fill his Fortune's empty horn.
My one heaven-flower came soon—a girlish rose—
A soft-cheeked thing, with lovelight in her eye,
Loose-wandering hair of summer-sunny dye,
And a rose blush that quickly comes and goes.
She loves me—from her pity, or heaven's, who knows?
—Others may seek the world's gifts now—not I.

III.—Fortune's Favors.

O bygone years of love and joy and grief,
Vanished so swiftly, without pulse or sound
To tell your flight, less can ye now be found
Than one can catch a ruddy Autumn leaf
The whistling wind whirls on without relief,
And loses in the heaps that cloak the ground
So are ye passed beneath a vail profound,
And what is left but clouds and wan-light brief?
Live-hearted dreams, whereon lies heavy hand
Of worldly cares, I now have won success;
And ye are crushed beneath the mammon-stress,
While fate still lays on me her grim command,
Though full of gold, to crave gold none the less,
Haunting dark mines from whence blue heaven is banned.

IV.—Love in the Wane.

I did love once, and in my love was wise,
Counting love more than all the worldly dross,
And thinking lightly or of gain or loss.
How long ago it seems! With wearied eyes
I look on her that seemed so fair a prize—
Worth all the world; such blight has fallen across
Those dreams whose colors rare seem now but gloss,
Glamour of dawn that in the broad day dies.
The shell and semblance left, love's heart of fire
Smolders in ashes gray, all but destroyed;
Life's luck has turned, and love's wing droops that buoyed
Efforts that ne'er while love indwelt could tire.
My heart craves naught, and yet is very void—
Where can I go to seek my lost desire?

JET.

It was not a pleasant place to sojourn in, even in sunshiny weather, when one might explore at a glance the weedy, mildewed garden, or the dark, rank shadows under the trees which led down to the broken stone wall, from the top of which one could very well see the proprietor, Jacob Lewsen, hauling his boats up, or tacking about in the bay. But it was downright gruesome in a squall of mist and rain, when the vines were all sodden on the porch, and each wail of the wind brought up the tiresome *swash* of the waves on the beach.

The neighborhood—that is, the few fishermen and waterside characters—demanded a public-house in that locality, and Lewsen had hired the house bearing the worst reputation of any near the "cove," and, stocking it with vile liquors and junk tobacco, had begun his career as hotel-keeper.

There were never any women-folks around, except Lewsen's daughter, a pale, wild-eyed young thing, as uncouth as a savage—a girl who went about barefoot, Winter and Summer, and who cooked up unsavory messes, and dealt out the drams of fiery liquors and sour wine to her father's customers with a *nonchalance* and recklessness which first made one shudder and then sigh, as it was painfully apparent that she had never had a mother—at least not the training of one—as it is presumable that even a bad mother, such a woman as one would expect to see the wife of old Lewsen, would have taught a girl dexterity with a needle for the sake of economy. But this one could only net her father's seines and pin her miserable clothes together. In fact, Jacob sewed the better of the two.

But Jet was a sensible girl; she had escaped all other teaching, but she knew intuitively that it was best not to meddle with her father or his visitors. They were a hard lot, but Jet had heard so many frightful oaths that the worst kind of a word could not ripple her cold placidity.

She could sit on the top of an old barrel in the barroom, her hands clasped over her knees, and listen listlessly for hours to the senseless wrangling of these coarse men, and appear wrapped in thought until called on angrily to fill the glasses.

She had known nothing but rudeness and familiarity from men, and it is safe to say that Jet had seen but two live gentlemen in all her life. These, she thought, in a vague way, must be princes in disguise. They wore clean white shirts, and had soft white hands, and feet nearly as small as hers; for Jet was of a delicate and wiry build, with small brown feet and hands, both of which—the hands and feet—she had taken to washing lately, as well as to try to bind up and fasten the blue-black hair which crowned her small head.

Jet had turned her seventeenth birthday, although she seemed much younger, and she had all at once learned to hate the sight of her bare feet, and had taken one whole afternoon to herself in her attic for the purpose of letting out tucks in her brown frock, which, being done, disclosed a deeper shade in the shaggy stuff, which had been selected for its wearing propensity, as Jet was a "terrible hand on clothes."

On entering the smoky, low-ceiled room, where men were drinking and cursing, the well-dressed young strangers, Dugan Fairfax and his friend Julian Keith, both uttered exclamations of surprise at the rather unusual sight presented by a girl, who, without a word, carried away the portmanteaus, and came back to open another bottle for a quarrelsome fellow, who caught her rudely by the arm as she passed on her way to the bar.

"Let me alone, Jeffrey. I'm not in a particularly good humor to-night. I say, remember that, will you?"

"Whew! what a tigress!" said Keith, with an ill-concealed gesture of disgust.

"You mean leopard!" said Fairfax, watching the girl's untutored grace and suppleness indolently, with a piteous disdain about his mouth.

What would his sister or lady-friends think of this young savage? It was a new revelation—a new type of woman;

and he watched the girl's movements with a lazy interest as she hastily prepared a supper of fried bacon and sea-bass, some sort of an egg and potato-stew and villainous coffee, which she presently placed on a table with a clean cloth, and the only whole teacups in the house.

As pale as usual, with a deep red spot on either cheek, Jet stood by, ready to wait on the new guests, drinking in eagerly their disjointed sentences, which related mainly to a yachting exploit, resolving in her mind to have Lowsen get her a pair of shoes the next time he rowed over to the "Point," as she was too large now to go barefooted.

Jet discovered this, and blushed furiously, as she caught the fairest young man watching her with his keen blue eyes.

The next day the young men were rowed over to the Point, on some business of a private nature, by Jacob, and Jet let down the tuck, and spent an hour coaxing her unruly hair into a coil, from which now and then little wispy curls straggled out, not unbecomingly.

She was unusually quiet at night, letting several jeering remarks slip by unnoticed.

She learned that the brown-haired young man was a medical student, traveling with the other for company. The other was *something*—she couldn't make out what—but he had come down to Scarborough Neck—the Point—to settle up an affair of some kind in which considerable money was involved.

Through this second supper, Jet's large black eyes furtively watched the brawlers at cards in the barroom, while she waited on the two young men next the wall of the kitchen.

After supper they strolled out on the porch to smoke and get rid of the vile atmosphere inside. They still talked of the money and the beastly hole they had gotten into.

"I wish this affair was ended, Fairfax. I don't like the look of this place. Hang it, they might all be pirates; they look like it," Keith said, as Jet slipped out of the bar with the pretense of shaking crumbs from the tablecloth.

Fairfax laughed in his indolent way. A yellow-haired young lion of prodigious muscle, he had never known the taste of fear.

"You don't think that queer-looking girl a pirate! Where a female can exist for all time, I think it possible for me to remain a little while—a week, say, or longer."

Jet breathed hard when she heard these words of faint tolerance, and she began to realize that she really had a heart—it leaped so madly in her bosom.

She drew nearer—only a denser shadow in the gloom—and said, in low, distinct tones, which neither of the men ever afterward forgot:

"Don't talk of money here—it isn't safe. Rely on me. I will watch."

"Worse and worse," said Keith, with a forced laugh. "Your queer-looking girl is crazy, Dugal. What can she mean?"

"Hush!" said Fairfax, sternly. "She means what she says, evidently. Do you wish to get her into trouble?"

And laying his fingers on Keith's lips, he began, in a light tone, to talk of a horse-race he once saw in Doncaster; and a part of the winner's colors floated in to where the girl sat by a sputtering candle, listlessly turning the greasy pages of one of Marryat's novels, now and then spelling out certain marked passages which some reader had placed his patent of merit upon rather lavishly—a compliment which librarians are not enthusiastic over.

Poor Jet! A wild unrest had seized her—a horror of her surroundings—as this fatal glimpse of another life had stolen in upon her.

She, wild, untutored, half-clad! What a travesty on woman! How *he* must despise her!—the *he* being Dugal.

All these things she thought, and more, but in her own language. She had almost forgotten to eat or sleep since *he* came.

There were men there who would take any life for a few paltry dollars. The place was isolated, in ill-repute, and not easily reached by the law.

She shuddered in her bed at night to think how easy it would be for them to be drowned some day returning from the Neck, or to be found in the gulch below the stone wall, where they might have fallen—sheer down twenty feet or so.

Julian had already begun to twit Fairfax about the girl, and to declare that it was another complete conquest.

Dugal smiled disdainfully; yet the hard lines in his face softened, as he could not help remembering how the child had changed—unmistakably to please him.

Once he had brought a crimson ribbon from Scarborough, and he had been almost shocked at the improvement made in Jet by such a trifle.

"That child, dressed like Mabel Fontleroy, Keith, would look like an empress. What magnificent eyes! what natural grace! Have you noticed her?"

"Quite enough to know that she is head and ears gone on you, Dugal. It isn't a thing to boast of, either, Fairfax. This poor little savage has virtually no protector——"

"Do you dare to accuse me of any villainy, Julian?" and there was a steely glitter in the blue eye. "I would guard that child as I would a princess, or my sister, from all harm. And, besides, you are mistaken—entirely so. She is an artless child."

"She is a thinking woman—I am not deceived; but I am glad you are Dugal Fairfax, and nobody else, just now. I believe you, and I give you my hand. I know that you are too chivalrous to make sport of this poor little Jet, who too plainly worships you."

They knew her name well enough, as they had heard it called thirty or forty times in an evening, in a variety of tones, occasionally in a way to make Dugal grate his white teeth together on an oath.

She was a woman, and not rough now, nor uncouth—whatever she might have been once. And she suffered—he could see *that*, day by day, in the quivering lips and wild, mournful eyes. She had begun to seem like a hunted deer, with a wearier look in her pale face, and Fairfax fancied that to his general bearishness Lewsen added brutality. He might beat the girl. But, no; she was not the sort of girl to stand this. Her claws were too sharp, and she had been bred to scratching.

It was, perhaps, an unwise thing, but on rainy or windy afternoons, days that made Jacob's rickety boats unseaworthy, Dugal had fallen into the habit of reading aloud to Jet, while she tidied up the house or baked. And often he repeated bits of Tennyson off-hand—memorably the "Princess." Its chief song seemed to make a deep impression on Jet, whose tears of late had sprung from the depths of

"Some divine despair."

A great change had taken place—great in a few weeks. Jet no longer went barefoot, and she had made her a new frock, after much labor—a longer, more decent frock, of a pleasant rich wine-color, which made her look like the Queen of Sheba.

Even Lewsen began to see that Jet was a girl to be

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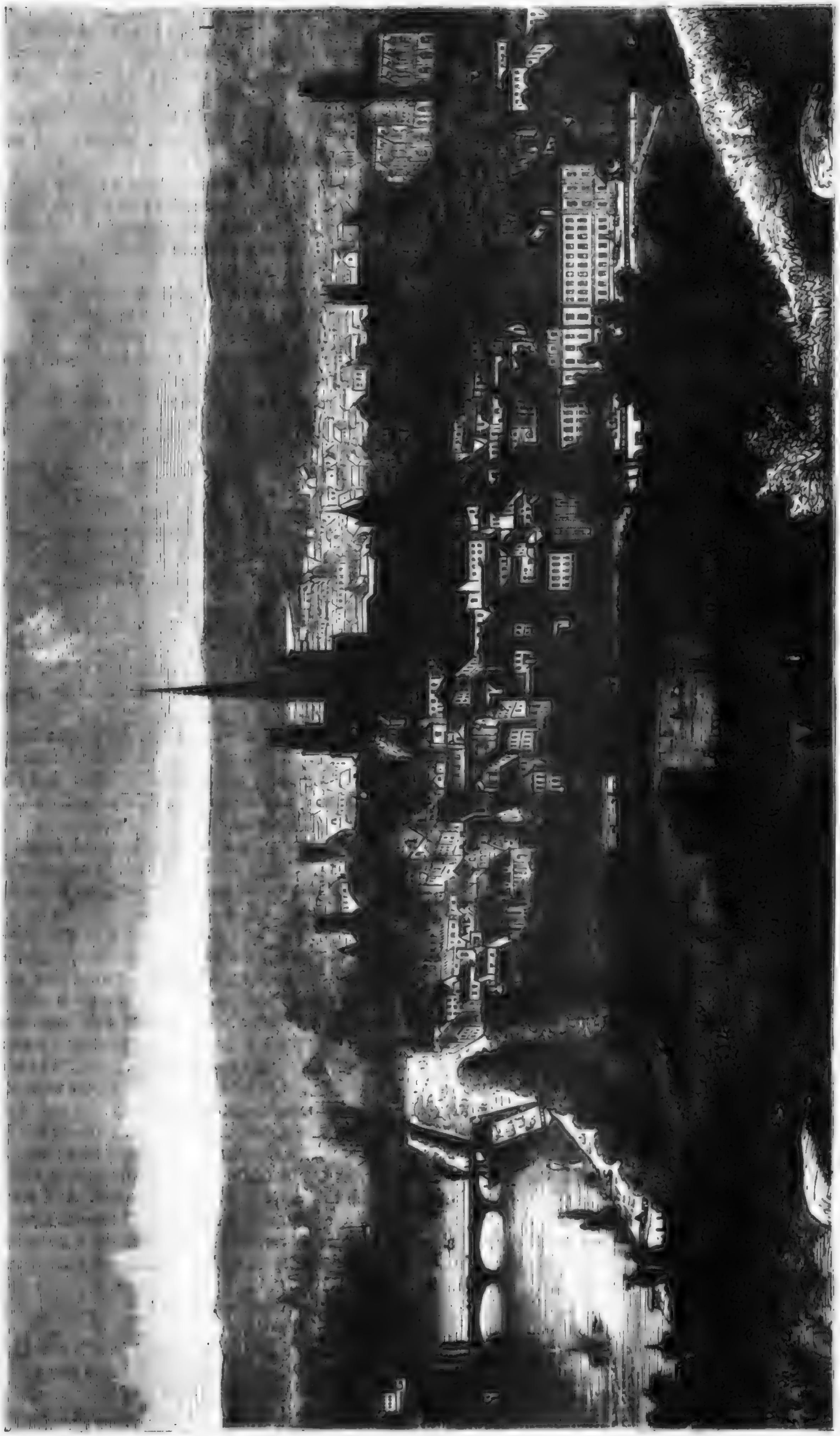


GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF ROUEN.—SEE PAGE 535.

proud of; and, what was worse, others saw it, too, and Jet began to be annoyed by rude attentions and vulgar compliments that made her white with rage.

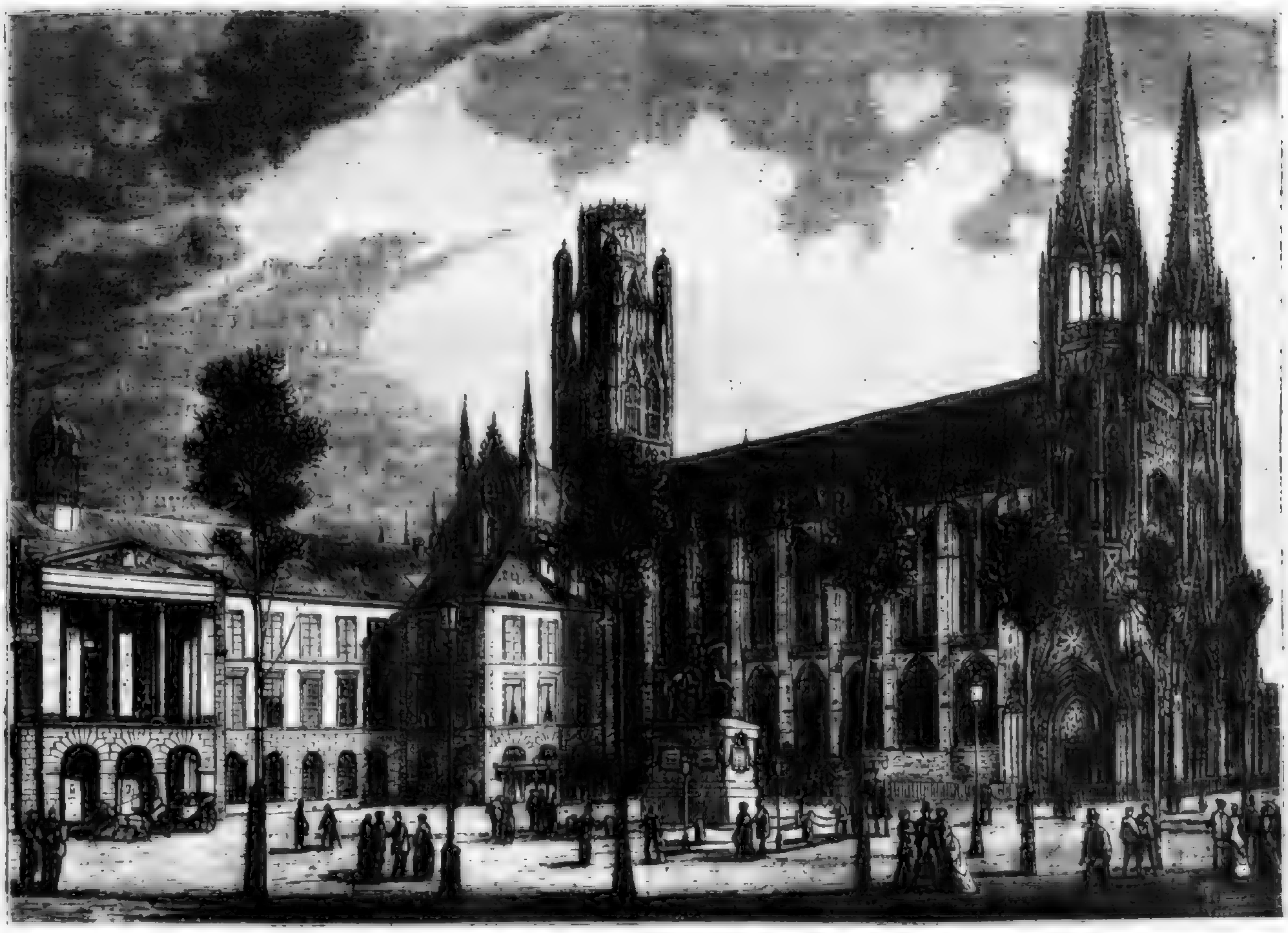
One burly ruffian, Joe Silcot by name, a whaler, swore that he would marry Jet, and buy out his father-in-law's business.

Mr. Lewson winked at this, and they actually began to haggle about the price. Then they drank another bottle, and played a game of cards to determine whether Jet should keep the bar as Mrs. Silcot.

The luck of the whaler was prodigious. He staggered across the room, behind the counter, and put his hand on the girl's shoulder.

In an instant he lay on the floor, cursing, and spitting out a tooth Fairfax had loosened with one immense blow. A row seemed imminent, but it amounted to nothing at the time.

Lewson was in a maudlin state, and began to cry and swear his house would be ruined—that nobody would



THE HOTEL DE VILLE AND CHURCH OF ST. OUEN, ROUEN.

come there if such doings got out. The next morning Fairfax had said, in a kindly way, which was much more cruel than the stab of a dagger, and he knew it:

"It is a pity, Jet, that you haven't an honest sweetheart. You ought to get married and leave this low place. Your life after this will be intolerable."

Jet looked terrified, and might have fainted if she had been a great lady; as it was, she gave a quick, gasping sigh.

"I shall never marry. I shall not, perhaps, be able to leave this place, but I need not make my life worse. There is the sea down there—I should drown first."

That night Keith urged Fairfax to go home, and he promised to do so very soon. His business was nearly settled, and after a day or two there would be nothing to keep him. As for Keith, his furlough had expired; he would be obliged to return.

Dugal looked up at the stars as they twinkled above that dismal little inn, in which, perhaps, murder and rapine lay side by side asleep, and wondered why it was he felt in no hurry to quit a place so distasteful to him.

He swore that he would leave it the next day, and forget that such people ever existed as he was obliged to mingle with there.

But he did not leave the next day, or the next. Keith had told Jet of his friend's determination, the next morning, in a light way, repenting of it in a moment, when he saw its effect on the girl. Poor Jet! Her hands trembled so that she scattered knives, spoons and glasses about in great confusion, dropping everything she handled.

It had all come out as she had dreamed it would, nights when she had lain awake for hours, and at last dropped into a troubled sleep, full of Dugal's going back. He would return to some "Lily Maid of Astolat," and she would never see him any more.

It did not occur to her to hope that she should. Her life had been mean and rough, and she did not expect that it would be different. She realized that she could have borne it better if *he* had never come to the Cove; but he had come, and had made a splendor in that dismal place which exceeded that of the sunset, across the green water where Jet had often seen her castles fade away.

She had been hunting her soul always, and Dugal had brought it to her. But he would take it away again. She did not think to blame him for anything. It was natural that she should idolize him—her king—while it was quite as natural, too, that he should laugh at her—wild, untutored as she was—and forget her when he met others—such women as he had read of to her.

She knew that Silcot prowled about constantly, full of an intent to give the "young 'un" a beating for that broken tooth, and Jet was in mortal terror, fearing that he would strike Fairfax from behind, some night, as he had lately taken to smoking alone under the pollards just before going in, Julian being busy with his home correspondence.

Once or twice Fairfax had caught sight of Jet's white face, her large eyes following him hungrily; but it did not occur to him how to explain it. Jet was a queer girl—he would pretend he did not see her. As for Silcot, he had forgotten all about him or his threats. There were thoughts that gnawed his heart through and through those nights at that grim little Cove, and made him forget all else.

On the last day he had taken Jacob's boat, *Mermaid*, and rowed himself over to the Neck, coming back in a little squall after dark. He had a neckchain and a few trinkets for Jet in his breast-pocket, which he now and then touched reverently.

He hauled up the *Mermaid*, moored her, threw pebbles reflectively at some seagulls who lighted on the gunwale of the boat, and taking off his hat, swung himself up the rocky path toward Lewsen's.

Suddenly he heard a strange cry, and saw a dark form leap the chasm and fly down the strip of sand toward the inlet. It was a woman who gave out that terrible cry—more of a moaning, it seemed, than from pain; and yet she was hurt.

Dugal knelt down and raised her head on his knee. It was Jet! A small, dark stream flowed from a cut in her temple, made by a rock on which she fell; but the worst was that her right forearm was broken—it had been done, Dugal felt, by a fist that had been aimed at him.

A cowardly villain had been watching to murder him. Dugal understood now why Jet had kept him in view. She had crept up behind Silcot, and had uttered that wild cry to warn him, receiving a powerful blow from the ruffian, who fled.

Fairfax wiped off the blood with his handkerchief tenderly, and lifting her in his arms, carried her to the house. Julian was lounging under the vines, and very soon had made Jet as comfortable as possible, splintering and setting the arm skillfully.

Jet wandered a little in her mind for a day or two, telling much that she would have tried to keep concealed. When she returned to consciousness she felt the necklace Dugal had clasped around her neck.

Her eyes filled with tears.

"I did not do that for a reward, Mr. Fairfax—at least, not this kind. I should be very grateful for a little piece of your hair when you go away."

Julian slipped out quietly.

"And I shall like some of yours, Jet. But I think I could not be satisfied with a lock, as you call it."

"I will cut it all off, if you wish," said Jet, not understanding the passion in the man's blue eyes.

This untutored little savage—this beautiful leopard—had stirred the deepest fountain in his heart, and yet she had not dared to slake her thirst.

He gazed at her tenderly, and stooping, pressed his warm lips full on hers. He could no longer resist—his love and passion conquered. Jet laid her cheek against his unaffectedly—as restful as a happy child.

"You must go away from here, Mr. Fairfax—the sooner the better. Silcot means to kill you."

Dugal made a gesture of disdain.

"I wish you had left him to me, Jet. He shall pay dearly for your hurt, if ever I lay hands on him!"

After a brief silence:

"And you wish me to go?"

One large tear rolled down Jet's hollow cheek.

"Of what use is it to wish you to stay? You know what you will take away with you when you go."

"I know that I shall take you," he said, holding Jet tightly in his arms. "My beautiful, heroic Jet! We shall never separate again until death divides us. I love you, Jet, better than any one in the world. You shall go with me, when I go, as my own lawful wife. Do you hear, Jet—my wife?"

With a happy cry Jet hid her face in his breast, and wondered if it were not a dream, while Julian went on his knees metaphorically to Dugal for having done him an injustice.

* * * * * *

You would not know Jet now. She is an accomplished lady, and regally beautiful. She sometimes wears a short, wine-colored dress—on anniversary days—and Dugal smothers her in kisses, declaring that she looked her best in that.

ALLIGATORS IN GUIANA.

CAYMANS *(Champsa nigra)* of large size were numerous and fearfully tame, and at night collected in the river in the vicinity of our camping-places (says a naturalist recently in Guiana), seeking what they might devour. Whilst camping on some rocks on our third night out from the Carib place, the musquitos attacked us in such numbers that sleep was out of the question, so we took to catching and slaying caymans, and succeeded in dispatching two. The proceeding was not very conducive to comfort, for the rank, musky smell emitted by the victims and their enraged companions hung over our camp for the remainder of the night with sickening effect.

One day we fell in with a herd of bush hogs, and landing amongst them, I succeeded in shooting one. That night, whilst camped on a low piece of ground at the mouth of a small creek, one of the men told off to cook went into the boat after dark to procure a piece of the hog for dinner. As he was stepping back from the gunwale of the boat, near its bow, to the shore, a huge cayman, which was lying in wait, struck at him with its tail, for the purpose of sweeping him into the water within its reach. Fortunately he did not receive the full force of the blow, only the end of the tail catching him on one shin, but nearly breaking his leg. The sound of two more blows, given by the infuriated reptile against the boat's side, was so very loud that we were afraid it had smashed a plank; but such was not the case. Taking the boat lamp, we went to the spot, and seeing the huge brute between the boat's bow and the shore, determined to punish it without delay. A large hook baited with hog's meat was swung over it, when it made a spring and seized the bait savagely. After much champing and chewing it threw its head back, opened its mouth wide, and down went hook and bait. Five men then hauled in on the line, but the reptile, on feeling the hook in its stomach, made such fearful struggles that we feared the line would break, and so proceeded to play it by slacking out a bit It then landed some thirty yards up the creek near our camp, and we heard it crashing amongst the small undergrowth in the forest. The line was therefore held fast again to stop it, while, with gun in hand, I went with a man carrying the lamp to dislodge it, as its presence on shore so close to us was anything but pleasant. Getting close to it, I took the best aim I could in the indistinct lamplight, and fired a ball at its head, which evidently missed, for it wheeled toward me, and the sound of crashing of trees was greater than before. The man with the lamp fled, while I made the best of my way after him—no easy job in the dark under ordinary circumstances, but one that I accomplished somehow, feeling convinced that a huge cayman was after me. It turned out that our flight was unnecessary, for while we were going one way it was making for the water in the opposite direction.

Crossing the narrow creek, it landed on the opposite side, where all efforts to dislodge it by hauling on the rope proved unavailing, till at last the hook pulled off the line, and the cayman was free to go anywhere it chose.

Meanwhile many other caymans, attracted by the smell of the blood of the bush hog and the splashing of the hooked one, collected around in such numbers that at one time we feared they would come ashore and attack us. They remained about all night; and many times I was awoke by hearing single combats going on amongst their ranks, the splashing noise of which was accompanied by heavy tail blows and loud belching sounds. As to the stink of musk, it was simply abominable, floating like a deadly miasma round our camp.

XUM

THE CITY OF ROUEN.

By Prof. Charles A. Joy.

Let us enter Rouen, no matter how we get there, and we shall find a city scarcely equaled for beauty of situation and quaintness of architecture. The best approach is from over the hills, so that at a sudden bend in the road the town, with its churches, towers, bridges, and winding river, suddenly breaks upon us in all its majestic beauty.

The town is situated at the base of lofty chalk hills, nestling so close to the mountain that it has been found necessary to excavate some of the streets. In front is the River Seine, at this place more than one thousand feet wide, and spanned by several bridges, which afford access to flourishing suburbs. A large amount of shipping at the wharves, and the hum of wheels over the streets, indicate that a busy population has succeeded to the turbulent spirits of the Middle Ages.

It is not a dead town of the past, but is a flourishing city of manufacture, and boasts a population, with its suburbs, of 150,000 inhabitants, which number is surpassed by only four other cities in France. There are so many manufactories that the chimneys form a marked feature when we look down upon the town; and the din of the mills and the smoke of the furnaces have earned for the city the *soubriquet* of the Manchester of France. The quays are lined with handsome new warehouses, with a merchants' exchange and fine hotels. Modern improvements have greatly detracted from the quaint appearance of this part of the city, although for the residents the improved accommodations more than compensate for the loss of picturesque appearance.

At the base of the mountain is the Faubourg Martainville, through which we pass, and after crossing a fine new boulevard, we enter the Rue d'Amiens. He we are at once enchanted by the antiquity of all around us, and at every turn we catch glimpses of ancient carved houses and overhanging gables, and look into a labyrinth of streets which lead into a maze of inextricable confusion. Many of the houses are half built of wood, and it is amazing that they should have survived the sack and burning of the city which has been so fatal to many ancient monuments.

In this walk we pass the General Hospital, which affords accommodations for two thousand aged and infirm persons. There is attached to it a nursery for foundlings, and it is said that five or six hundred infants are deposited here every year.

It was impossible for me to go consistently forward in one street, as the temptations to wander in devious ways were too numerous. I soon found myself in the Rue des Arpents, one of the oldest and oddest streets in Rouen. If the curved line is one of beauty, we have it here in all its perfection. There is not a straight line in this street. The massive wooden beams which have supported the incumbent weight through so many years, are bent up and down, pushing the fronts of the houses into the street, and making inclined planes of the floors and ceilings. Nothing is horizontal, but everything plunges forward, and the upper stories nod at each other, and appear so near the centre of gravity that a slight push would totter them to the fall. No two houses are alike; no two gables are of the same height. A marvelous intricacy of carving adorns some of the overhanging beams or sills, and it would take a long time to study the details of so much variety. It cannot be denied that the odors of this place were not of the sweetest, nor was there that absence of dirt which one would prefer for a permanent residence. But in a bright day, and with senses somewhat blunted by usage, it is possible to pass through the middle of this street without serious mishap.

Right in the centre of this squalor and misery I discovered a building, which, by the exceptional neatness of its exterior and the cheerful brightness of its court, attracted my attention. By the side of the door was a sign, on which was printed "Crèche of St. Maclou and St. Paul." Here was another retreat for children, but of a very different character from the foundling hospital I had just passed. I had heard much of this peculiar institution in France, and at once resolved to ask admittance. The bell was answered by a sister of charity, dressed in black, and wearing a white apron and a fluted cap, with a face beaming with kindness. She had on a platter a roll of golden butter, and under her arm a massive loaf of white bread, and she apologized for appearing in such a manner; but as she was about to give the children something to eat, and all the nurses were occupied, she thought it better to answer the bell at once.

I was ushered up-stairs, where I found two large and airy rooms fitted up for the reception of children of different ages. In one the infants were all too young to walk. They were wrapped up precisely after the manner of Indian papooses, and were placed in a row on a mattress on the floor, thus presenting a most comical appearance. Fortunately, none of them were crying, so that it was easy to converse with the nurse in charge, and to watch the perfect contentment of the little creatures. Around the walls of the room were numerous cradles, each with the name of the person who had endowed it. They were all of them suspended, were fitted up with white linen and worked counterpanes and different colored covers, and were a picture in themselves. In an adjoining room were the children who were old enough to run about. They were collected within an inclosure in the centre of the room, the walls of which were too high for them to climb over. It was a sort of pen, in which the children could play without the necessity of constant watching. The sister gave each a generous slice of bread spread with nice fresh butter, and they were all soon absorbed in devouring it with ravenous appetites.

There are three such institutions in Rouen, and they are all placed in the centre of a working population, so as to be near the classes who alone would desire to make use of them.

After this refreshing study of a modern charity I returned to the ancient streets, to examine the quaint houses more in detail, and continue my explorations into other parts of the city. There is a most extraordinary street, called the Rue Eau de Robec, which is built on the banks of a small stream which flows through this part of the city. The street follows the devious turnings and windings of the stream, and as there are many dye-works on its banks, the water has the color of indigo. On one side the houses are immediately on the bank, and it is necessary to cross a bridge to obtain access to each of them. On the other side there is room for a narrow roadbed. No ram's horn was ever more crooked than this street, and as the houses were many of them very lofty and half nodding into the highway, the picture I carried away with me was of a quaint and characteristic nature.

The march of improvement has already penetrated this ancient quarter of Rouen, and several wide streets have been projected, involving the tearing down of long rows

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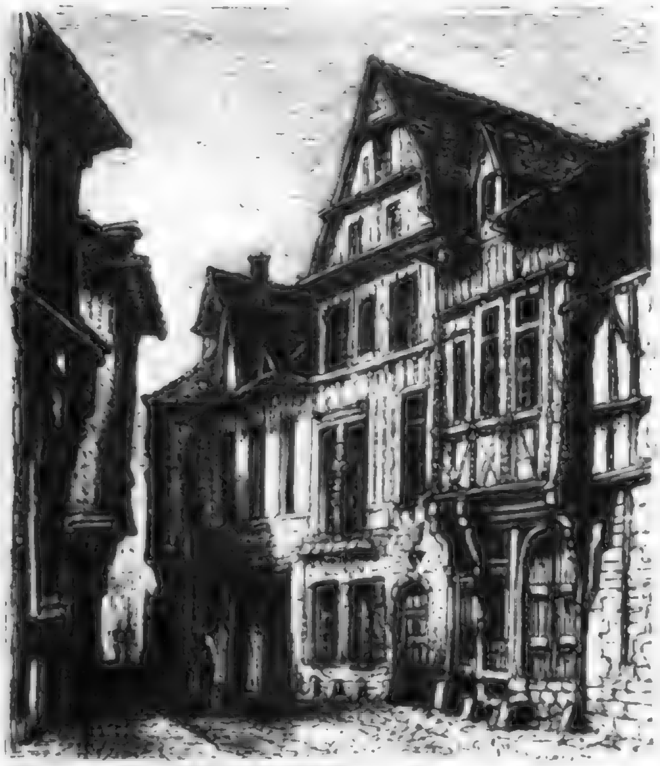


HOUSE OF PIERRE CORNEILLE, RUE DE LA PIE, ROUEN.

of houses. During the progress of demolition many interesting relics have been found, all of which have been carefully preserved.

The Antiquarian Society of Rouen has been keenly alive to the opportunity, and all the remarkable locks, hinges, doors, panels, chimney ornaments and old carvings are carefully kept, to be introduced in the restoration of ancient buildings.

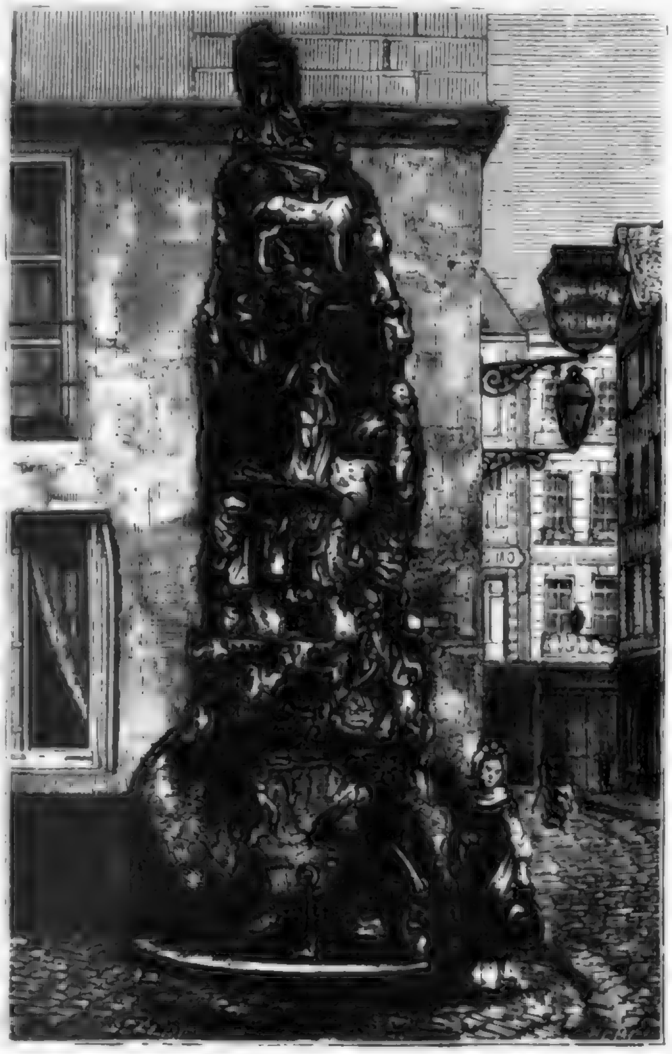
The Palais de Justice is a superb specimen of civic Gothic architecture, recalling some of the town halls of the Low Countries. It was built at a time when the style had become fantastic in its forms and exuberant in its adornments, when it was thought good taste to repeat the delicate patterns of lace-work in massive stone. The façade is so beautifully decorated that the first impression is that a lace curtain of cunning workmanship has been thrown over the porch, to half conceal and yet adorn its beauty. The square-headed windows are set with delicate garlands of stone, the buttresses are studded with niches and crowned by pinnacles; and the lofty dormer windows, rising against the high-pitched roof, are surmounted by canopies of delicate open work, with pinnacles and statues, many of them executed by first-rate artists. The actual Palais de Justice forms one side of a square, and faces the street, but the older building of the Salle des Procureurs joins it, forming a wing on the left; the wing on the right was rebuilt in 1842-52, in very successful imitation of the rest of the façade. The completed effect is magnificent. The statues, with their rich canopies and pinnacles, the balustrade rising over the roof, the crocketed arcades which form a gallery along the entire front, the graceful ornamentation of the dormer windows, and above all the beautiful little pavilion projecting from the centre of the façade, are indescribable in their mixture of lightness and richness. Louis XII. built the palace in 1499, for the great and ancient Court of Exchequer.

The little round room in the pavilion, with its funnel-shaped roof, was occupied by Louis XII. and Francis I. when they came to Normandy to preside at the solemn meetings of the Estates of this Province. The Salle des Procureurs, built in 1493 as a sort of exchange for native and foreign merchants to meet in, has a large and handsome hall, with an open roof, like a ship's hull reversed, 160 feet long and 50 feet high—a sort of Westminster Hall in miniature, and now used for the same purposes. One gable is of the thirteenth century, and is part of an earlier building. The chamber in which the Parliament of Normandy formerly held its meetings, is now the Salle des Assizes. It has a carved roof of black oak, set off with gold, and the wainscot is painted with arabesques and old mottoes reminding judges of their duties.

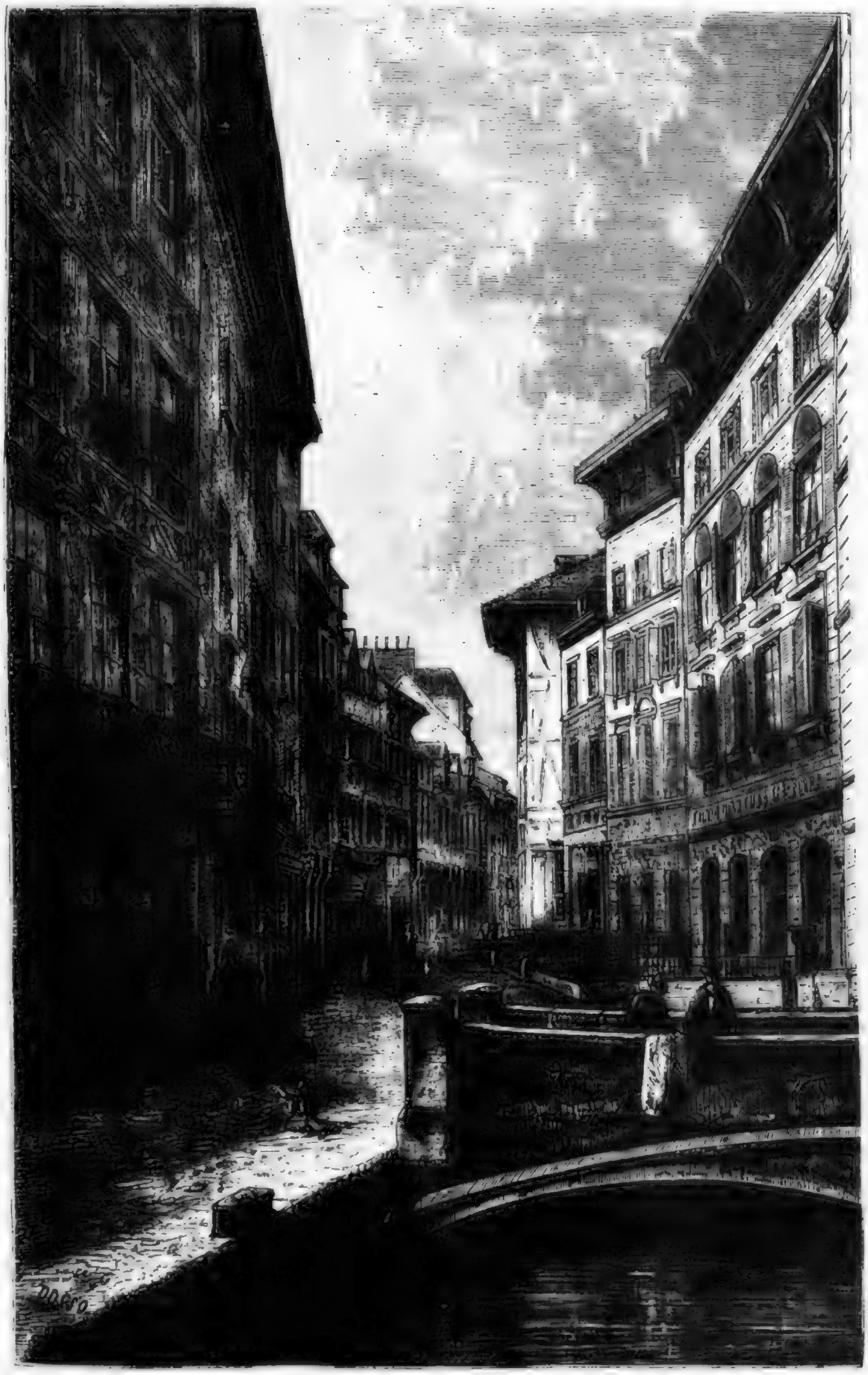
I had taken up my abode in the Hotel de Normandie, in a narrow street close by the court-house and the great clock, so as to be near the most curious relics of antiquity. The place where I stayed had been used as a place of entertainment for more than two centuries. The room assigned to me was the one that Voltaire occupied on his first visit to Rouen. The furniture may not have been the same; but there were the old oaken beams overhead, the carved wainscoting, the uneven floor, the hidden closets, and the window-frames, just as they had been during the time of the great French writer.

While I was sitting in this room before the open window at nine in the evening, I was aroused from my reveries by the curfew bells in the tower of the Grosse Horloge, close by. I stopped to listen to the signal for all good citizens to extinguish their fires and cover the embers—the *couvre-feu*, which for eight hundred years had been rung out on the night air, warning the inhabitants that it was dangerous to show any lights by which the enemy could be guided to the town, and also as a precaution against conflagration. This custom was carried by William the Conqueror to England.

I went out into the streets and found, sure enough,



THE LISIEUX FOUNTAIN, ROUEN.



EAU DE ROBEC STREET, ROUEN.

that the signal was cheerfully obeyed. Men and women, boys and girls, were sweeping out shops and putting up shutters, and preparing everything for the night. Soon the streets were encumbered with rubbish. A swarm of *chiffoniers* swept down the street searching for rags and papers, and scattering the heaps in every direction. Soon they were gone; the bell had ceased tolling, and darkness and quiet settled down upon the town.

The old clock-tower, in which the curfew-bells are sounded, with its gatehouse, archway, and bas-reliefs, is one of the most picturesque objects in Rouen. At the foot of the tower is a fountain with figures representing Alpheus and Arethusa, and their children. The archway itself is comparatively modern, having been built in 1527. Above the arch on each side are the huge clock-dials, in sculptured frames; underneath the vault is sculptured a shepherd tending sheep, and on the side walls are also bas-reliefs. The bell called the "Cloche d' Argent," which rings every night at nine o'clock, and also for public rejoicings or sorrows, was cast in 1447.

It was in a street hard by that Dulong, the great chemist and natural philosopher, was born in 1785; a few houses further on, and an inscription informs us that here Boildieu, the composer, first saw the light. The house in which Pierre Corneille was born (1606), perhaps the most illustrious of the natives of Rouen, stood until 1861 in the Rue de la Pie; a statue of him by David d'Angers has been erected by his fellow citizens on the stone bridge. Fontenelle, his nephew, author of the "Plurality of Worlds," resided in the Rue des Bons Enfans. And here, in Rouen, was born Robert Cavelier, known as the Sieur de la Salle, who built the first vessels that sailed the waters of Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Michigan; who explored the Mississippi to its mouth, and perished in Texas while madly trying to conquer the rich Mexican mines for France.

And it was in Rouen that two of the most renowned characters of Europe passed out of the world—William the Conqueror and Jeanne d'Arc: the one in 1087, and the other in 1431. It was in the old market-place, which dates from the eleventh century, that Jeanne d'Arc was sacrificed in the presence of the Bishop of Beauvais, the Cardinal of Winchester, the Abbots of Bec, Jumièges, and Fécamp. A hideous fountain now marks the spot where the Maid of Orleans was burned at the stake as a sorceress.

XUM

The market-place at the time of Jeanne d'Arc's execution was surrounded by picturesque frame houses, a majority of which have since disappeared. There is part of an old chapel still standing, now used as a stable, which was built in the eleventh century, and restored in 1351. It has a fine façade, and the remains of an oval window and some handsome tracery. It was probably from this church that the crucifix was brought at the request of the sainted martyr.

On the other side of the Place de la Pucelle is a most remarkable hotel, which was begun in the middle of the fifteenth century, and completed in 1537. The bas-relief which ornaments the court has for its legend the field of the cloth of gold, and is an exceedingly quaint piece of sculpture. The building is known as the Hotel Bourgthéroude, and is one of the most interesting of the secular houses of Rouen, and has greatly enjoyed the attention of the learned on account of its numerous and curious ornaments. It is certain that Francis I., in 1540, was the first guest in this magnificent mansion, and that his son, Henry II., resided there when he visited Rouen, October 1st, 1550. It is now given over to commercial affairs, and has been much injured by injudicious repairs.

Not far from this hotel once stood the houses in which the two Corneilles were born. An inscription in these words marks the spot: "On this site stood the houses where the two Corneilles were born; Peter, June 6th, 1606; Thomas, August 21st, 1625."

Thomas was a man of considerable talent, and would have made a name for himself if he had not been overshadowed by the greater fame of his brother. Peter was educated for the bar, but his figure was so insignificant and his speech so defective that he found it necessary to take to writing, in which he proved to be a most excellent master. It is a great credit to his fame that more than two hundred years after his death his plays are acted in our theatres, and a new opera has just been put upon the stage, the plot of which is founded on what he wrote.

After hunting up the site of Corneille's house, I walked up the hill along the Boulevard Cauchoise, in order to visit the Church of St. Gervais, one of the most ancient in Rouen. It is true that the present building is not at all ancient, but it marks the site, and is partly built of the material of one of the oldest religious edifices in Northern France. It was here that a chapel was constructed in 386, the crypt of which has been left intact.

This crypt bears evidence of the great antiquity ascribed to it. The walls are laid up with the thin bricks characteristic of Roman structures, and the cement and stone carvings point to an early age. It is under the high altar, and in order to reach it it is necessary to go down by a trap-door, through a subterranean passage. The chapel is thirty-five feet long, about fifteen feet high, and sixteen broad. There is an arcade on each side; at the end is an apse, and a stone altar marked with five crosses. Above this is a very small window; on each side are the holes left by the rails for the curtains which used to screen off the altar. In the left arcade is the tomb of St. Mellon, and on the right that of St. Avitien, the two first Archbishops of Rouen.

Above this crypt is an apse of early Norman work, quite Romanesque in its character, which doubtless belonged to the church which existed when William the Conqueror was brought to the adjoining Priory of St. Gervais to die. An inscription on the wall outside reads: "Here was the grand Priory of Saint Gervais, where died William the Conqueror, the 9th of September, 1087." It was a thrilling thought that the chapel beneath the grand choir was built seven hundred years before the death of William, and that the great Conqueror had often knelt there—as was his wont before starting upon some new enterprise of war and conquest. Even in his day it was venerable with age.

From the Priory where William died, I went to visit the Cathedral Church of Notre Dame, and the Church of St. Ouen—the two most magnificent monuments in Rouen, and, for that matter, in the world. First comes Notre Dame, "like a piece of rockwork, rough and incrusted with images, and ornamented from top to bottom." This cathedral occupies with its west front one side of a square. The vast proportions of this grand Gothic façade, with its elaborate and profuse decorations and its stone screens of open tracery, impress one with wonder and admiration, which, like the view of the mighty cataract of Niagara, grow upon the imagination the longer we behold it. It is a sublime creation of stone, and offers a high testimonial of the architectural skill of the age that produced it. The projecting central porch, and the whole of the upper part, is of the sixteenth century; the lateral ones being of an earlier period, and chaster in style. Above the central door is carved the genealogy of Jesse; over the northwest door is the Death of John the Baptist—with the daughter of Herodius dancing before Herod; and about them, figures of virgins and saints. These are so time-eaten and worn, that it would be difficult to distinguish the subjects without the aid of a catalogue.

Although the cathedral is so remarkable for its architecture, it possesses an almost equal interest in its historical associations. St. Mellon, one of the first Christian missionaries among the Gauls, is believed to have built a church on this site in the year 270, which was the first church in Rouen. He remained its pastor until his death, in 302. His successor, profiting by the protection afforded by the Emperor Constantine, rebuilt and enlarged the edifice in the year 400. In 650, St. Ouen, confessor and friend of Dagobert, doubled its size; but it was nearly destroyed by the Normans. When the Duke Rolf became a Christian, the construction of the cathedral was begun in earnest, and the famous chieftain was baptized in it in 912, and was buried there in 917. In 1055 the tower of St. Romain was finished, but after that period the church shared in the destructive disturbances of the time, and was frequently partially demolished, to be again restored more completely than before.

On entering this magnificent cathedral a feeling of awe comes over us at the size, loftiness, and rich color of the interior. The length of the building, from the door to the end of the Lady Chapel, is 450 feet, and its height, 90 feet. There are 25 chapels round the cathedral, full of most interesting monuments, and some of the windows contain remarkable specimens of early painting on glass. At the end of the aisle is the tomb of greatest interest in the cathedral—that of the great Duke Rolf. There is an inscription on a black marble tablet above the arcade which contains the tomb:

> "Here lies Rolf, the first duke and founder and father of Normandy, of which he was at first the terror and scourge, but afterward the restorer. Baptized in 912 by Francon, Archbishop of Rouen, and died in 917. His remains were at first deposited in the ancient sanctuary, at present the upper end of the nave. The altar having been removed, the remains of the Prince were placed here by the blessed Mauville, Archbishop of Rouen, in the year 1063."

Against the railings of the choir is the tomb of Richard Cœur de Lion, with his long-lost effigy. There had been inscriptions signifying that Richard and his brothers Henry and John, Duke of Bedford, lay buried in the choir; but not until the 30th of July, 1838, did it occur to the authorities to try to ascertain the exact place of burial. On the 30th of July they began to dig at the spot indicated by the inscription to Richard, and soon discovered his effigy, buried, it is supposed, to escape the fury of the Huguenots, who pillaged the cathedral in 1562. This effigy is now restored to its ancient position, and is one of the most interesting monuments in the church. It is an immense recumbent statue of thirteenth-century work, more than six feet and a half in length, roughly hewn out of a single block of limestone; the crowned head is supported by a square cushion; the feet rest on a lion couchant; the left hand has evidently held a sceptre, the right hand has disappeared. He wears a close-fitting tunic, bound round the waist by an embroidered belt, of which one end hangs down in front; over this is a long mantle, which nearly reaches to the ankles.

The Lady Chapel, built in 1304, contains two monuments much finer than the tomb of Richard the Lionhearted. The most celebrated is the tomb of the Cardinals of Amboise. This great monument, the work of the architect Roullant Leroux, was finished in 1525, by the second cardinal, George d'Amboise. At the base are six exquisite white marble figures, representing the virtues—Faith, Charity, Prudence, Power, Justice and Temperance. Each one of them is so well executed that any gallery of sculpture would be greatly enriched by having a single one of them among its treasures. The tomb itself is of black marble, and on it are the effigies of the two cardinals, uncle and nephew, kneeling.

The bodies of the Cardinals d'Amboise were torn from their graves by the Revolutionists of 1793, and the lead of the coffins melted and their contents dispersed.

There are many other monuments, tombs and tablets in this church, which carry us back to the most exciting period of French history. Every step we take in the cathedral is full of interest, and a great volume could be written about it without half exhausting the subject. I spent many hours in this church, frequently returning to it, and never tiring in the study of its exceeding beauty.

Although the interior can claim our attention by the majestic proportions of its nave and aisles, by its superb windows, by its rare monuments, by its choice tablets and exciting historical associations, we can find almost equal pleasure in the study of the exterior.

The most striking object of the exterior, and one that perpetually obtrudes itself upon our attention, is an ugly iron spire, which has been built within a few years. Till the year 1822, this tower was crowned by a beautiful spire, built in 1542–1544, by the architect Robert Becquet, at the cost of Cardinal d'Amboise II. It was 396 feet high, but it was destroyed by fire in a few hours. The first spire had been of stone, destroyed by lightning in 1117. After this two successive wooden constructions were destroyed by fire, and therefore the authorities determined on erecting the present unsightly spire of open cast iron work, nearly 500 feet high.

The view from the tower, looking down upon the gabled houses with odd chimneys, and the glimpses into the crooked streets and narrow lanes, was quite enough to reward one for the fatigue of the ascent. It is also well to go up there in order to form a correct notion of the immense proportions of the building. Adjoining the cathedral is the palace of the Cardinal-archbishop of Rome. We could look down into his airy court and extensive garden.

After I had taken in the beauties of the scene from all sides of the platform the guide started to make the further ascent of the iron spire, but I protested that I had had quite enough of climbing, and was satisfied with what I had seen. As we were already nearly 300 feet in the air, the addition of 200 feet more seemed to me to be superfluous. "But your ticket entitles you to go to the top." "I can't help it," said I, and started on the downward journey, and was glad to get upon firm ground without any mishap. A walk around the building finished my examination of the cathedral.

On the right of the grand portal is the Butter Tower, built between 1485 and 1507, a highly ornamented structure, surmounted by an octagonal stage, finished with a light open parapet. It once contained the famous bell named George d'Amboise, which was melted down at the Revolution. The north door, called the Portail des Libraires, from the number of booksellers' shops formerly in the court leading to it, has many sculptures over the door, part human, part beasts, oddly enough taken from Ovid's "Metamorphoses." It was formerly used by great personages on their visits to the cathedral, only kings and princes of the blood being admitted by this door. The opposite entrance, leading into the south transept, is called the Portail de la Calende, and is ornamented with bas-reliefs from the history of Joseph and other subjects. There is one figure which has troubled architects very much. It is popularly supposed to represent a corn-merchant who suffered for using false measures, while his property was confiscated to build this entrance; but others say that it is Pharaoh's chief baker. The north and south transepts are flanked on either side by open towers of great beauty, which are of such proportions that they could well serve as the main towers of any ordinary cathedral. The view of the windows from the outside is also very fine, although the effect of the light passing through the stained glass is wanting.

Such is the Cathedral of Notre Dame of Rouen—a rare Gothic edifice, magnificent in proportions, exquisite in detail, and consecrated by centuries of historical association.

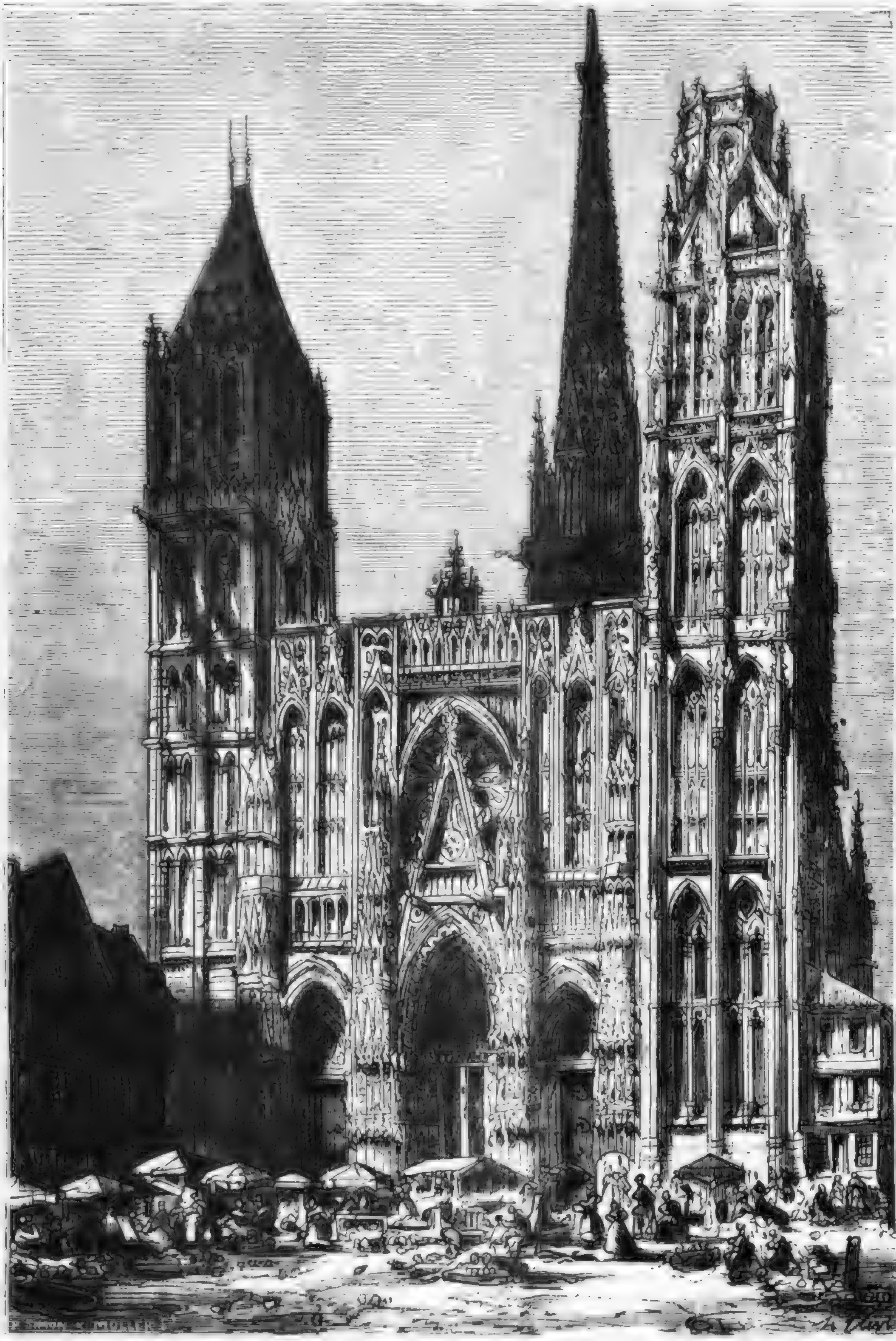
The Church of St. Ouen is the second marvel of religious art in Rouen. I am not sure that from every point of view it ought not to be classed as the first. Without doubt the Cathedral of Notre Dame is beautiful, grand, and a perfect museum of archæology, but it does not present that unity of plan and harmony of execution which characterizes St. Ouen.

A chapel of St. Peter was originally built on this site by Clothaire I., King of France, in 558; and since 663, when the remains of Saint Ouen, who had been the confessor of Dagobert, were removed to this spot, it has borne his name. The present edifice is the fifth that has been erected on this site.

After the destruction of the church and much of Rouen in 1248, it seemed impossible to rebuild a church given over, as this was, to a constant succession of misfortunes; but, nevertheless, Jean Roussel, Abbé of St. Ouen, had the courage to attempt it, and to him is due the glory of having commenced, in 1318, the present edifice, which, although not completed until 1614, has always been carried forward according to the wonderful plan proposed by its founder. Cardinals, bishops, abbots, kings, princes, and noblemen contributed their moiety down through the centuries, while the Calvinists and Revolutionists broke up and destroyed much that was done.

The grand portal of the church was not completed until 1852, so that the present edifice has been more than five hundred years in building. It was my good fortune twenty-five years ago to see the last finishing touches put upon this magnificent cathedral, and I shall never forget the feelings of awe with which I saw the scaffolding removed, so that the great doorway and the exquisite towers

XUM



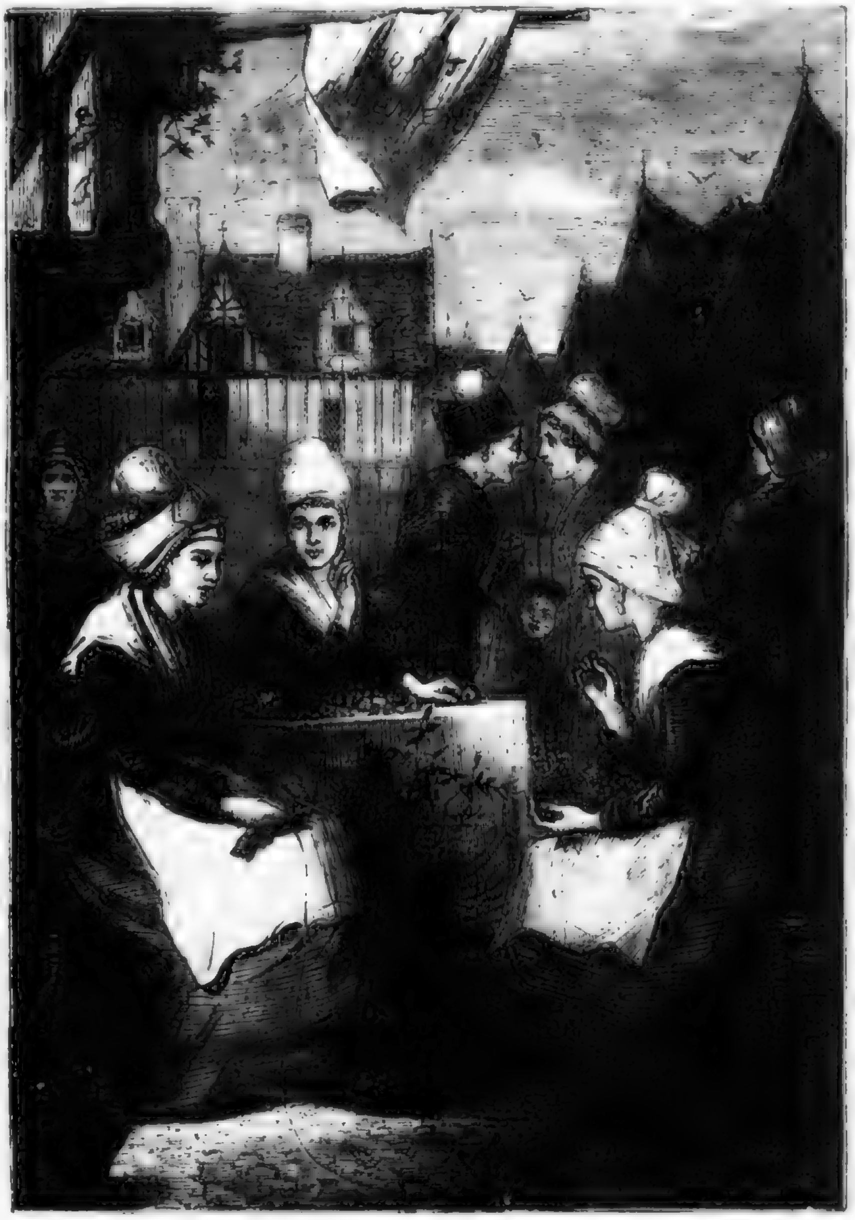
THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, ROUEN.

were for the first time revealed in all their magnificent proportions. Ever since that time it has been to me the ideal of what ecclesiastical architecture ought to accomplish, and although I have since seen nearly all of the great cathedrals of Europe, I still return to St. Ouen as being one of the most complete and perfect of them all.

It is rare to find a finished church, and still more rare to find one unencumbered by preparations to rebuild, restore, or complete some ruined portion.

St. Ouen stands partly in a very pleasant public garden, which was once the garden of the monastery. There is a curious old tower, of the eleventh century, at the angle of the north transept, called the "Chambre aux Clercs." It seems to be a fragment of one of the churches which preceded the present St. Ouen. In the garden itself is a statue of Duke Rolf. Here Joan of Arc was forced to make a public recantation of her errors before the citizens of Rouen. And now the place has been converted into a lovely spot ornamented with flowers, shaded by trees, and provided with benches and a platform for an orchestra — and on fine days the band plays and the place is filled with a quiet and happy crowd.

From this garden we have an admirable view of the central tower, 285 feet high, which, whether examined close at hand or seen at a distance rising above the town, is a model of grace and delicacy. It is an octagon composed of open arches and tracery, throwing out flying buttresses to the turrets in the angles, and terminates with a crown of *fleurs-de-lis*, which ancient royal symbol is also discovered in the pattern of the tracery of the windows and in the painted glass. The south portal of the church and the high altar combine to make the interior powerfully impressive. It is a long vista of lofty, marvelously slender clustered columns, which first support pointed arches of exquisite proportions, and then ascend to the very roof of the nave. At the points of intersection by the transept, the tower rests on four sheafs of pillars, each composed of twenty-four slender shafts — perhaps the most wonderful union of grace and strength ever beheld.



WOMEN IN A MARKET-PLACE.

On the right, as we enter, is an unusually large black marble holy-water font, in which the whole interior of the church is reflected with marvelous beauty.

There are one hundred and twenty-five windows in the church, exclusive of the rose, and all are filled with stained glass. The rose windows are especially beautiful, and there is a tale of jealousy and murder connected with them. One was built by Alexander Berneval, the famous architect of the church, and the other by an apprentice. The master thought that the apprentice's window was too beautiful to be done by anyone but himself, and he killed the poor boy out of jealousy.

In the Lady Chapel are two very interesting tombs— one to the youngest son of Talbot, who is called in the inscription Monsieur de Talbot, Maréchal de France, date 1438; and another with a Latin inscription to the celebrated Abbot Roussel Marc d'Argent, the real founder of St. Ouen.

There are not so many monuments in St. Ouen as in the cathedral, but still enough remain to maintain the historical interest of the place and offer support to many curious legends. The whole of the transept, choir and lower part of the tower are decorated in character passing into flamboyant in the upper story of the tower and in the nave. The material used is an indurated gray chalk, containing flints which have been often patiently cut through in the delicate carving and tracery.

It is hard to define the charm of this church; but go to St. Ouen when you will—at early mass, when a solemn repose pervades the beauty of the building—at high mass, when the pure, simple style of the decoration is enlivened by many-colored vestments and lighted tapers and glittering censers—and, above all, when the sweet, solemn music seems to linger caressingly among the wondrous aisles; or in the evening, when the sunbeams come pouring in, and bring a flood of gold and warmth and color on the cold gray stone—it is an eminently beautiful church, and it lives ineffaceably in the memory.

The Church of St. Maclou, the third architectural wonder of Rouen, is an exquisite specimen of the most elegant style of the fifteenth century. It is said to be the work of an architect named Pierre Robin, who commenced it in 1432. In the middle of the last century, the spire became so ruinous that it was taken down, and not replaced until 1869. The grandest feature of this church is its triple porch, which is a fine specimen of the florid architecture of the fifteenth century; and the sculpture adorning it is of exquisite taste and rare perfection of execution. The wooden doors are beautifully carved with

Scripture subjects, in relief—usually attributed to Jean Goujon. The bas-relief on the central door represents the Baptism of our Lord; the northern door is also carved in bas-relief, representing the Death of the Virgin. The most remarkable feature of the interior is a winding staircase of exquisitely carved stone-work, leading to the organ gallery. There is fine painted glass in the windows, but much of it has been badly mutilated. The interior of the church measures 164 feet long, and 147 feet wide at the transept. On looking up from the centre of the transept, the interior of the beautiful stone tower can be studied to the height of 100 feet; the effect is very grand.

Upon the whole, this church, which would not be called so very small anywhere else, must be looked upon as a jewel of ecclesiastical architecture. Few towns possess three such remarkable churches as the Cathedral, St. Ouen, and St. Maclou; and we can therefore be pardoned for having devoted so much time to their contemplation.

In a small inclosure close by the Church of St. Maclou is a cemetery, now no longer used, which contains a "Dance of Death," that recalls the celebrated painting by Holbein. The Dance is sculptured on thirty-one pillars, and on each column, death is repeated—sometimes persuasive, sometimes violent, always struggling with a living being representing a prince, bishop, youth, knight or beggar—and all well executed. This remarkable work is by an unknown artist, and dates from the year 1525.

It may be thought that the subject of churches would be exhausted after the visitor has seen the three most celebrated edifices of Rouen; but this is not the case, as there are a number of smaller chapels which deserve notice on account of the superb glass windows with which they are adorned. For example, the stained glass in the Church of St. Patrice, dating from the sixteenth century, is remarkably fine, and must not be overlooked. Most of the windows are very remarkable, both for design and color, especially "The Woman Taken in Adultery"—date, 1549; "The Adoration of the Magi," "The History of St. John the Baptist," "A Holy Family," "The History of Job," 1570; "The History of St. Patrice and Ste. Barbe," 1540; "The Annunciation," 1580; and the Lives of St. Eustache, St. Louis, and other saints. Near the choir is a window said to have been painted by Jean Cousin; it represents "The Triumph of the Law of Grace."

The Church of St. Patrice, apart from this glass, is not interesting. It was built in 1535, and the Chapel of the Passion, and some other parts, are more than a century later in date.

After a turn or two, I soon found myself in the Boulevard Jeanne d'Arc, a magnificent avenue extending across the north of the city, flanked with trees, provided with benches, and destined to become a fashionable quarter of the town. Just out of this boulevard—a little way up a side street—is the Church of St. Romain, anciently the chapel of the barefooted friars, built in 1679 entirely out of their own funds by M. Bec-du-Lièvre and his two sons. There is such an interesting account of this church in the chronicles of Lucien d'Hura, and in Mrs. Macquoid's charming book, that I am tempted to compile its history for the benefit of my readers. The high altar is the granite tomb of the Archbishop St. Romain.

The suburb of St. Sever has now become a large manufacturing city, and is connected by two bridges with Rouen. There was formerly a bridge of boats, built in 1526, but this has been replaced by two constructions: one of stone, and the other a suspension bridge. The stone bridge is in two parts, as it connects an island with the main shores. Between the sections on the island is a bronze statue of Corneille, cast in Paris after a model by David. The suspension bridge opposite the Rue Grand Pont—was opened the same day that the bridge of boats was done away with. The first bridge over the Seine at this point was built in 1167 by Queen Matilda, daughter of Henry I. It stood till the middle of the fifteenth century, when it was destroyed, and one of boats substituted for it.

There are a number of Gothic fountains in Rouen, reminding one of Nuremberg. La Croix de Pierre was erected in 1500 by Cardinal Amboise. La Fontaine de la Crosse is a low Gothic structure of the fifteenth century, elegantly adorned with tracery; and the Fontaine Lisieux is well worthy of mention. In the Departmental Museum of Rouen, founded in 1832, and well arranged in a convent of the seventeenth century, are many curiosities having a bearing on the ancient history of Normandy. Here have been brought together treasures from demolished churches, and such archæological specimens as have been found from time to time. The museum was founded by M. Deville, and has so much increased, that many objects have to be left exposed in the open courts. Among the latter, I noticed particularly a wrought iron cannon of the fifteenth century, which was discovered some years since in the dredging of Honfleur Harbor. It is about six feet long, and is strengthened by a number of forged rings, and is a curious relic of early history. The cloisters of the former convent are lighted by superb stained-glass windows, brought from the ancient churches of Rouen, especially from St. Eloi, and all present a great interest. But the most curious among them were three, which retrace, in six large panels, the famous legend of a sacrilegious Jew. It appears that in 1290, a grand dame brought to the Jew the consecrated host. This the Jew struck with his knife, when it spurted forth blood. He threw it into the fire, when the flames surrounded without devouring it, and he cast it into boiling water, which it turned red, but in which it remained unaltered. The long absence of the Jew from his meals attracted the curiosity of some members of his household, and they put a watch upon him, and soon discovering the secret, made it known to the curé of the diocese. The malefactor was arrested by the Bishop of Paris, confessed his crime, was burnt alive, and his house razed to the ground. All of which story is illustrated in the windows, accompanied by a suitable inscription on each panel.

The showcases in the centre of the room contain a large collection of rings, bracelets, armatures, buckles dating from the bronze period, and including many articles of Roman manufacture. There are also many earthen vessels—vases, urns, and other baked ware, some of fine and graceful shape. In one of the cases are deposited two hundred pieces of Etruscan, Greek, and Roman vases, which have been discovered in Normandy. On one side of a high room is introduced a remarkable Gallo-Roman mosaic, discovered September 13th, 1838, in the forest of Brontonne, by M. Charlier, inspector of forests. It was removed with great care, and is now completely restored, and is acknowledged to be equal to some of the best specimens found at Pompeii.

There is the usual collection of antique furniture, armor, paintings and sculpture, some of the articles having peculiar historical interest, owing to the celebrated personages to whom they have belonged. The guide did not fail to point out the leaden box in which a heap of moldy dust was all that remains of the "lion heart," the heart of Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

Among the curious manuscripts and parchments owned by the Museum, some of which have been removed to the Library, may be mentioned several important charters granted by former potentates. There are autographs of celebrated historical personages—among them, William the Conqueror, his mark +, as he could not write; and the signatures of several Norman dukes and kings, including Henry I. and Richard Cœur-de-Lion. The shrine of St. Sever, which once contained the relics of that saint, is in the shape of a Gothic chapel, with silver statues of saints in niches round it. It is of oak, covered with copper plates gilt and silvered, and is an elegant piece of workmanship of the end of the twelfth century. The third cloister of the Museum contains a collection of Rouen ceramic art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The square of the Hotel de Ville is the most extensive in Rouen, bounded on the south by the City Hall and the Church of St. Ouen; it measures 656 feet long and 410 feet wide. In the centre, having a church on one side and a prison on the other, is an equestrian statue of Napoleon I., erected in 1865 by public subscription. On one side is an inscription stating that the First Consul visited the Faubourg St. Sever November 2d, 1802, on which occasion he gave rewards to the most aged artisans of that suburb. This was at the time when the porcelain factories were still in existence. The monument is cast of cannon taken at Austerlitz, and is very moderate as a work of art.

A much more interesting monument is one in the Hotel de Ville, erected to commemorate the birth, at Rouen, in 1791, of the celebrated painter, Géricault. The recumbent figure of the artist, holding a palette and brush, is sculptured in fine marble, while on the pedestal are represented some of his best works, especially the terribly real and impressive shipwreck scene, which now hangs in the Louvre at Paris. Géricault died at the early age of 33, in Paris, on the 26th of January, 1824.

The Museum of Rouen, occupying the upper galleries of the Hotel de Ville, was opened in 1809, and is made up of pictures collected during the Revolution, from suppressed churches and convents, and of works stolen from Italy by Napoleon I., to which have been added several collections purchased from amateurs. There are 567 pictures, and nearly all of the schools are represented. There are works by Géricault, Dugres, Madame Lebrun, Lesueur, Oudry, Poussin, Philippe de Champaigne, and by artists of the Italian and Dutch schools. A portrait of Pierre Corneille, by Philippe de Champaigne, has especial interest in this place.

The library in the same building was also founded upon the treasures brought from monasteries and convents, and subsequently enriched by donations and purchases. It now contains 120,000 volumes, 300 of which were printed previous to 1500; and there are 2,960 manuscripts of rare antiquarian value. A missal of Robert Champpart, Archbishop of London in 1050, and a *Benedictionary* of the same period, which was used at the coronation of the Anglo-Saxon kings, are very highly prized. There is a *Livre des fontaines*, written, printed and illustrated with designs by Jacques Lelieur, which is particularly valuable to the antiquarian, as it contains pictures of many ancient houses formerly standing in Rouen, but now torn down to make room for the wide streets demanded by modern improvement. The book has a painful interest, as it shows what havoc has been made with the most curious edifices, and makes known the loss the present generation has to bear of rare monuments and choice old houses. If all of these ancient buildings had been left to the present day, Rouen would have been one of the most celebrated cities of Europe. As it is, enough is left to bring multitudes to its shrine. I have not attempted to give a full account of the picture gallery or of the library, as it would occupy too much time. The officers of the library were very courteous in offering every facility for the study of the history of Rouen, as contained in some of the rare volumes, so that the visitor must always leave the place with the most favorable impressions.

Soon after leaving the City Hall, near the Church of St. Vivien, I came across the fountain of the Croix-de-Pierre, which was admirably restored in 1870 by M. Barthelemy, architect of the Cathedral. This cross recalls an important incident in the history of Rouen. About the year 1195, Richard Cœur-de-Lion took arbitrary possession of the hill overlooking Andelys, in order to build the famous Chateau Gaillard. The Archbishop of Rouen protested against this usurpation, and the King of England consented to refer the matter to the Pope for arbitration. The King was permitted by the Pope to retain the chateau, but was condemned to pay a heavy indemnity. The prelate, not wishing to appropriate all of this sum of money to his own private uses, consecrated a portion of it to the erection of commemorative crosses in various parts of the city. Among the number was the one which was afterward, in 1515, changed into a fountain for the use of the inhabitants.

This monument was demolished in 1562 by the Calvinists, and was reconstructed in 1628, and again completely restored, as we have seen, in 1870. It is now one of the most picturesque objects in Rouen. Mutilated by the Revolutionists, who put a bust of Marat in the place of the cross, this profane substitute for the cross was not permitted to remain very long; it was thrown down in 1798, and cast into the Seine; but the cross was not replaced until 1816. In 1870 the fountain was completely restored, and it is now one of the most interesting monuments in Rouen.

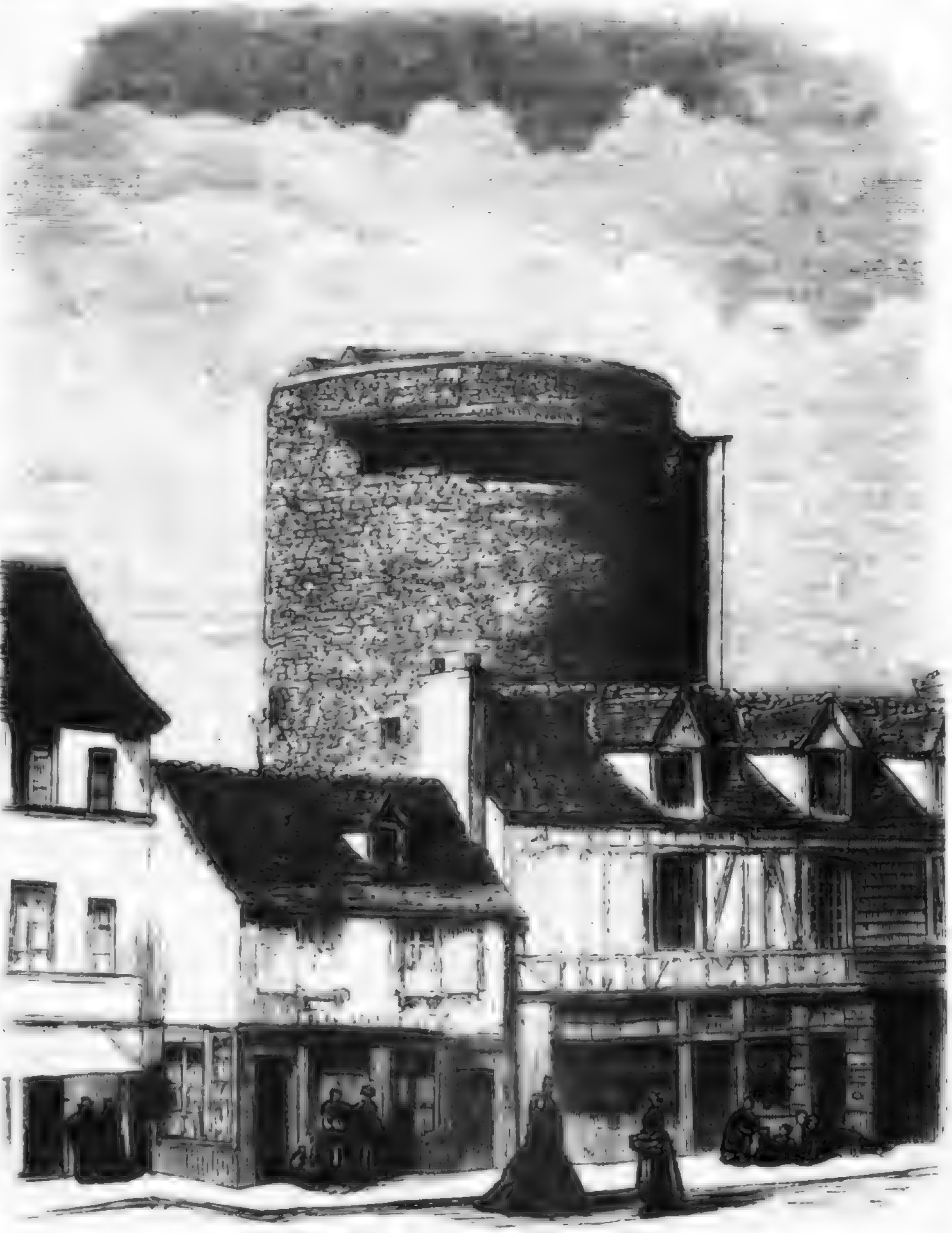
Only a few of the ancient gates of Rouen are left, as in the march of improvements and the tearing down of walls they have been obliged to make room for wide streets or more useful structures. Formerly the city was surrounded by walls and towers and deep ditches, and the only approaches to it were across movable bridges under a portcullis, and in face of a strongly fortified tower. The appearance of the city at this time, according to engravings of it which are still extant, was in the highest degree picturesque. The town has endured so many sieges that very little could be retained of the ancient strongholds. In 949, during the minority of Richard the Fearless, it was besieged by Louis IV. of France, and the false Arnulf of Flanders; also by Otho, the German Emperor; in 1204 by Philip Augustus, and in 1418 by Henry V. of England; by Charles VII., who retook it from the English; by Charles X., when it was in the possession of the Calvinists; in 1594 it was besieged by Henri Quatre, and during the last Franco-German War it was occupied by German troops.

It is in Rouen that one can appreciate the force of the proverb, "Blessed is the country that has no history." This devoted city has had so much history that it is wonderful that one stone has been left upon another. The only one of the old gates of Rouen which still exists is the gate Guillaume Lion, on the quay, at the bottom of one of the most ancient streets of the city. This gate frames in a most striking picture, and whether you stand on the quay and look under it into the wonderful Rue des Arpents, or stand in the street and look through toward the quay and the river, the view in either case is one that can rarely be enjoyed in any other city. The gateway itself is nothing remarkable, and is not at all ancient, having been built in the middle of the last century; but as a picture-frame it deserves the highest praise.

Finding myself one pleasant morning near this gate on the quay, I followed the wide esplanade toward the suburbs of the town, and soon found myself climbing a superb road leading up to Bon Secours and Mount St. Catherine. I had not gone very far before an omnibus drawn by four horses overtook me, on the top of which I climbed without arresting the slow gait of the vehicle. The road winds around the hillside after the manner of a Swiss *chaussée*, and there were constant glimpses of the town and river below us, and out upon the distant mountains. It was a superb drive, and gave me a better notion of the site of Rouen than could be obtained even from the towers of the Cathedral.

About halfway up the hill, on the right, is a curious-looking house like a castle, on a projecting bit of cliff that juts out, overlooking the Seine and commanding the city. It was entirely grass-grown and deserted, and a sign "To let" was conspicuous over the entrance. The guard of the omnibus pointed it out to the passengers as a place which had been taken possession of by the much-execrated Prussians, who planted cannon in the garden to overawe the town. It was dreadful to think what immediate damage to the churches and monuments of Rouen could have been committed from this site if the inhabitants had offered any resistance. Fortunately the principal skirmishes were fought in the approaches to the city, and as the Germans were victorious, no further opposition was made to their occupation of the town. The house is still very dilapidated, and the chances of letting it in such a condition must be poor indeed.

Very near the place where the omnibus stops is the celebrated modern Church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, much resorted to by pilgrims. There was formerly a chapel here, which was found to be too small for the throngs of pilgrims and the mass of votive offerings deposited upon its altars. It was resolved to take down the ancient church and build a much more magnificent one. The present edifice was commenced in 1840, and consecrated in 1842, but it was probably as late as 1854 before it was finished. It is entirely built of cut stone in the Gothic style of the thirteenth century, and is certainly a very beautiful church on the outside. The interior is a little too gaudy and overworked, and leaves very little quiet and rest for the eye. It is gorgeously painted, and splendidly decorated with gilt and adorned by fine painted windows. The walls are covered with ex-voto tablets, which serve to explain why a church was built in such an out-of-the-way place. On coming out of the church the visitor can readily understand why so many thousand pilgrims annually toil up the hill to deposit their votive offerings and enjoy the magnificent view; and whether the latter motive may not be the actuating one is a question for the devout to consider.


CASTLE WHERE JOAN OF ARC WAS IMPRISONED.

The environs of Rouen offer much that is interesting in various directions. I found a sail down the river and back again the same day one of the most agreeable excursions I could make; if I had had time I would have extended it all the way to Havre. The distance from Rouen to Havre by the railroad is fifty-five miles; but by the winding River Seine it is eighty-five miles. At half-past ten on a very lovely morning I took the little steamer which only went as far as La Bouille, leaving with regret fair Rouen behind me.

There is nothing like courage in misfortune. Next to faith in Providence, a man's faith in himself is his salvation. It is the secret of all power and success. It makes a man strong as the pillared iron; as elastic as the spring-ing steel.

MAGNANIMITY.

"Miss Trixy Dale will conjugate 'He loves,' negatively," said Miss Personette, the French teacher. Two or three of the girls giggled meaningly, and Trix's blue eyes flashed volumes of plucky defiance.

A mocking little smile, as at some afterthought, appeared on the teacher's face, but faded quickly before the astonishing impudence of Trix's reply.

"I've never learned to conjugate it negatively yet, Miss Personette. Time enough for that when I'm a hateful old thing about twenty-five years old."

The friends of Trix, and even her enemies, sat appalled at her daring. Miss Personette's handsome face darkened with wrath, and she hesitated one instant too long, as if determining whether to tear Trixy limb from limb, or throw the grammar at her. In that instant the recitation-bell struck, and the class fled with all speed, leaving Miss Personette shutting her white teeth tight, and muttering something the reverse of complimentary toward the "*petite chatte*" who had dared to insult her.

"Oh, Trixy, to tell her to her face that she was a hateful old thing twenty-five years old!" said her dearest friend, in horror.

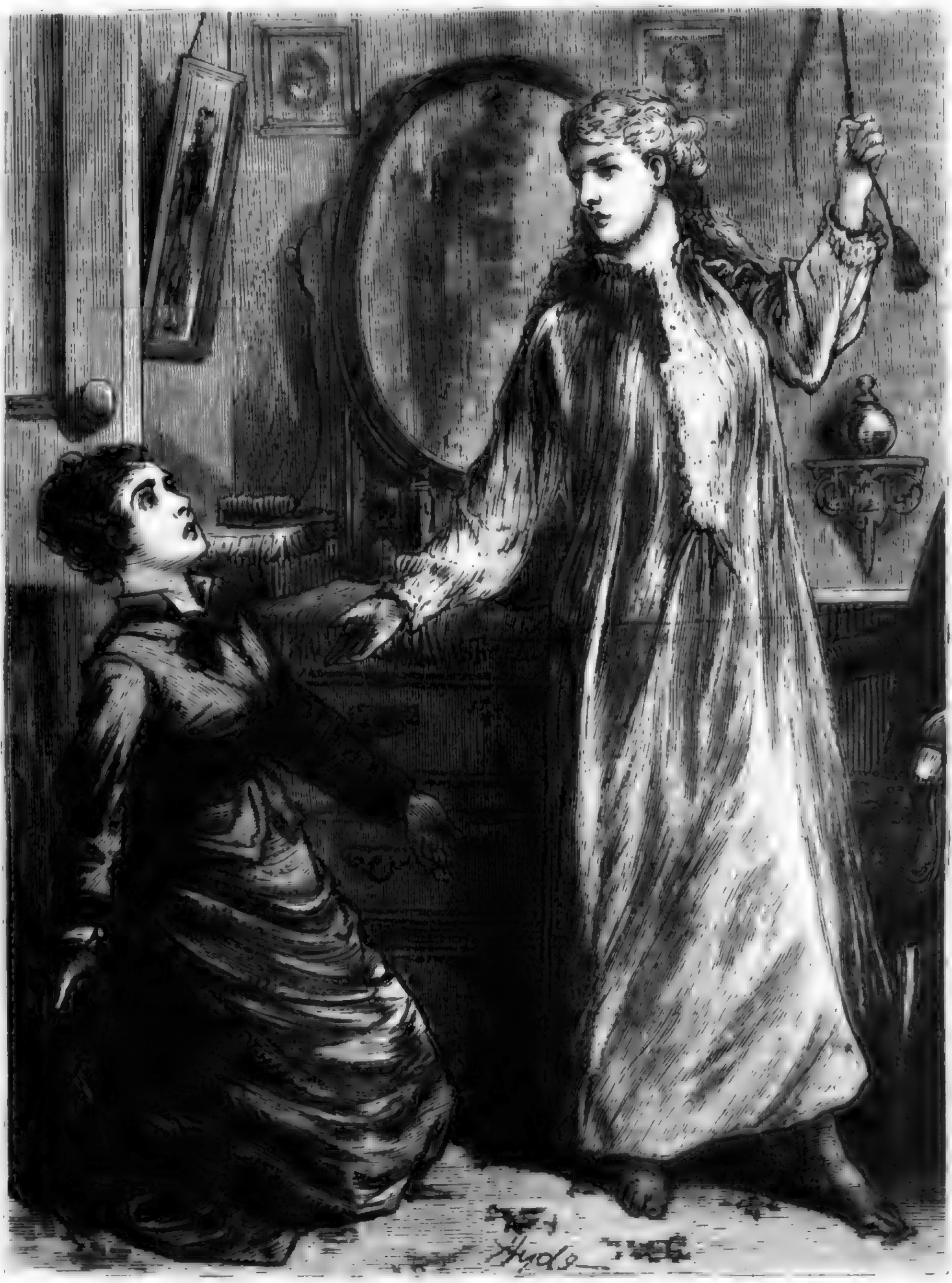
"She did it on purpose," flamed Trix, tears of wrath filling her pretty blue eyes—"just to remind the girls about Archie Hadden. I don't care for Archie—I just hate him! Let him fall in love with fifty old French teachers, for all I care!"

And she brushed away two great tears, looking resigned to all earthly ills, like a pretty sixteen-year-old little martyr.

Archie lived in the village, and, though it would have been sacrilege for any man to enter the sacred precincts of Mrs. Trainem's seminary, he and Trix had managed to meet often and often, and even to become engaged. He was her first lover, so, of course, she loved him desperately, while the whole English language seemed scarcely enough for him to express his admiration for his own darling little blue-eyed beauty.

But the new French teacher came—came direct from Paris, with a thousand Parisian airs and graces and pretty ways. The schoolgirls all hated her, and marveled over the infatuation of the professors, and every male creature that came near her. But when Archie met her at a tea-party in the village, and became her devoted admirer from that very minute, why Trixy thought that was too much.

She was no gentle, timid flower, to pine on the stem at such reverses of fortune. She was the very life and mischief of the whole school. and had to keep up her reputation. Then there were all the girls watching, and the French teacher, too, who knew she and Archie were engaged. She was a proud little thing, and no one ever knew how much it all hurt her, nor how relieved she was when business took Archie away to be gone a month.



MAGNANIMITY.—"IN AN INSTANT MISS PERSONETTE FELL ON HER KNEES AT THE DOORWAY."

Miss Personette did not seem at all unhappy in the absence of her young, handsome adorer. Apparently she was devoted, heart and soul, to teaching French, and attended all the village tea-parties only to oblige Mrs. Trainem, who feared she was working too hard. But, quiet and decorous as she seemed to be, Satan found some mischief still for her pretty French hands to do.

It was scarcely whispered through the village that she had a new lover before the whisperings ceased from mere lack of material, and her life went on, quiet and decorous as before. This time the lover was no inflammable youngster like Archie, but a seasoned old bachelor of fifty. He had made more money raising cattle in Texas than he could ever hope to send alone, and so had come home to seek him a wife. Common sense had not quite deserted him at that time, and he chose a wealthy widow lady from one of the F. F. V.'s of the place. But from one cause or another, the marriage had been delayed; and now Miss Personette made her appearance.

The old Texan smoked many a weed over his folly in chaining himself to "that fat old gaby," (as he irreverently termed his wealthy widow), when he might have won the fair French enchantress. He flirted with her in spite of the widow, until his battered old heart began to be seriously affected. Then, as has been said, all whisperings ceased, and the fat widow thought she would be able to keep her Texan after all.

Matters stood in this wise, when late one night Trix heard a carriage drive softly up on the edge of the lawn. She peeped cautiously from the shutter, and congratulated herself that she had been cautious, for the shutter of Miss Personette's window just above creaked softly, and a hoarse Texan whisper from the carriage announced "train-time changed—be ready at two."

Sweet French whispers and *au revoirs* were wafted down, and the shutter softly closed, as the carriage drove away like a phantom.

"Now for my revenge!" thought Trix, springing up—"real story-book revenge, such as you read of"—and she ran lightly through the corridor in her little bare feet. A moment later Miss Personette, while looking at her watch to see if it really were only one o'clock, heard a low call in the passage outside her door.

She was frightened, for she roomed alone on that floor; but a second whisper and a sharp little tap reassured her. With a spicy little French malediction against Mrs. Trainem, as she supposed her visitor to be, she hastily threw a shawl over some things on the bed, and opened the door. Trix stood against the opposite wall, *planté la*, with her hand on the bell-rope.

"*Petite chatte*, what want you?" whispered Miss Personette, wrathfully. Then she calmed down hurriedly, turning slightly pale as she remembered that Trix's room was directly underneath her own, and that in all probability the visit could mean but one thing. "What want you, child?" repeated she, taking a step forward.

"Don't come out!" said Trix, in a clear whisper. "If you take one step further I'll ring the bell, and it rings in Mrs. Trainem's room, you know."

One look at the expression on her resolute face was enough, and Miss Personette whispered, angrily:

"Why do *you* interfere—what business is it of *yours?*"

"Why, indeed," whispered Trix, with flashing eyes, half a mind to ring the bell at once; "because you manœuvred to entrap Archie Hadden, and then laughed at me before the girls. You shall not leave this place to-night, and to-morrow Mrs. Trainem shall know of this."

Miss Personette considered. No, she could not possibly get her fingers round Trix's throat and choke her, without giving her a chance to ring the bell. With a sigh, she relinquished the fascinating thought.

"*Ma chère petite*," said she, with sweet persuasiveness; "it was but to ride with *le vieux Texaine*—let Mrs. Trainem know."

"I will, to-morrow," said Trixy, undauntedly.

Gleams began to come and go in Miss Personette's fine eyes, which were not often seen there. But she tried once more.

"Silly one, you hurt yourself. When I am gone, that boy, your lover, will come back to you."

"As if I would take him *now!*" cried Trix, in such fiery wrath that Miss Personette dropped the subject, with an uneasy glance at the restless fingers on the bell-rope. Then there was a long pause, and the great clock rung out the half-hour.

"Half-past one, and a thousand things to do," the French teacher thought, despairingly, glancing toward the bed.

Then she turned, with a look of settled resolution, and Trixy braced herself for the fray, her eyes blazing with excitement.

"It's no use you trying, Miss Personette," she whispered; "take one step out of your own room, or try to touch me, and I'll ring this bell, sure as I *live*."

Miss Personette was convinced of it, and sat in silent despair. She looked so worried and desperate, Trixy had to pity her in spite of herself. Of course the thought showed itself in her face, and the mere fleeting expression was enough for the sharp French eyes watching so eagerly for some loophole of escape. In an instant Miss Personette fell on her knees at the doorway, in a storm of whispered prayers and sobs that would have melted a harder heart than little Trixy's. She was so *désolée*, so lonely in this dreadful America, where she would always have to teach, teach for her daily bread; and *cette pauvre Texaine*, he was rich, he loved her—he would take her back to *la belle France*—and then came such passionate entreaties, such imploring, pathetic appeals, that Trixy could not endure it. She flung the bell-rope from her, and knelt on the floor beside Miss Personette, who wept still, half hysterically, half from relief.

"There, you *shall* go!" cried Trixy. "I was a horrid, hateful thing—*do* forgive me! Let me help you get ready——"

Once won over, Trixy was almost more anxious for the success of the elopement than Miss Personette herself; and her deft fingers flew so quickly, that the arrangements were all complete when the Texan arrived, although in his impatience he came twenty minutes too soon.

Miss Personette gave her an embrace with real French *empressement* at parting, and Trix returned it with fervor. The elopement was a decided success. They reached *la belle France* in safety, and the Texan congratulated himself on being out of reach of the fat widow, and a breach-of-promise suit.

CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF HIS MAJESTY KING OSCAR II.

EVERY age has its own heroes—men who seem to embody the prevailing characteristics of their relative epochs, and to present to after ages the idealized expression of their chief tendencies. Such men must be judged by no ordinary standard. History must view their actions as a whole, not subject them to separate tests, or examine them through the lens of partial criticism and narrow-minded prejudice.

It is precisely the influence of those glorious reminiscences that so endears to her the memory of her hero-kings—that causes the heart to beat quicker in the breast of every Swedish soldier when the name of Charles XII. greets his ear. A name renowned throughout the world, and associated with a career so extraordinary, so abounding in strange adventure, that both the career and the personal characteristics of the hero himself have unceasingly formed a subject for much and greatly varied criticism.

With the beginning of the sixteenth century there dawned a new era on Europe, both political and religious. Powerful and hitherto unknown forces awoke to life, and stamped their impress deeply on the fortunes of this part of the globe. The feudal system of the Middle Ages had long been on the decline. With tottering steps it drew near its end — like a veteran knight, full of years and honors, and a memory stored with reminiscences of the greatness of the past; but now become weary of existence, feeble and perplexed.

Sweden—notwithstanding certain occurrences of the latter part of the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth, differed so materially from other European States, in her progress, that the peculiar features of the Swedish national character were faithfully portrayed in the respective relations of the several classes of society toward each other.

Thus, the consciousness of individual independence had its counterpart in a substantial landed peasantry, whose sense of freedom from control has never been so far subdued as to cease to exert itself against the other powers of the State. The character and habits of the Swedes, no less than the situation and climate of the country, were opposed to the rise of large and influential marts of commerce, such as, both in Germany and Italy, had become wealthy communities, enjoying independent constitutions and having widespread commercial relations.

The ungenerous soil of Sweden was also unfavorable to the feudal system, which needs broad and fertile tracts of land to sustain it. And no less inimical to its establishment in that country was the fact of a freeborn peasantry having recognized that its future existence was threatened by it, and that safety lay in becoming a trusty, if not altogether unselfish, ally of the monarchy. All the relations of the country were of a far simpler nature than those then existing in other nations: the links of its social chain were less numerous, although they were by no means weaker. Thus Sweden was saved from those violent and revolutionary changes that befell other countries.

The successes of the first King of the line of Wasa were mainly achieved by his reliance on this newly-awakened feeling of a national life. He sought and obtained shelter in Dalecarlia, the province in which the independence of the landed peasantry—favored by local position and provincial characteristics—had been most fully preserved. Thus, aided by the votes and the swords of the Swedish people, he raised his throne, having achieved the subversion of that of Christian II., the last monarch of the "Union" period.

Gustavus Wasa and his successors added to the powers with which they were first invested. But when the power of the people made itself recognized, it became the rampart of liberty.

The external greatness of Sweden was accomplished by warlike deeds; her inner regeneration by religious and political reforms.

In position, wealth, landed possessions and official influence, the principal noble families vied with those of Germany. The Swedish Ministers of State claimed and obtained a rank equal to that of the Princes of the German Empire; and several were connected with royal houses. A very large portion of the territory of Sweden was owned by the nobles, and their property was exempt from taxation. The burden that, consequently, fell on the rest of the land became increasingly grievous, and the revenues of the crown were threatened with extinction. The situation of the landed peasantry was critical in the extreme; whilst the nobles threatened to subjugate all classes of society.

The confiscation of the estates of the nobles by Charles XI. was necessary, but needlessly severe. On the subversion of the provincial aristocracy, Charles XI. constituted a governing body of trustworthy and loyal men to transact official business; while, to enable him to reorganize state affairs and establish a new political system, the representatives of the people themselves invested him with powers and prerogatives amounting almost to despotism.

It was one of the highest merits of Charles XI. that he employed the great powers conferred on him for no personal advantage, but solely for the good of the country. And it was a proof of his wisdom, that he often sought counsel from his "Riksdag."

At the death of Charles XI. the country was in a state of greater prosperity than it had known since the times of Gustavus Wasa, and which it did not again attain until those of Charles XIV. and Oscar I. A wise and strict economy, with integrity in the administration of the finances, had enriched the exchequer. Justice was impartially dispensed, and commercial relations were extended to the most distant countries. The land forces were reorganized and well equipped, and a powerful and well-disciplined navy commanded the Baltic.

It was due also to Charles XI. that Sweden's position as one of the great Powers of Europe was then fully recognized. Foreign governments vied with each other in seeking her friendship; and she was able to appear as an effective mediator at the Congress of Ryswick.

The boundaries of Sweden were never more extensive than at this period. By the treaties of Stolbowa and Brömsebro, by the peace of Westphalia and Oliva, Sweden had secured an acknowledged title to the territory won by her sword on the continent, as also to the provinces of Skane, Halland, Blekinge, and Bohus, on the Scandinavian peninsula. Exemption from the Sound dues was accorded. Her right to participate in the administration of German affairs was conceded, and she was regarded as the champion of the Protestant States.

Denmark was the only foreign power that possessed any considerable territory on the Baltic, or commanded a fleet on that sea at all comparable with that of Sweden: while Sweden was the guarantee for Holstein, with whose ducal family her own royal house was closely allied.

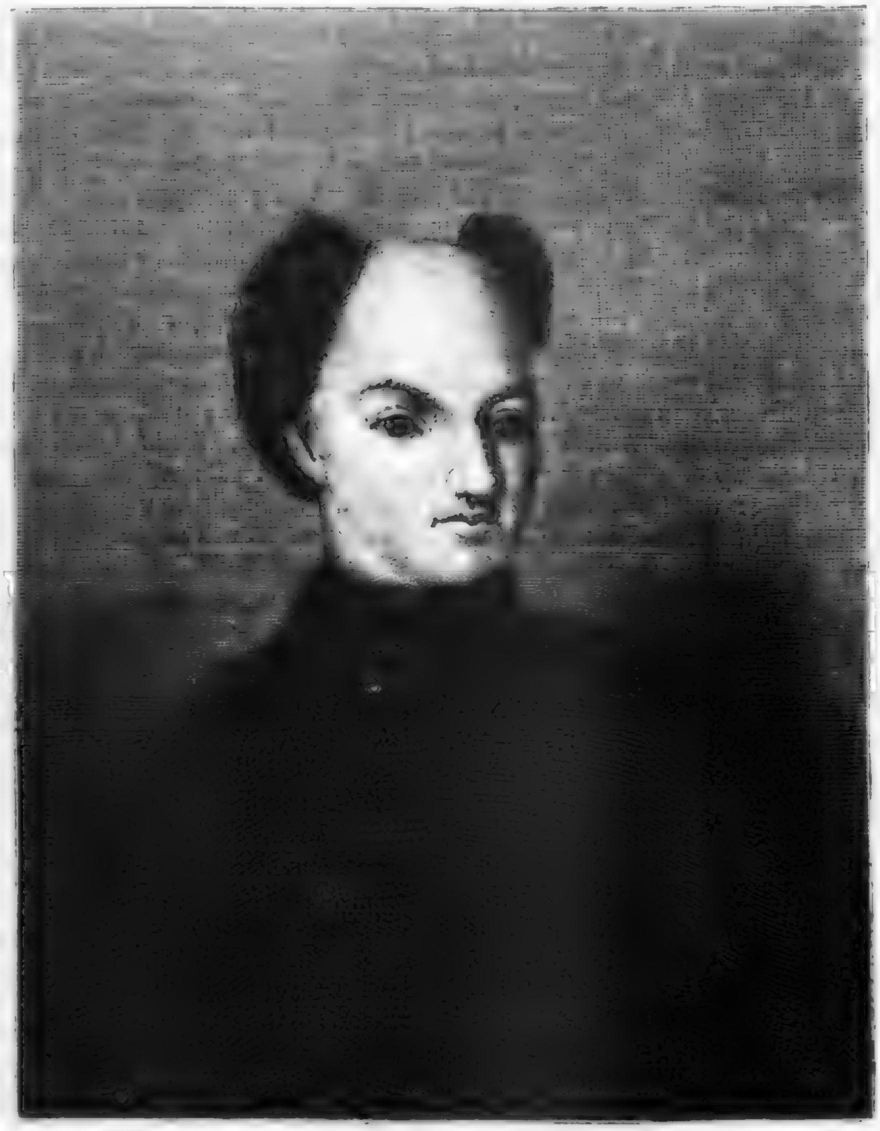
Such was the kingdom to which Prince Charles was born heir on the morning of the 17th of June, 1682, at the Palace of Stockholm. Throughout the country his birth was hailed with rejoicings, and many wonderful omens are said to have been noticed by those who surrounded his cradle—a cradle which still remains one of the most precious historical relics for loyal Swedes. These omens, foreshadowing a brilliant career awaiting the infant Prince, were firmly believed in by the mass of the people, and served to confirm the cherished hopes of the nation. His first years were passed under the care of an exemplary mother, who implanted in his infant mind the seeds of those virtues — integrity, piety, and morality — which afterward distinguished his youth and manhood.

When he was four years of age, Count Eric Lindsköld, member of the Privy Council, was appointed his governor, and soon after, his tutor was chosen—the Prince himself (so it is said) requesting his parents to select for that post, the famous Norcopensis, Professor at Upsala.

Charles XI. had experienced the disadvantages resulting from a neglected education, and was therefore careful that his son should be thoroughly instructed. The great talents of the young Prince were early developed; and being endowed with quick perceptions and great intelligence, his progress was rapid, especially in history, mathematics, and the classics. Unfortunately, the system of education so favorably begun was not destined to proceed uninterruptedly. In 1693 his affectionate and pious mother was removed, by death, from a world in which she had known little of happiness, and had seldom been cheered by gratitude. The death of Ulrika Eleanora was to Charles the loss of his guardian genius. His governor, Lindsköld, died some time before; his tutor, the worthy Nordenhjelm, shortly after.

The grief of the young Prince for the loss of his mother was so intense, so poignant, that, for a time, it affected his health—indeed, threatened his life. Shortly after her burial he was attacked by a violent fever, followed by smallpox of a severe type, which, however, passed away without leaving its too frequently disfiguring traces on the countenance. Youth and a robust constitution soon restored him to vigorous health, his physical development from that time being so rapid that he is described as having been, at the age of between fourteen and fifteen, almost the full-grown man he is represented in portraits.

Military exercises now became his favorite recreation, and the celebrated Quartermaster-general Stuart was appointed his instructor. Frequently, too, the young Prince accompanied his father on his visits of inspection through the country, and was everywhere received by the people with demonstrations of loyalty and affection. He also passed through a short course of study at the University of Upsala. Bishop Benzelius prepared him for confirmation, in the beginning of 1697; but the first occasion of his partaking of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was on the day following that on which his father for the last time received it.



CHARLES XII., KING OF SWEDEN.

Charles XII. ascended the throne of Sweden on the 14th of April, 1697, at the age of fourteen years and ten months. By the late King's will, made shortly after the death of his wife (Ulrika Eleanora), the government of the kingdom was to be administered, until his son came of age, by a Regency, composed of five members, with the Queen-dowager (widow of Charles X.) at its head. The opinion of the Council was to be taken on all matters of importance, and clear instructions were given for the general management of affairs. But, the King having omitted to state at what age his successor should attain his majority, all his provisions for insuring good government proved abortive. The Regency engaged in intrigues to obtain the favor of the young King, and secure immunity from fiscal responsibility; while Charles soon began to enforce his own will, in opposition to that of the indulgent Queen-dowager and the irresolute Regency.

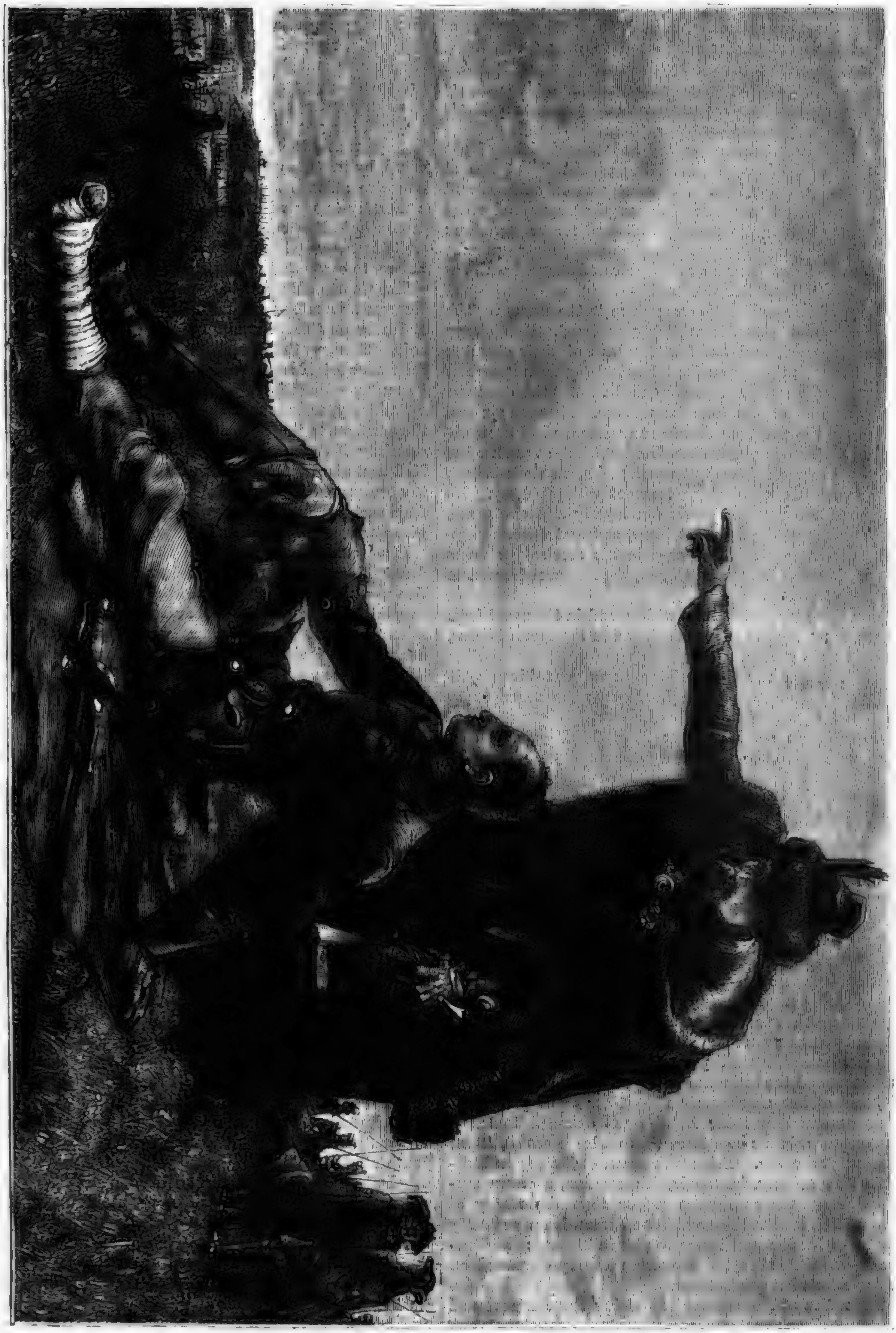
Of these men, Count Bengt Oxenstjerna alone possessed any real power or influence, though his views and opinions did not always prevail. The Regency was divided into distinct parties.

There had sprung up in the State a Danish party, composed of malcontent nobles. At first they silently intrigued in favor of the Danish succession. But ere long they joined the French Party, which thus acquired a decided preponderance, in spite of the opposition of the Queen-dowager and Oxenstjerna. At the head of this faction were Christopher Gyllenstjerna, Fabian Wrede, Wallenstedt, Gyldenstolpe, the King's Governor—all members of the Regency—and other men of rank. At the same time the Regency became very unpopular. There was an increasing desire that the nation should be ruled directly by its youthful, bold, and resolute King. And this feeling daily gaining ground, the leading persons of each faction endeavored to turn it to account.

It was hastened by several extraneous circumstances—a general famine; the threatening aspect of European affairs; and lastly, the terrible conflagration at the palace of Stockholm. On this occasion Charles gave proofs of the possession of that presence of mind and energy which subsequently rarely forsook him. His activity and courage increased his popularity; and when, reluctantly, he was compelled to leave the smoking ruins of his father's palace, in the applauding voices of the populace might have been heard a prophetic intimation of events destined so greatly to influence his future fate.

The Estates of the Realm were convoked, ostensibly to witness the obsequies of Charles XI. The knights and nobles assembled in unusual numbers. A Landmarshal and other Speakers of the Chambers were elected; the French party—supposed to favor the immediate declaration of the King's majority—being triumphant.

It was first publicly broached in the Chamber of Nobles, in the forenoon of November 8th. The scrupulous few were outvoted and silenced—even ridiculed. A deputation was instantly sent to the Council of Regency, then just assembling. Fabian Wrede alone expressed any



CHARLES XII. AND THE HETMAN MAZEPPA BEFORE THE BATTLE OF PULTOWA.

doubt. The rest, with the Queen-dowager, unhesitatingly assented. A meeting at the Chamber of Nobles was agreed on for the same afternoon, and the three other Estates of the Realm were hastily summoned to attend it. When their deputations, headed by their Speakers, arrived, the object of the meeting was at once explained. The clergy alone cautioned the assembly against precipitancy, and displayed respect for law.

By ancient precedent, as well as by the decision of the Riksdag of 1604, a Swedish King should be of age at eighteen. Charles XII. at this time was only fifteen and five months, but a storm of approval overpowered every hesitating voice. No time was allowed for deliberation; and on the same afternoon the nobles—who were present to a man—threw their hats in the air and shouted with enthusiasm, "Vivat Rex Carolus!"

No further consideration was given to the matter. The burghers and peasants willingly assented. The clergy were dispersed, and but few members of their chamber were present; though on the following day some speeches, recommending prudence, were made. But the deed was done, and could not then be undone. Between six and seven on the previous evening an audience had been obtained of the King, when the Landmarshal, at the head of the assembled Estates, had prayed him, on their behalf, to assume the reins of government without delay. He promised the youthful Sovereign loyalty and obedience, in the name of the nation at large, and that neither property nor life should be spared in his service—promises which, it must be acknowledged, the nation redeemed to its utmost ability.

The King yielded to their wishes, and in the usual form of words: "By the help of God, and in the name of Jesus, I assume the government."

Thus, within the space of ten hours, was this remarkable revolution accomplished. It may be regarded as Charles XII's. political battle of Narva.

So Charles, on November 29th, 1697, with general acclamation, assumed the reins of government.

It is not surprising that a mere youth, as Charles XII. was at his accession, should feel little inclination to occupy himself with the serious business of state. He began his reign by devoting much of his time to military sports, in the company of youthful comrades; by engaging, with the ardor natural to his age, in the dangers of bear-hunting and feats of daring horsemanship. It has been said that his young brother-in-law, the Duke of Holstein, encouraged him in these perilous amusements, by which the throne was likely any day to become vacant. And motives so ignoble caused the public to regard the Prince with extreme disfavor. The King, however, very soon gave up this wild life, and, without abandoning manly pursuits, began to devote more time to government.

The wise and neutral policy of the late King, while it had increased the influence of Sweden, had awakened the jealousy of her neighbors. Russia, for some years, had been governed by Peter I., who was destined to found the greatness of his own country, to a large extent, at the expense of Sweden. Prince Augustus of Saxony had succeeded in gaining, in the Polish election, a crown surrounded by the semblance rather than the reality of power. The land of the great Brandenburgian was silently preparing for the part it was to play in history; and Denmark—at that time an inveterate enemy—brooded on revenge for what she had lost.

The rulers of those countries—seeing Sweden governed by a boy-King, prematurely declared of age, whose time and thoughts were wholly given, as they supposed, to wild and dangerous sports, and in whose kingdom were many germs of discontent—flattered themselves that Sweden would fall an easy prey. Traitors were not wanting to encourage such expectations. The Livonian nobles, especially, maintained a treasonable correspondence with the Russian and Polish Courts.

The treachery with which Peter and Augustus began their proceedings may find its parallel in history, but it inspired the young King with indignation so strong and lasting, that his subsequent actions were greatly influenced by it. Only three days prior to entering into an offensive alliance with Augustus, the Czar had concluded a friendly treaty with Charles. The too trustful young monarch had even supplied Peter with Swedish guns; while Augustus had sent an embassy, scarcely a fortnight before, to congratulate the King upon his accession.

The Court of Brandenburg cautiously remained neutral. Denmark secretly joined the alliance, at the same time lavishing on Charles the strongest assurances of friendship. Thus, vailing their hostile intention, three powerful States of Europe were arming against Sweden and its unsuspecting King.

Suddenly, and without any previous declaration of war, they cast aside the mask, and grasped the sword in the certainty of victory. But they had mistaken both Charles XII. and his subjects. Wrath and scorn thrilled through the breasts of the entire population when, simultaneously, from each frontier of the country, the unexpected intelligence arrived. Patriotism at once united all factions.

It was undoubtedly wise on the part of the King to direct his arms, in the first instance, against Denmark. She was his nearest enemy, and the one furthest from the support of her allies. The naval forces, commanded by Admiral Hans Wachtmeister, were equipped without delay. The regiments nearest at hand were marched to Skane; and on the 12th of April, 1700, Charles left Stockholm—a city he was fated never to see again.

The main body of the Danish army was posted at Sleswig, where it was joined by the King, who expected to defeat the Duke of Holstein and his few auxiliary Swedish troops, before Zealand could be threatened. But he had to pay dearly for his imprudence. When the Swedish fleet entered the Sound from the south, and two squadrons of Dutch and English ships (coming to the assistance of Charles) appeared in the north, the Danish fleet dared not venture out. Not more than six thousand Swedish troops had mustered at Malmö when their King arrived. But to gain time was then more important than men. By a sudden impulse, which bore the stamp of genius, it occurred to the youthful general that, the fleet being in full command of the Sound, the regiments he had with him might at once be thrown over to the opposite coast. Boldly he resolved to attempt it; and with great celerity the daring idea was carried out. At the head of his guards, he waded ashore. A few Danish detachments, hastily mustered, endeavored to prevent his landing; but he successfully effected it near Humlebäck, a village south of Elsinore. It was then he heard, for the first time, the whistling of bullets around him, and it so stimulated his youthful courage that he exclaimed with rapture, almost prophetic, "Henceforth, this shall be my music!"

His victory, almost a bloodless one, filled the surprised Danes with amazement. The perfect discipline of the Swedish troops, and the noble character of their young commander-in-chief, quickly won the favor of the Zealanders, who welcomed the son of their good Princess Ulrika. To the numerous deputations that came to his camp, he replied:

"What I have done, I have been compelled to do. But from this day forth, you may feel assured that I will be

XUM

the faithful friend of your King." And these were not mere empty words; the promise was kept with chivalrous good faith.

Charles granted an armistice, under the walls of Copenhagen, to the suppliant monarch who, scarcely a month before, had treacherously drawn his sword against him. Peace soon followed; and Charles did not demand from his adversary an inch of Danish soil.

The enthusiasm awakened throughout Sweden at the sight of conduct which displayed so remarkably in a youth of eighteen the noblest generosity combined with heroic energy, can readily be understood. But the joy of both King and nation at these unexpected successes had soon to give place to the urgent question—against whom should the arms of Sweden next be turned?

Augustus had been the first to break peace; but the vigilance and experience of the Field-marshal, Eric Dahlberg, had baffled his attack on Livonia. The Czar was a far more dangerous enemy—as well from his personal qualities as his great military strength. He had, too, at his back the most populous country in Europe, and was desirous of obtaining substantial advantages at Sweden's cost. What was Charles to do? Even those who enjoyed the greatest intimacy with Charles were not allowed to become cognizant of his intentions. The treacherous plot of the three allied sovereigns against Sweden especially disposed Charles to secrecy with regard to any intended enterprise. In this we may recognize one of his most marked characteristics.

Avoiding all inquiries, he hastened on the embarkation of his troops at Carlshamn. They were landed at Pernau; and before his enemies had time to consult, or even knew the result of his campaign in Denmark, Charles and his army were already pushing forward to the relief of Narva, then hard pressed by the Russians. It is unnecessary to enlarge on that remarkable battle, in which, against greatly superior numbers, a mere handful of Swedish troops achieved one of the most signal victories recorded in the annals of history.

It consisted mainly in the storming of earthworks, hastily thrown up by the enemy to cover his siege operations, then threatened in the rear. This, at the first glance, would seem likely to render success more difficult. Yet, actually, it was not so. The Russian forces—imperfectly drilled and organized—were far too widely extended; and nearly the whole of the second line being compelled to show a front to the town, in order to repel any sortie that might be attempted, it became difficult for them to render the requisite support to the first line. The attack of the two small Swedish columns was hidden from the Russians by a heavy snow-storm, and the surprise was complete. The number of prisoners was greater than Charles's small army, overcome by fatigue, was able to guard. He therefore, on the day after the battle, ordered them to be set at liberty. The trophies taken were as numerous as honorable; among them were many of the guns lately given by the King to the Czar. The news of this victory soon spread far and wide, and its fame became imperishable.

But that renowned day of Narva, though forming a brilliant episode in military history, was not in reality a fortunate day for either Sweden or Charles XII. The victory was dearly bought, yet seemed to have been so easily won, that it induced a feeling of contempt for the enemy; and thus gave rise to subsequent disasters.

At the Swedish headquarters voices were naturally raised in favor of carrying the war into Russia. Augustus, alarmed at the news he was constantly receiving, asked for peace; and the Czar, deserted by both his allies, would have been compelled to lay down his arms. Oxenstjerna, then fast approaching the close of his career, implored the King to listen to offers of peace. Count Piper seconded the efforts of Oxenstjerna. But neither prevailed with the King; because his *third* enemy was not yet vanquished *by force of arms!*

His decision appears to be founded on two reasons: first, indignation at the faithlessness of Augustus—whom he regarded as the originator of the alliance; secondly, the belief that his adversaries would only await a more favorable opportunity for renewing hostilities.

But whatever his motive, the consequences were fatal. The die was cast. Years of national suffering followed, and torrents of blood were shed before peace was again restored to the North.

During the year 1700 Sweden mustered and organized her forces. Before the opening of the next campaign there were in Livonia about 16,000 dragoons and other cavalry, and 28,500 infantry. Early in December, the King began his march southward. It was supposed that this movement threatened Curland, where a body of Saxon troops was posted. But, to the astonishment of many, Winter quarters were taken up in the south of Livonia. This gave the enemies time for consultation, and Russia and Poland renewed their alliance.

During the Winter Charles devoted himself to exercising and hardening his troops. After midsummer, 1701, he marched into Curland at the head of about 20,000 men. The passage of the Dwina, obstinately resisted by Field-Marshal Heinau, was bravely accomplished. The enemy retreated to the interior of Poland. Charles, as though pondering that momentous step, which he had firmly resolved on, and from which neither the humble representations of Augustus, the entreaties of the lovely Aurora Königsmark, the mediation of foreign ambassadors, nor the warnings of generals and councillors, could deter him, marched leisurely toward Lithuania.

The crown of Poland was his price for peace.

In March, 1702, Charles pushed rapidly forward to the heart of Poland. Warsaw was taken, without opposition. The Diet was dispersed; and Augustus, hotly pursued by the Swedes, fled. At Clissau he made a stand; was defeated, and compelled to seek refuge, first at Sandomir, then at the fortress of Thorn, where part of his faithful Saxon infantry once more rallied. The gates of Cracow flew open to welcome the Swedish King, whose sword dominated the entire country.

In this brief sketch the movements of the Swedish troops cannot be followed step by step. Their arms were everywhere victorious, and the names of Frauenstadt, Pussitz, and Pultausk will not be forgotten. The campaign was, however, distinguished by forced and fatiguing marches; the pursuit of parties of mauraders or of evading troops; also by protracted sieges of fortified places. At last, in February, 1704, after much hesitation, and many preliminaries, it was declared at a General Confederation, summoned by the Cardinal-Primate at Warsaw, that King Augustus had forfeited the crown of Poland. Charles XII.'s object was accomplished.

It now became necessary to find a successor, and the King determined to nominate a native of Poland.

The first choice made by Charles would have been the best. There was a name which then awakened in Polish hearts the most enthusiastic feelings; it was the name of Sobieski, the deliverer of Vienna from the sword of the infidel, and Poland's most illustrious ruler. King John Sobieski had three sons, and upon James, the eldest, Charles's attention was immediately fixed. He believed that the various parties and factions would unite under

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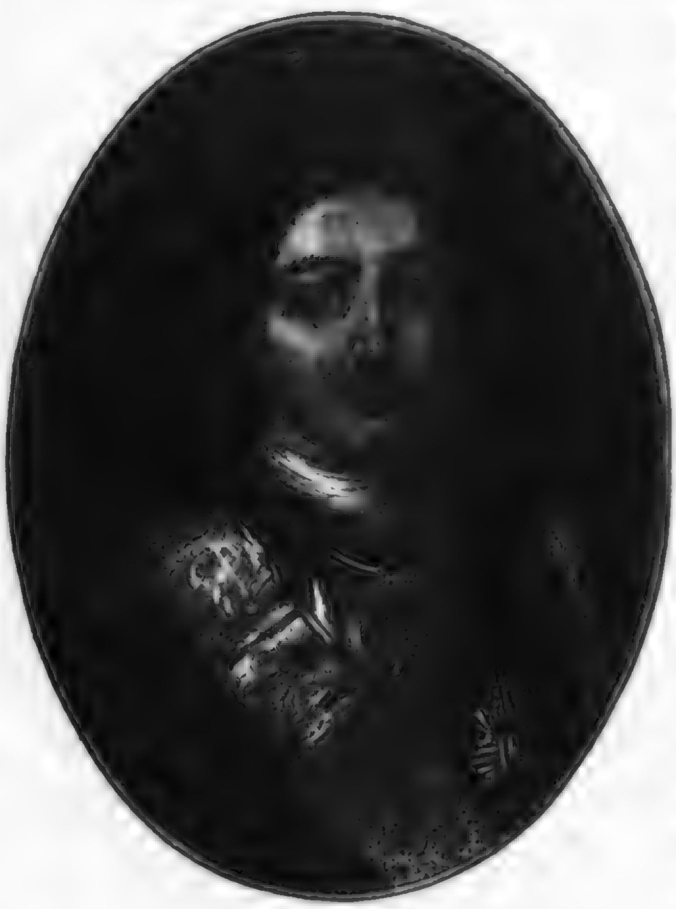


THE CZAR PETER I.

the rule of a Sobieski. But James was waylaid by the emissaries of Augustus, and, in defiance of the rights of neutral territory, imprisoned. Charles then declared in favor of a Polish noble—Stanislaus Leczinski.

The character of Stanislaus was marked by disinterestedness, benevolence, and integrity; and later on, at a calmer stage of his career, he proved himself an able ruler. But at the period in question, an iron will, self-confidence and boldness were needed to acquire moral influence and ascendency. Stanislaus lacked those qualities.

He was, however, elected at the Diet of Warsaw, on July 2d, 1704, though far from unanimously.

Stanislaus was never really King. He dared not for a single day dispense with the protection of the Swedish auxiliaries; and when, in the course of a few years, they were withdrawn, he left his kingdom to seek an asylum.

While Charles was in Poland, important events were taking place on the eastern frontiers of Sweden. The Czar, availing himself of the opportunity, began his merciless attack on the Swedish possessions skirting the Gulf of Finland. He was resisted only by the small detachments of troops that garrisoned the fortresses. But the Russian giant overthrew, by superior force, all opposition. Only Charles, heading the main body of his victorious troops, could have checked the advance. But he, unhappily for Sweden, was on the banks of the Vistula.

In Ingria, Esthonia and Livonia, one stronghold after another was taken; and at length, on the ruins of a Swedish fortress, arose St. Petersburg, the capital of the modern Russian Empire.

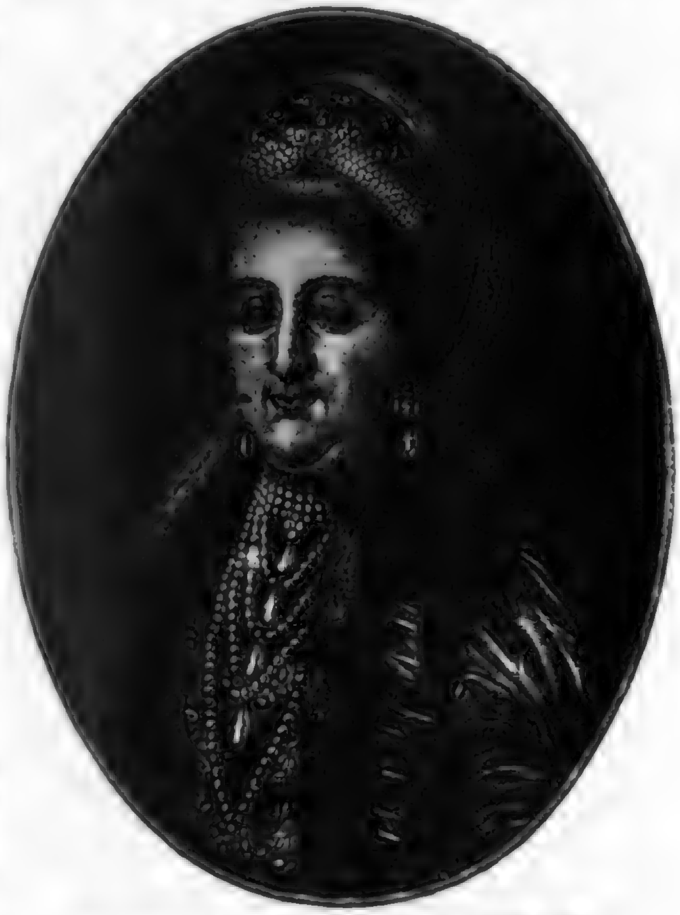
The mistake committed by Charles in regarding the northern theatre of war as secondary in importance, is the more to be regretted, as Russian conquest at Sweden's expense might probably then have been checked.

Augustus was not compelled to abdicate and sue for peace until his adversary reached the very heart of his hereditary Saxon dominions. The march of the Swedish army had met with but little opposition; and the vanguard had arrived in the neighborhood of Leipsic when Charles received, at the Castle of Alt-Ranstadt, the envoy sent by the Elector to negotiate. There also assembled the representatives of several foreign Powers, some of the most distinguished statesmen and generals, and many German princes, all of whom had come to do homage to the young Lion of the North. And a very deep and favorable impression was made by the unostentatious bearing, and the determination of character, evinced by the youthful hero.

Charles XII. was then twenty-four years of age, and his fame at its zenith. Crowds thronged his headquarters, eager to catch but a glimpse of him. He was accessible and affable to every one; listened with patient attention to the advice that was given him, yet was proof against every temptation and illusion. It may confidently be asserted that the only person from whom he turned with dread—dread, prompted by the moral principles in which he had been reared—was Aurora Königsmark, famed for her beauty and her amorous intrigues. She was now, for the second time, sent by Augustus to Charles, to endeavor by her blandishments to rescue the crown of her royal paramour.

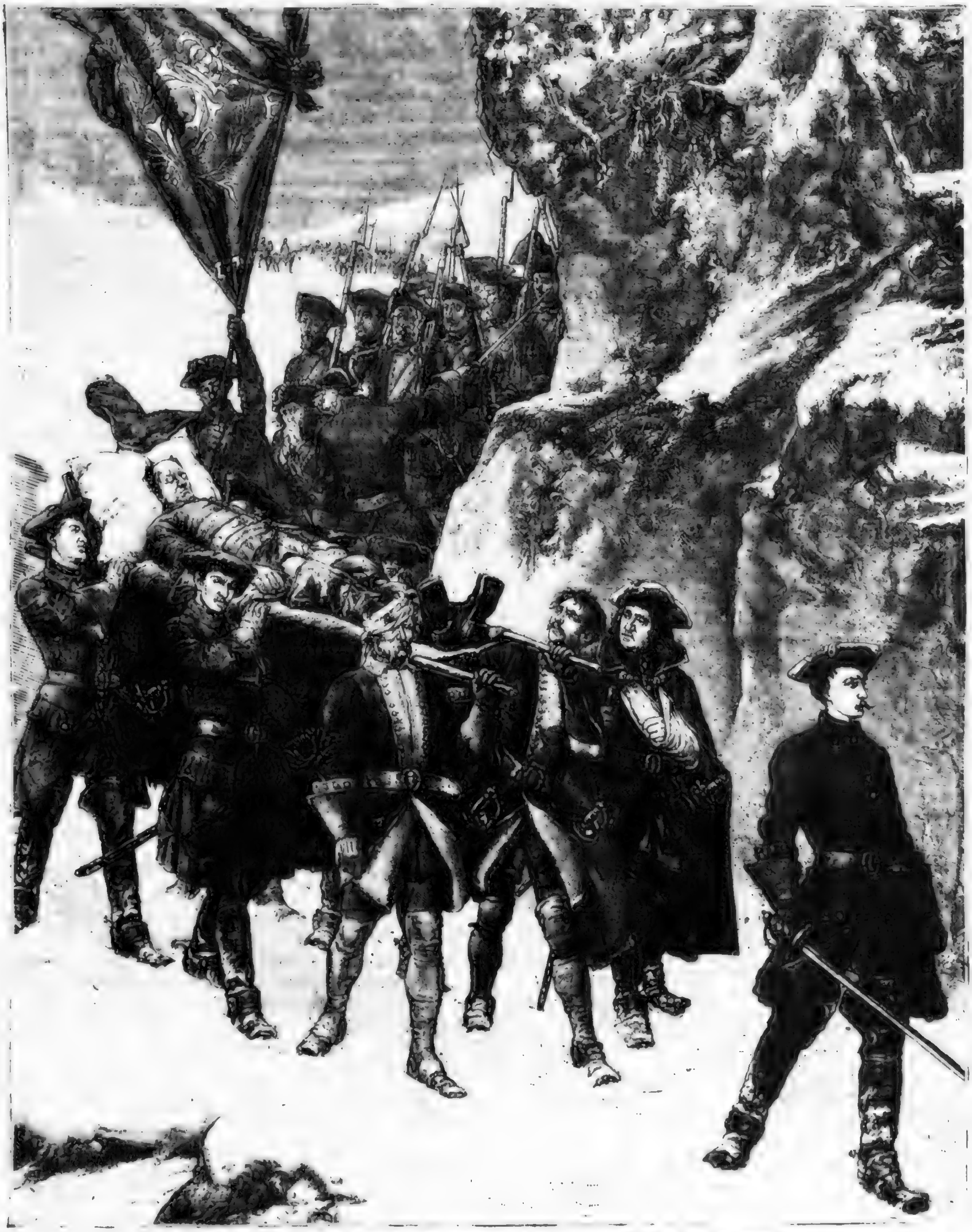
The peace of Ranstadt, and the events immediately preceding it, remind us in many respects of Travendal. As then, the enemy's capital lay open to the victorious Swedish troops; but Charles, possibly fearing another Capua for his soldiers, did not permit them to enter. He required of his adversary no cession of territory, or, indeed, any other compensation for the expenses of the war. Subsistence for his army was the extent of his demands; and in this respect he perhaps carried disinterestedness too far; but, at all events, he acted chivalrously.

Augustus was compelled to recognize Stanislaus as King of Poland; to recall all auxiliary troops from the Russian army; to grant the free exercise of the Lutheran faith in Saxony for all future time; to liberate the brothers Sobieski; and to deliver up all Swedish deserters. On the



THE CZARINA CATHARINE, WIFE OF PETER THE GREAT.

other hand, Augustus was allowed to retain his regal title, Charles pledging himself to protect his hereditary dominions, and to assist him in obtaining favorable terms of peace from the Czar.



CHARLES XII. CARRIED FROM THE BATTLEFIELD OF FREDRIKSHALD BY HIS SOLDIERS.

Charles, immediately after the conclusion of peace, banishing all resentment for past wrongs, displayed toward his foe the fullest trust and confidence; but Augustus thought only of treachery and revenge. It has been affirmed that he even sought to rid himself of his guest by assassination.

The enthusiasm displayed by the protected Protestants of Saxony and Silesia toward Charles and his troops was intense. When the army broke up from its Saxon quarters, the inhabitants followed the regiments for miles, testifying by expressions of friendship and regret their sorrow at parting from the true-hearted peasant soldiery. The people of Silesia, too, for whom also Charles, by his almost threatening bearing toward the Court of Vienna, had succeeded in obtaining religious liberty, were ardent

XUM

in their manifestations of gratitude. When, on the march through their country, the Swedes assembled for evening prayer, and King, officers and men devoutly bent the knee in supplication to the God of their fathers, they were joined by the long-restrained voices of thousands, who invoked blessings on the people of Sweden and their noble-hearted King. Husbands and wives, parents and children, all united in the song of praise.

The army with which the King was marching to encounter his most dangerous foe, numbered about 44,000 men. It was composed of the best equipped and best armed troops Sweden had ever possessed. The officers, and even the men, had saved considerable sums of money, and large amounts were collected in the regimental chests. In other respects, however, this army had sustained irretrievable losses. Numbers of veteran soldiers and many subaltern officers had gone back to their homes on furlough, their places being very inadequately supplied. Some of the most distinguished officers—Arvid Horn, Magnus Stenbock, Nieroth, Liewin, and others—all faithful friends of the King from his boyhood—had returned to their country, either to fill places in the council or other important posts.

Field-Marshal Rehnsköld alone remained of those who had held high command, and his influence soon became so predominant that even Count Piper, who hitherto had especially possessed the ear of the King, found himself supplanted. There were, indeed, besides Rehnsköld, other and younger favorites — Majors-general Lagercrona and Axel Sparre; but these, though brave, were too inexperienced to achieve much distinction in the war, and their authority was rather injurious.

At the close of 1707, however, Charles XII. bade a final adieu to Poland, and parted from Stanislaus only to meet him again as an exile in a distant land. Eight thousand men, under General Krassou, remained as a body-guard to the Polish King.

Charles, at the head of the main body of his army, numbering at the utmost 33,000 or 34,000 men, had at length determined to confront the Czar. General Adam Ludwig Lowenhaupt, who had been ably defending Livonia and Curland, was ordered from the North to join the King with all his available troops, about 10,000 men; for it was not considered prudent to invade Russian territory with a force inferior in strength to that of the two armies combined.

The Czar, who was quartered in Lithuania, was so careless of his personal safety that he narrowly escaped capture at Grodno, being rescued only at the sacrifice of his rearguard. This mortifying event probably influenced his resolution to avoid engagements in the open field, and to burn and waste the country through which he retreated. Charles found it hard to curb his wrathful impatience of such proceedings. Yet he set his soldiers an example of courage and self-denial; although both he and they were now convinced that they had to grapple with a very formidable foe.

Late in the year the army went into unfavorable Winter cantonments in the district of Minsk, the headquarters being at Radoscovich. The Spring of 1708 was unusually hot, and disease broke out among the troops to an alarming extent. To remain inactive was impossible; to retreat was incompatible with the temper of Charles. Such a course was indeed never suggested by any of his followers. "Forward!" was the word. But in what direction should it be? Three routes were open for choice:

The northern route, with St. Petersburg for its goal, led through Lowenhaupt's camp, over Pleskow and Novgorod—after reaching which, Charles could have supported the detachments that were to approach from the North to the attack of the Czar's new capital.

The eastern route led to Moscow, over Smolensk, and through endless morasses and wasted territory.

The third, and southern route, also leading to Moscow, Charles probably never thought of. His previous line of march, and the fact of his having issued orders, when he met Lowenhaupt in the Spring, for the junction of the two armies, seem to warrant this supposition. The Cossack hetman, Mazeppa, first suggested the route, and induced Charles to take it by his glowing representations of assistance from powerful and warlike tribes, as well as by the promise, so cheering to weary and famishing troops, of finding a more favorable field for the operations.

The blame with which Charles's decision has been assailed is not wholly deserved. It should be remembered, that at this crisis he had only insuperable difficulties to choose between; for, take whichever road he might, they would confront him. After the victory of Narva, Russia might have been compelled to accept an immediate peace. But that opportunity was neglected, and the right moment for peace had passed away with the eight eventful years since elapsed. In that interval Sweden had lost provinces. The Russian had gained them. He had founded St. Petersburg, matured his plans, and trained his armies in six campaigns, against troops who, though brave, were few and scattered. Charles was also distant from his proper base of operations, and besides, not a few in his army had begun to be weary of war, and of privations that seemingly were endless.

Many have thought that the army should have been led back to its original position in Livonia, and thence—with the Gulf of Finland as a flank support—the campaign should have been opened against St. Petersburg. But the march toward the coast in itself would have constituted a long and hazardous manœuvre, through districts exhausted by war, and in the immediate vicinity of the enemy. Furthermore, the fortresses that should have supported the army were already either in the grip of the Czar, or closely invested. Those who censure the King for not taking the direct road to Moscow, seem to overlook the difficulties of crossing broad and swollen rivers and interminable morasses, during the Spring floods, with an army on the long march through a wasted country, and compelled to carry all its supplies.

Few have approved the march southward to the Ukraine. Charles needed allies; therefore, Mazeppa's offer must have been welcome.

His resolution once taken, it was carried out with activity and speed that would have been better applied during certain periods of his earlier campaigns. Lewenhaupt was ordered to join the main army. He was already very near, but appears not to have received the instruction in time. The delay has been attributed to the jealousy of Rehnsköld. The King, however, waited for him only three days. He then began his march south, thus detaching himself from his much-needed reinforcements.

During the advance toward Mohilew and the Ukraine, occasional days of victory still shed some rays of light on the Swedish arms. The battle of Holafzin is especially memorable, for the masterly strategy and indomitable courage that wrested the laurels from an enemy superior in strength and advantageously posted. The cavalry engagement, too, at Malatitza, was as honorable and successful as it was bloody.

But while the enemy continued to retire, exhaustion and famine gradually spread among the Swedish troops. Hopes based upon Lowenhaupt and Mazeppa at first sustained their courage; but these hopes were not destined to be realized. Lewenhaupt, whose progress was greatly impeded by the large quantity of stores he conveyed, was attacked by the superior forces of the Czar, which had thrown themselves between the two divisions of the Swedish army.

The troops of Lewenhaupt fought with much bravery. He was, however, compelled to sacrifice his invaluable supplies; so that when he ultimately joined the King, instead of affording him the aid he had looked for, he became rather a new cause of difficulty. Mazeppa's high-flown promises, too, were found to be mere empty words. His richer domains were ravaged by the Russians; the greater part of his Cossacks hesitated, and the alliance with the Crimean Tartars proved an illusion.

Closer and closer relentless Fate drew her meshes around King Charles and his Swedes. A Winter of unusual severity claimed thousands of victims. Spring, with destructive inundations, followed in its steps. Contagious diseases raged in the ranks already so cruelly thinned by incessant conflicts with the foe; and suspicion, dissensions and intrigue prevailed among the generals. Surrounded by hostile and growingly encroaching hordes, the Swedish army moved forward with increasing difficulty, until finally it approached Pultowa, and began the siege of that city. The Russians had stored there large quantities of supplies, which the Swedes hoped shortly to appropriate, the town being poorly fortified. The well-commanded garrison, however, was almost equal in numbers to the entire Swedish army. The Czar was concentrating forces for a decisive action. Charles, in an unlucky moment, was disabled by a shot-wound in his foot, and compelled to intrust the chief command to other hands.

Rehnsköld commanded, when, on July 9th, 1709, the army advanced to meet the attack of the Russians. His generalship before and during the battle was marked by indecision, and led to defeat. There was no unity in the plans, no system in the manner of their execution. Lewenhaupt, who was to command the main body of infantry, was first left without definite orders, and finally without support. A considerable part of the cavalry never operated on the points intended, and some regiments are reported to have gone altogether astray. The artillery was not employed—it has been said they lacked ammunition.

At the moment when the Swedish infantry, after prolonged fighting, succeeded in storming the Russian position, the Czar, supported by the garrison of Pultowa, assumed the offensive. As the main body of his army was three times greater in number than the Swedish assailing forces, this decided the fortunes of the day, notwithstanding wondrous valor on the part of the Swedes. Rehnsköld raved and swore; issued orders and counter orders; until, blind with frenzy, he rode into the midst of the enemy, and was made prisoner. Lewenhaupt succeeded in keeping his division together.

If the remembrance of Pultowa is mournful, it is not dishonorable to the Swedish arms. For, during that fearful day, the troops displayed the noble qualities of heroes—devoting themselves fearlessly to their certain doom. Yet, in the absence of the inspiring leadership of Charles, they did not fight with wonted confidence. During the fury of the conflict the King was frequently in danger of capture. When fortune seemed to forsake his arms he cast himself into the heat of the fray; and, finally, collecting the remnant of his forces, led them in retreat toward the Dnieper. Unfortunately, the fever resulting from his wound paralyzed his mental and physical powers. He did not perceive the danger of his retreat, and neglected to make any preparation for crossing the broad river. Thus the capitulation of Perewolatschna, by which the most famous of the renowned armies of Sweden was delivered to the Russians, was attributable more to the illness of the King than to the defeat itself.

The Czar contrived to conceal from the Swedish negotiating officers the real weakness of his army. Those who did discover it were at once made prisoners. Even Lewenhaupt lost his customary decision. He held councils of war, and asked advice of his soldiers instead of commanding them. At such a moment the undaunted Rehnsköld would have been in his proper place. But he was missing, and the doom of the unfortunate Swedish army was accomplished.

Charles narrowly escaped capture by abandoning his headquarters just before the surrender was made. Accompanied by his bodyguard and a small band of officers, he succeeded in crossing to the opposite banks of the Dnieper in peasants' boats, and finally, after numerous adventures, escaped through the Steppes. Thus did the royal hero, before whom the mighty ones of Europe had so recently bowed, either in fear or in admiration, enter Turkish territory as a fugitive—a striking instance of the fickleness of fortune, and the instability of human greatness.

There is a species of greatness, which is most strikingly displayed in the hour of trial, when all seems lost and all despair. Charles XII. possessed this kind of greatness in the highest degree; and it enabled him to triumph over the blows of adverse fate. The dispatches he sent to Stockholm to his Privy Council are convincing proofs of his firmness under misfortune. There is not the slightest trace in them of doubt or fear. He writes: "The loss is very great; nevertheless, the enemy shall neither gain the upper hand, nor the smallest advantage"; and, as though he foresaw with what feelings the news of his defeat would be received at home, he adds: "It is only requisite not to lose courage, or to let go the conduct of affairs."

No man who had lost faith in the star of his fortunes could have given expression to words like these while wandering in distant countries, wounded, and almost alone. No man, whose strength of will and energy had failed him, could have established, and maintained, in a foreign land, the position and influence which Charles XII. won for himself among the Turks. History can scarcely produce a parallel case.

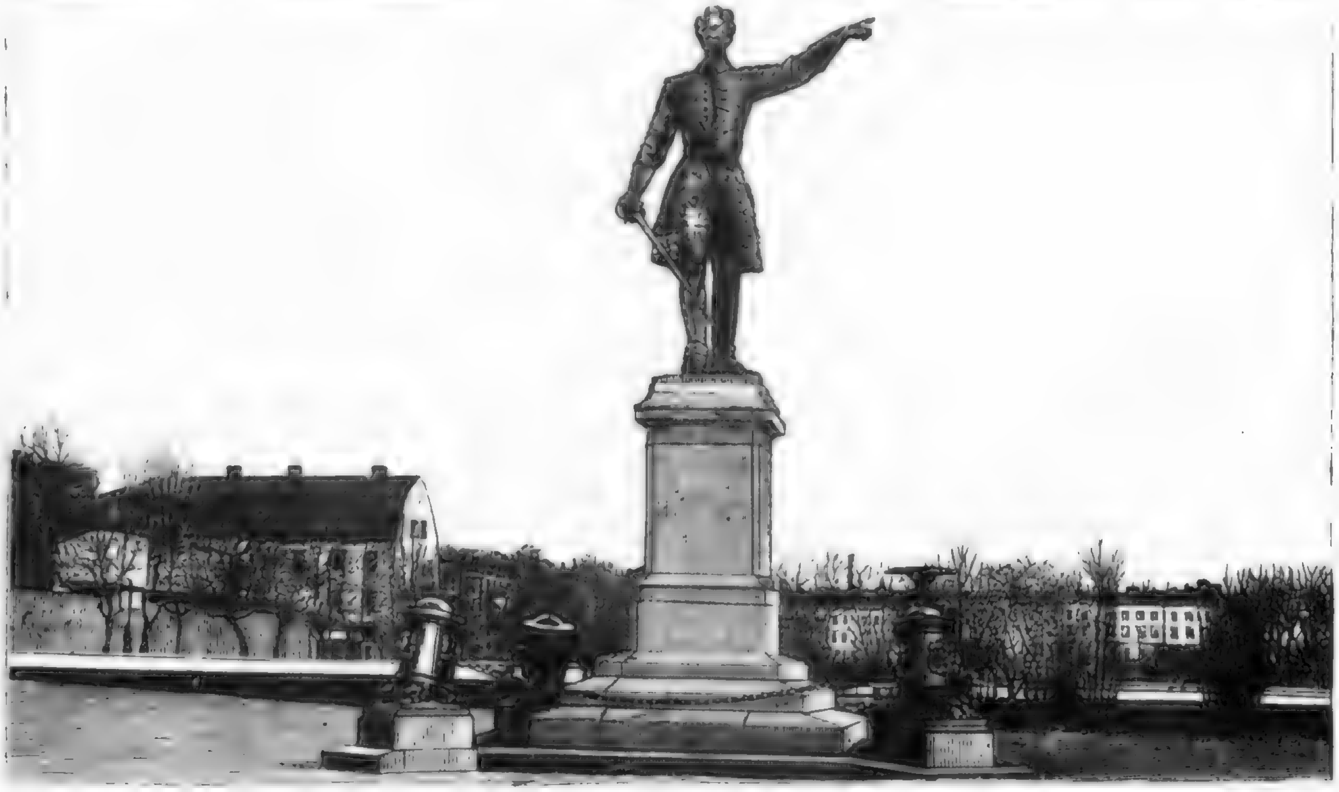
Although her dreaded main army was annihilated, yet Sweden continued for some time to inspire so much alarm that the small force led back to Pomerania in 1709 by General Krasson, sufficed, at first, to check all attacks on her German possessions. Meanwhile Saxony and Denmark unhesitatingly broke the obligations into which they had so recently entered; thus proving how little worthy they had been of Charles's generosity. It was not difficult for Augustus now to overthrow Stanislaus; but when Denmark attempted to avenge the landing of Charles and his troops at Humlebäck, she found there still was vitality in Sweden, patriotism in her people, and genius in her generals. Of these brave men Magnus Stenbock should especially be remembered. That illustrious general soon created a fighting army. And since the memorable day of Helsingborg (February 28th, 1710), no foreign soldier has set foot on the soil of Skane.

The King's protracted stay in Turkey has generally been harshly criticised. By many it has been attributed to arbitrary caprice, and even to political insanity. That the absolute monarch should have deserted his country in such times was doubtless fraught with danger. But may it not reasonably be assumed that his five years' absence was based on a settled political plan? The real interests of Turkey were identical with those of Sweden, in respect to

XUM

Russia, whose power menaced both. But fortune did not smile on Sweden's alliance with Turkey. The one Power delayed to draw its sword until the other, after a long, unequal, and unaided contest, was compelled to sheathe its blunted weapon. Shortly before the opening of the great Northern campaign, the Sultan concluded a peace with Russia; but, after allowing Charles to wrestle alone with the giant for ten years, and when assistance from Sweden could no longer be expected, he actually commenced hostilities.

Unfortunately, the war thus tardily begun was carried on with little energy, and a new peace was already concluded before Magnus Stenbock landed in Germany with the army that was to have marched across Poland to the assistance of Charles. The Czar himself, however, was at one time on the verge of destruction—being surrounded by Turks in superior numbers at the River Pruth. No means of escape was open to him, and captivity or death appeared inevitable. But he was indebted for his rescue to a woman's presence of mind, and that woman the daughter of a Swedish soldier. He afterward made her his consort, as the Empress Catharine I. With her jewels a corrupt Grand Vizier was bribed, and free passage given to the Czar; Charles, deterred by religious scruples, it appears, from entering the Turkish camp, arriving too late to oppose it.



STATUE OF CHARLES XII. AT STOCKHOLM.

Time passed away in fruitless negotiations; hope grew faint; and the friendship of the Sultan gradually cooled; but in the same proportion did the personal qualities of the King excite increasing admiration among the followers of Islâm. Finally, however, the guest, whose stay became inconvenient, received intimation to leave the country. But Charles refused to depart. An open rupture ensued, which ended in the so-called "Kalabalik," in Bender.

With great reluctance the Janissaries and Tartars attacked the Swedish King, and in the combat spared his life. This serves to explain how it was possible for the King, with only a few officers and his body-guard, to defend himself in a fragile house—during a whole day—against 14,000 men and 14 guns.

At last, the flames of the burning building compelling him to retire, he was surrounded and captured. When conveyed from the smoldering ruins of his headquarters to Demotica, his influence was still so great that a revolt in his favor was on the point of breaking out in the Seraglio. The Sultan, to calm the excitement, was compelled to depose the Khan of Tartary. Little effort was needed to incite a fresh outbreak of war with Russia, and could Charles have taken the command of the Turks, events might even then have assumed a different aspect.

Charles's miscalculation—the great and disastrous miscalculation—was with regard to Sweden herself. He forgot, or, more correctly, did not know, that new opinions had sprung up, and even feelings hostile to his own person. These were the powers that really defeated him.

It cannot be denied that the general position of affairs on the continent of Europe, subsequent to the year 1709, was as unpropitious for Sweden as it well could be. The predominance of France was broken by the fatal campaign for the Spanish succession. The advantages that Prussia most desired were to be attained at the cost of Sweden. Even the Sovereign of England, as Elector of Hanover, became a natural antagonist of the Power that owned territory at the mouth of the Weser. Holland could not be relied on; for there the Czar enjoyed personal influence. Sweden, deserted by Turkey, stood alone, abandoned to her own resources. To rally these, the King must return.

It is customary to regard Charles XII. as exclusively a soldier; but this is to view his character in a very partial light. Whenever his sword was at rest—in Livonia, Poland, Saxony, and Turkey—he devoted himself with remarkable energy to the domestic economy of Sweden, and displayed the liveliest interest in education and art. One of his most remarkable administrative measures—that of the new Regulations for the Chanceries of the different Departments of State—was worked out and signed in Turkey. From that country he also issued his Ordinances relative to improvements at Stockholm, the rebuilding of the Palace, and assistance to men of science.

But side by side with this undiminished interest in his country—which he had never seen since he attained manhood—unfortunately after his defeat at Pultowa the King began to place his confidence chiefly in men of foreign birth. Fabricius, and Müllern, for instance, replaced Piper; and this tendency continued even after Charles's return to Sweden.

The talented and energetic, yet unfortunate, Görtz, was the most prominent amongst the King's foreign favorites; but there were many others, all of whom contributed to widen the breach between the King and his people.

Charles was at last induced to return to Sweden. Stanislaus announced in person his resignation of the crown of Poland; then tidings reached him of Stenbock's capitulation at Tönningen; and, finally, came the unexpected message that the "Riksdag" had been summoned without the Royal command, and that the Princess Ulrika Eleonora had been called to preside at the Council of State.

The ride across Europe which Charles, followed by a few attendants, then achieved, has no counterpart, except in the legends of olden times. Avoiding all frequented roads; pursued by hired assassins; resting in forest recesses during chilly autumnal nights; often without food and shelter; yet never downcast, never tired—even when his hardiest companions sank under exhaustion—Charles, as by a miracle, arrived before the gates of Stralsund on the 11th of November, 1714.

An ecstasy of joy spread through the country with the news of the King's unexpected return. Hope revived and painted the future in glowing colors; for Charles himself came full of trust and confidence. Both he and his subjects, however, soon discovered their mistake.

The country had suffered severely from war, and no less from internal dissensions. The greater part of Finland was lost; the two largest armies of Sweden had surrendered, and no ally held out a helping hand. There was a general cry for peace; and to this cry was added the silent but irrepressible sigh for liberty. To neither of these yearnings did the King give heed. Almost everything was changed, except his own inflexible will. Now, as before, Augustus must be deposed, St. Petersburg destroyed, the power of the Council curtailed, and the new-born aspirations for liberty suppressed.

The Sweden to which the King returned was not the Sweden he had left. The men whom in former and happier times he had trusted were no longer faithful to him. The people, who still idolized his person, no longer approved his policy.

Peace might have been obtained on comparatively easy terms. Esthonia, Ingria, and St. Petersburg, all long before taken, must of course have been sacrificed, together with Stettin and the surrounding districts of Pomerania. Stralsund might probably have been saved by peace; but it could no longer be kept by force, though the King personally conducted its defense to the latest possible moment.

At last, negotiations for the capitulation of Stralsund were unavoidably opened; and the man who, fourteen years before, had left his country, convoyed by a powerful fleet, to march from one victorious field to another, was now conveyed back to the Swedish coast in a small brigantine—through masses of drifting ice, at the imminent peril of his life.

The Emperor of Germany summoned a General Council of the Realm at Brunswick. Charles, as a Prince of the German Empire, was invited; he refused to take part. Thus this favorable opportunity of arranging a peace was allowed to pass. Again, then, the die was recklessly cast in favor of war; while the discontent of the country increased. As, after the battle of Narva, Charles underrated the strength of his foreign foes, so now he too lightly regarded the opposing faction in his own dominions.

Peace having been rejected, war should have been waged upon the most threatened frontier—Russia. But Charles had conceived a new idea: the conquest of Norway, and its annexation to the Crown of Sweden. The struggle to realize this idea was his last enterprise. In it he employed all the yet remaining resources of the country, and they were by no means so limited as some have endeavored to prove. Fresh troops gathered to the standard of their well-loved King, and a third large army was organized. Charles took up his residence at Lund, and never visited Stockholm. Discontent had fixed its headquarters there, and with an invisible hand seemed to keep him from his capital.

The defenses of the eastern frontier were more and more neglected, and the plans of Russia accordingly were furthered. At Lund, in the meantime, the King gave many new proofs of his interest in the arts of peace and the progress of science. He worked assiduously with his new Minister of Finance, Baron Görtz, and occupied himself in improving the legal Code. He associated much with prominent scientific men—Swedenborg, Polheim, Rydelius, and others.

The King's two campaigns against Norway were marked by the same obdurate courage that distinguished all his enterprises; but the victories were comparatively few. The climate, the nature of the country, the warlike qualities and independence of the people, made victory always dear—sometimes impossible. Once, the Swedish forces advanced so far as to be able to pitch their tents on the heights of Ekeberg, commanding Christiania, and thence to cast a few shells over the fjord into the old citadel of Aker. This was in 1716. Lack of provisions, however, soon obliged them to retreat, and, at the end of the campaign, no decisive result had been achieved.

In 1718, the last year of the war, a new plan of action was adopted. The line of march was to be along the Christiania Fjord, and the fortresses on the way were to be reduced; stores were to be collected on the ground; and, finally, a powerful fleet was to keep open free communication with the coast of Bohus.

We may rightly invest this last aim in the life of Charles XII. with the attribute of greatness. It might, however, have been more easily accomplished had Charles in due time consented to make those sacrifices that peace with Russia absolutely required. To present a front in two directions against powerful enemies, is a risk which has brought ruin on stronger Powers than Sweden. In the Autumn of 1718, Görtz succeeded in arranging terms of peace with the Czar. Görtz hastened with this news to the King, but the deadly missive at Fredrikshald put an end to all his plans.

The chivalrous King—who always thought nobly, if not wisely—and the soldiers who followed him for better or for worse, stood out, after the lapse of a few decades, in almost supernatural light; and more than a century passed away ere the Swedish people could be convinced that the ball which, on the night of November 30th, struck down their deified hero in the trenches before the besieged fort of Gyldenlöwe, was simply shot at random, in the dark, from the walls of the enemy.

In contemplating Charles XII. at the head of his "brave blue boys," it is his own unconquerable and heroic courage, as first among his own warriors, that chiefly rivets the attention. His great qualities as a general are too often overlooked. Nevertheless, they were so distinguished, that a Frederick the Great, a Napoleon the First,

XUM

with other renowned commanders and military writers, have not hesitated to set them forth as examples. We may, therefore—having followed the hero to the close of his life, in his eventful political career—proceed to consider briefly his military capacity.

Charles XII. had had the advantage of a careful military education; and under the superintendence of the able Quartermaster-general Stuart, industriously studied the science of war and the art of fortification. Consequently, it was not without preparation that he placed himself at the head of the Swedish army. He was fortunate, too, in being surrounded by most efficient commanders.

The military tendencies of the time, and, still more, the King's own character and inclination, made him an especially eminent cavalry general. Quickness of apprehension, celerity in movement, energy in assault, are three of his prominent traits as a soldier. The Swedish cavalry was then renowned, far and wide. Even Prussian military writers of the highest merit freely acknowledge that the models for the subsequently famous cavalry regiments of Ziethen and Siedlitz were sought in the army of Charles.

The King gloried in being himself the most indefatigable in reconnoitring, and the foremost in the charge. While the divisions of the Swedish army lay widely spread over Poland, Charles, with a few squadrons of horse, or accompanied only by his bodyguard, would speed, by forced marches, to a threatened point, or to reinforce one of his generals, with whom he then made some unexpected assault. Cavalry was still the chief arm of European forces. In the main army of Sweden this arm of the service, in 1701, as compared with the infantry, was only in the proportion of sixty to a hundred; but when the Swedish troops marched out of Saxony there were no less than 25,000 cavalry in the total force of 44,000 men.

The infantry, in consequence of the imperfect weapons then in use, was not of the same importance as in later times. Yet the Swedish infantry, in particular, was then counted amongst the best in Europe. Its unfaltering steadiness made it, and with good reason, much dreaded; its tactics—the work of Gustavus Adolphus—won universal approval. Charles well understood how to employ this arm. It was he who established that confidence in the force of a bayonet charge, which so often led to the most improbable success, and which, until the latest times, has survived amongst the soldiery of Sweden. A large portion of the Swedish infantry was still armed with the pike, although laid aside by most of the European armies. Charles ordered his soldiers to reserve their fire until the enemy was sufficiently near to allow it to be used with full effect.

He, himself, fought at the head of his infantry at the landing in Zealand; at the storming of the Narva ramparts; at the crossing of the Dwina; at Holofzin, and in many other sanguinary conflicts. Like Gustavus Adolphus and Charles X., the twelfth Charles well knew how to make the infantry and cavalry effectively co-operate and support each other. The cavalry was usually placed on the flanks, and amongst them were often distributed small detachments of musketeers, chosen mostly from the surest marksmen. This greatly embarrassed foreign cavalry, who, seeing only horsemen opposed to them, were unprepared for a well-directed and effective discharge of musketry. Charles, too, did not servilely follow the formal rules which prevailed at that time for the battlefield. His temperament could not adapt itself to tactics which prevented immediate advantage being taken of the changes incident to battle. Thus, in his armies we often find other formations adopted than those in vogue. Of this there were instances at Narva, and in the bold attacks at Clissau and Holofzin.

To artillery, Charles was not much attached. This may be explained by the fact that this arm was yet very imperfect, difficult to manœuvre, and wanting in destructive power. The army estimates of that period totally pass over the item of artillery—a proof how little it was valued. Its operations were limited to firing at the breastworks, behind which the enemy's infantry not unfrequently took shelter. At Holofzin, the most cleverly ordered of Charles XII.'s battlefields, this arm was employed far more than usual. But, during the battle of Pultowa, it was left inactive with the baggage, and increased the spoils of the enemy.

The Swedish soldier has never hesitated to follow loved and respected leaders; but, like the French, he demands much from his officers, and still more from his commander. Never was a man more thoroughly suited than Charles XII. to inspire Swedish troops with courage, or to lead them to victory. Noble, just and self-denying, and brave as a lion, he seemed to them almost a supernatural being. Every victory he won made his soldiers more confident in him; every danger he shared with them spurred them on to increased exertion. His enemies lost faith in their own good fortune. The feelings that overwhelmed the Swedish soldiers after the battle of Pultowa were probably more of wonder that their King could have been conquered than of sorrow at the defeat.

It would occupy much time to recount the many exploits in which Charles was himself the foremost; but to enumerate them is unnecessary—the remembrance of them being deeply graven in the heart of every Swedish soldier. None can without emotion picture the hero pressing alone through the gates of Cracow, which opened to the stroke of his riding-whip as if to an enchanter's wand—or storming the virgin ramparts of Lemberg at the head of a few hundred dragoons. Who has not read with wonder and excitement how, mounted on horseback, he forded or swam over rapid rivers, waded through bogs and morasses, or, almost alone, daringly ventured into the midst of the enemy's outposts—heedless alike of flying bullets, wintry chills, and the rough paths of the desert? Who has not admired the example of fearless courage he gave to his soldiers when, during the siege of Thorn, he would not allow earthworks to be raised around his own exposed headquarters, because all could not enjoy the same advantages? or when, from the flames of his burning house at Bender, he rushed amongst the Janissaries crowding the courtyard that, at least, he might die a soldier's death; or when at Stralsund he heard, without turning his head, a shell explode close by the table at which he was issuing his orders? Who must not respect the commander who always shared his soldiers' hardships; and, that he might not suffer less than the meanest in his army, carefully avoided taking up his headquarters in the larger towns, where he could have enjoyed much needed rest and greater comfort?

He was the last of the Northern Vikings; and a halo surrounds his memory similar to that which gleams on the hero of ancient legend. To the adventures of both, Svea's sons still listen with enthusiasm and pride.

But although Charles XII. was so generally beloved by his army, he did not possess the rare gift of being able to maintain accord among its superior officers. Arvid Horn, the most intimate of Charles's youthful companions, became the head of the opposing party; Stenbock, suspected by the King, was allowed to pine away in the castle of Copenhagen; Adam Ludvig Lewenhaupt shared the same fate in Muscovite captivity. And when, at length, Rehnsköld returned from Russia, he was but the shadow of his former self. Endless wars exhausted energy and zeal of those most attached to the King—until, at last, with the exception of a few veteran officers and bodyguards, who remained near his person, he was surrounded only by youthful soldiers. He had not succeeded in training new and distinguished generals. His power was personal, and expired with himself. His career resembled the flash of a meteor, lighting up the heavens, and dazzling the eye, but followed by deepest gloom, until, again sparkling in the horizon, rose memory's "Charles's Wain."

When, on the morning of the 1st of December, the news of the King's death spread through the army, all bonds of discipline and comradeship were at once sundered. No worthier points of union were found than ignominious retreat, division of the army cash among the leaders, intrigue in the Diet, and desertion. A sad prelude to Helsingfors and Anjala! It is hard to be compelled to say that the once all-powerful Charles XII. was not only gone, but was forgotten!

Charles XII. possessed admirers, even worshipers, and deserved to have friends. But he had not the faculty to create either political or military apostles, and his history is therefore left without a chapter on "the acts" of his followers. Not without reason has the historian Geijer uttered over his grave the significant words: "It was a finished life!" It might be added, that it was also a finished period in the history of his country. Its golden age, both political and military, had passed away, and Sweden ceased to be a great Power.

The gloomiest shade of this picture must not be the last to engross the eye. Brighter lights are there, and, in proportion as the simple humanity of our hero is developed, so the shadows retreat and fade.

No Swede has met adversity with more indomitable firmness than Charles XII. None has been so indifferent to success—so little allured by the blandishments of fortune, so little dazzled by glory.

These qualities, at times displayed to excess, and often productive of mischief, must yet be admired. They were based essentially on religious principles. Unaffected piety, warm, living faith, and moral purity, were the fruits of a tender mother's care in his early life; while in manhood they were fostered and developed by constant companionship with the Word of God. The uprightness of his character was rarely ever untrue to itself. If, looking from the light of our own times, we could wish that on some occasions he had acted with less severity, yet we cannot call him hard—still less, cruel. He forbade the employment of torture, even when it was counseled by the highest officials. For real disinterestedness of character he was distinguished above many of the most upright men of the period.

Charles XII. has been called a woman-hater, but unjustly. In his correspondence with his sister, Ulrika Eleanora, warm, brotherly love shows itself in every page, and fails not even when "*Mon cœur*," as he styles her, lends an ear to his enemies, and strengthens by her name and influence the opposition against her brother and lawful King. In his letters he often alludes to the ladies of the Court by familiar and jocular names; and frequently sends them messages of remembrance. We have stories of his visits to the chateaux of Polish nobles, touchingly portraying the thoughtful, unpretending, and almost bashful behavior of the youthful King.

The news of the death of his eldest and best-loved sister, Hedvig Sophia, Duchess of Holstein, reached the Swedish quarters shortly before the battle of Pultowa. The King being wounded, none dared to tell him the sorrowful news, which he learned only after his passage across the Dnieper. What all the terrible misfortunes that again and again befell him could not effect, this sad news produced. He shed bitter tears, and for a whole day not a word escaped his lips. Charles had then a heart for those nearest to him, and he could cherish affection even for women. Sensual desires, however, appear to have been quite unknown to the simple-minded soldier-Prince, and the seductive beauty of Aurora Königsmark produced an effect upon him the very reverse of what she expected.

Of manly friendship his soul was highly susceptible: and perhaps its most striking example is presented by his bearing toward Max Emanuel, of Wurtemberg—styled the "Little Prince." He was a faithful admirer of Charles, and an inseparable follower during many years of adventurous enterprise and contest.

Even toward his enemies he was willingly tolerant. Nevertheless, if his deep displeasure was once aroused by falsehood or dishonorable conduct, then he was difficult to appease, and his sense of justice exacted punishment equaling in severity the gravity of the offense.

His addresses and proclamations were curt and pithy; his orders were clear—with the exception of those issued at Pultowa during the time that fever, resulting from his wound, enfeebled his strength and obscured his intellect. When his sword was at rest, reading was his favorite occupation; and, apart from religious books, he preferred old warrior legends and the classic authors. To this taste was added, during his long stay in Turkey, a fondness for chess, in which he is said to have attained more than ordinary skill.

In conclusion, let us glance at the personal appearance of this remarkable man—this chivalrous and noble representative of Swedish character—aided by the statue of bronze now erected in the heart of his native city, and near the banks of the stream that flows past his grave.

His features bore the stamp of the House of Pfalz Zweibrück. Gazing at the piercing deep-blue eye, the towering forehead—that abode of daring thoughts—the somewhat aquiline nose, the stern, almost defiant lines about the beardless mouth, no one could doubt for a moment that he was in the presence of an extraordinary man. Contrary to the custom of his time, from the tendencies of which he diverged in so many ways, he never wore a wig in his maturer years. On the momentous occasion when he embarked at Carlshamn, to enter upon his long career of warfare, he threw that covering aside; and thenceforth the auburn locks, already much thinned, waved in freedom around the head that bore itself so proudly. He was about five feet ten inches in height; his figure well built, though his limbs were not powerful. His constitution being uninjured by weak indulgence, he enjoyed unbroken health, and was able to endure extreme privation and hardship.

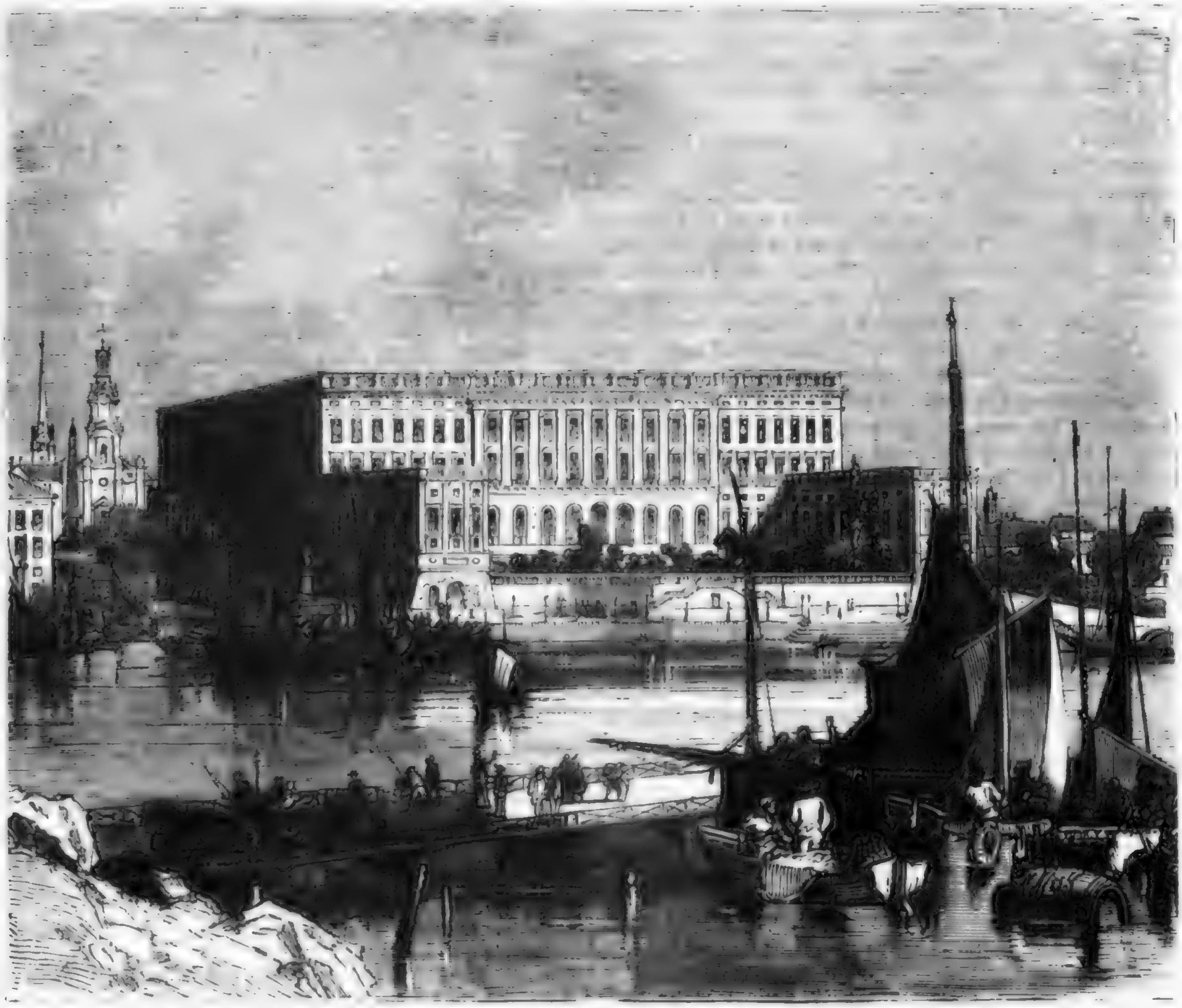
His diet was frugal. After the toils of the day he rested on a couch of straw. During his campaigns he allowed himself only a few hours' sleep, and at other times—at Lund, for instance—he is said to have been usually found at his writing-table as early as two o'clock in the morning.

His dress was Swedish in fashion and color. All are familiar with his loose blue coat, with turned-down collar, and large plain brass buttons; the buff waistcoat, the black kerchief—doubly folded around his neck—the coarse felt hat, and the high, broad-toed riding-boots, with their massive steel spurs. External marks of rank and position he did not use. Neither medals for valor nor orders of distinction adorned his breast; but within was enshrined a treasure of purest gold—a heart that throbbed with brave emotions; while in his hand flashed the blade so

XUM

honorably symbolized by the Swedish Order of the Sword. Such is the portrait of Charles XII. What makes it so fascinating to Swedish eyes? What has made the man himself so admired by the whole of Sweden, in spite of the misfortunes that attended his reign, and mistakes of which he cannot well be acquitted? This is the charm—both his faults and his merits proclaim him a true son of our Mother Svea!

On the 31st of August, 1859, another King Charles, surrounded by some of the chief scientific men of the country, stood beside the opened sarcophagus of his illustrious namesake, in the vault of the Charleses in the Riddarholm Church. A careful examination then proved how utterly unfounded were the suspicions that the hero had fallen by an assassin's hand.



VIEW OF STOCKHOLM FROM THE WATER SIDE.

God be thanked for the certainty that his illustrious life had a better and worthier close! The sons of Sweden need no longer cast down their eyes with shame, oppressed by the cruel rumors which hitherto had whispered of treachery—treachery blacker than the darkness of that fatal November night, which more than a century and a half ago sank over the Scandinavian peninsula.

To me, the author of this biographical sketch, the privilege was also granted of gazing upon the remains of that wonderful man, before whom Europe once had trembled, and over whose pallid form a thousand trophies—eloquent in their silence—drooped in half-moldered folds from the lofty arches of the chapel of his tomb. The scene is as ineffaceable from the memory as it was solemn at the time. From that moment the features of Charles XII. became indelibly engraven on my mind. In memory of the day, I was permitted to take a leaf of the laurel wreath that encircled his brow, and also a lock of his hair. These precious relics, together with the cast of his face which was taken at the time that his body was embalmed, are henceforth the property of the Swedish Military Association of Stockholm. To these gifts are added two others, eminently calculated to recall two of King Charles XII.'s most prominent qualities; namely, one of the good blades that so often opened his way to victory, and a copy of the Holy Book, in whose pages he learned those lessons that give strength in all vicissitudes, and which are so grandly expressed in the old war-cry of the Charleses, "By the help of God!"

The era of Charles XII. is past, and a younger generation inhabits the land which witnessed the birth of the heroes of that age. A subsequent century not seldom underrates that which a previous one has held greatest and dearest. It is useless to deny the power of time to change many distinctive features in the character of a nation: but so long as Sweden remains an independent land; so long as her sons do not forfeit the heirloom inherited from their freeborn fathers; so long as chivalry and manliness, faith and virtue, have their abode in ancient "Manhem,"—so long will all connected with "King Charles, the youthful hero" be valued and loved.

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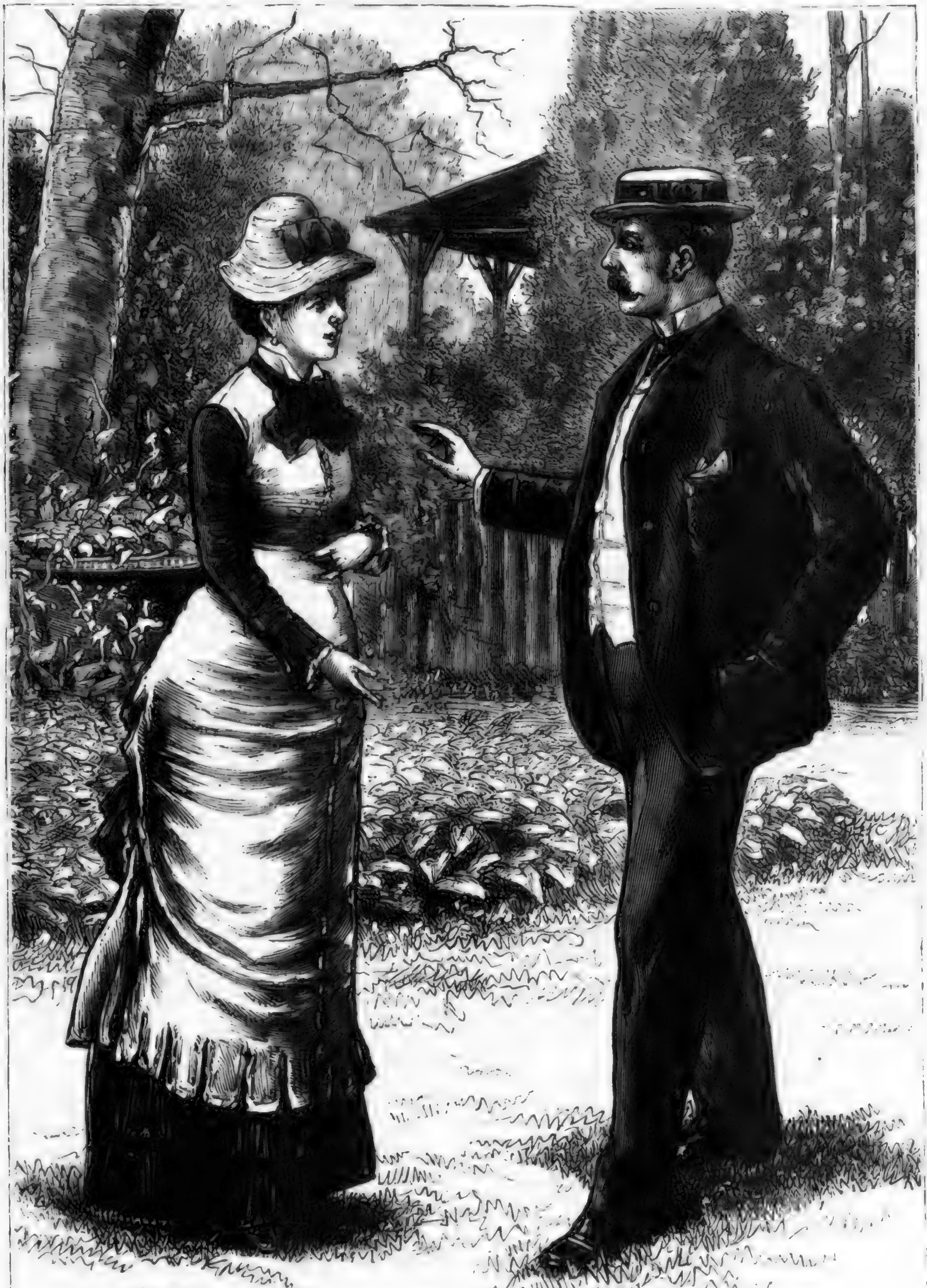

HER SECRET.—"'SIDNEY,' SAID LAVINIA, 'I MUST SAY, FRANKLY, THAT I DID NOT EXPECT IT.'"—SEE PAGE 562.

HER SECRET.

By Walter Edgar McCann.

"I CERTAINLY do owe you everything. It's a profanation to mention money in connection with that sort of indebtedness; but, Lavinia, I shall try to discharge part of it in another way."

Miss Vin smiled and blushed, plucking at one of the roses climbing all about the window, with lowered head and very great embarrassment.

Sidney, however, saw nothing of this; his thoughts were projected into the future: and, although his gaze rested dreamily on the things about him, his fancy had taken a wild flight, and was busy with very different objects. And there was a silence, Lavinia frightened.

Just then Carrie appeared with her straw hat on and the strawberry-basket in her hand, looking a great deal like a figure out of a picture.

"I want you, Sidney."

And, with his honest smile, away went Sidney to stain his hands with picking berries.

Lavinia looked after them with a faded glance—just the shadow of something—not vexation, but a gleam of sadness and disappointment; and she went in and was rather quiet for a few minutes, bustling about the room, and finally over to the glass, where she took a stolen peep at her own comely features. She saw a woman of thirty, still pretty, and even handsome.

Well, there was certainly no disparity of age, for he was quite thirty also—some months more.

"That is what he means, I *think*," said Lavinia, after deep cogitation. "He does owe me everything, just as he says, and I—I believe he likes me. We grew up together, and it is only natural. I shall certainly not do anything rash. I mean, refuse him. I like him, too"—her voice faltered—"I never knew until now how much."

Old Dorcas came in with a needle to thread, and Lavinia drew herself up a little haughtily at being caught before the mirror.

"Strawberries for dessert, Dorcas. Carrie will pick them."

"I see the doctor and her gatherin' 'em, miss," returned the ancient handmaid. "I think I never see him looking so well, miss, as this time. And it's not far off, I can tell you," said Dorcas, with a pregnant nod and smile.

"What's not far off?"

"The question he is going to ask you, Miss Vin. You know very well; and, if you intend to make him happy, it takes only the one word."

"Nonsense! I don't even know what you mean," said Lavinia with a laugh of trepidation, and coloring brilliantly, absorbed in the threading process. "The difference of age, and everything."

"The age is just right, and he is in earnest. I found this on his desk."

Dorcas produced a sheet of paper on which was traced many times, in very beautiful penmanship, surrounded by scrolls and other marvelous embellishments, the name, "Mrs. Sidney Linden."

Lavinia inspected it eagerly, and then returned it with a reproving frown.

"You had no business to poke among Dr. Linden's papers, Dorcas. It was wrong, and he would be very angry."

So the old servant was dismissed, and went out smiling, and Miss Vin was alone again.

Well, here was confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ—documentary evidence, which even the law admits as indisputable; and Lavinia Brandon, like the practical woman she was, accepted the facts and went on with her plans.

As Sidney's wife she could be of more use to him than ever—and that was saying much. Old Dr. Jellick had long been willing to sell out his practice, and ran her happy thoughts: "We can stay just where we are. This old house is endeared to us both, and the village and the people. Oh, Sidney, you do not know how much I have always loved you, and I never dreamed until now that you cared for me other than as a cousin! How my heart beats! I never expected to be so happy! But thank God, who is so good to us all!"—and she wept a little gush of grateful tears.

On she went with her castle-building. Wonderful things were to be done, everybody should share something of her happiness.

Her sister Carrie, in a year or so—she was only seventeen as yet, and too young—should go to New York and make a fortunate marriage; it would, of course, as Carrie was so very pretty, be only a question with herself as to which millionaire and paragon she should choose; they would be all at her disposal; perhaps she would fancy some duke's son from abroad—marriages of this sort were growing very common.

And so on builded Lavinia her beautiful architecture, until with a thrill she heard Sidney and Carrie disputing about the strawberries in the garden outside.

She went out to them, and Carrie, sunburnt and vexed, and with hands like Macbeth's, ran away with the berries to old Dorcas.

"She is such a romp, Sidney. I wonder you do not get out of patience with her."

"No, my stock of that article is unlimited. A wonderful day this—clear as crystal. The country in Summer—it is the nearest idea my not very vivid imagination can realize of heaven. I think, dear Vinnie," he said, laughing, "that it is just the sort of day on which to say something that has been in my thoughts for a long time."

"What can it be, Sidney?"

"You could never guess. It is something very serious and prosaic."

"Perhaps you had better postpone it."

"No, I might never have the courage again. Do you not feel an intuition of what is coming? I owe everything to you, dearest Vin; your money paid for my education—for the very bread I have eaten. I am in the attitude of one who still asks favors; this the last, I hope, but the greatest of all. Vinnie, I am in love, and one word from you seals my happiness or misery."

She was silent, looking down on the grass; but after a minute she spoke.

"Sidney, I must say frankly that I did not expect it. As to your obligations, they are now nothing; but once I did think them a tie that should always bind us together—friendship and gratitude—you understand? But if it has, as you think, grown into another feeling, those obligations are discharged; if, in fact, you love me, Sidney, and wish to make me your wife, it is I who am indebted and grateful to you, for I tell you frankly that it was, until this moment, a dream I did not dare allow myself to think of. But, since you wish it, I will be your wife, Sidney, and live henceforth with but the one thought of making myself worthy of you."

Red and pale by turns—tremulous, puzzled and bewildered at first, but divining at length the horrible truth—stood Sidney Linden.

Was there ever before so incredible a mistake? He knew not what to say or do. He had intended to ask Lavinia's approval of a contemplated proposal to Carrie—and what an appalling situation had arisen!

He was, indeed, bound by honor and gratitude to Lavinia, who had been so good to him, and he had intended always, in some dim fashion, to return something—he did not know exactly what; but paying the debt in this way had never entered his thoughts. He loved Carrie—a hidden romance of two years back; a real love—a part of his life, indeed. But here suddenly was catastrophe; he was ruined.

"Lavinia, I—of course I—" he stammered—"that was what I meant—to ask you to be my wife. I never had any other idea than to—to discharge my obligation in the one way—by asking you to—to accept me as your husband;" and he hung his head in shame.

Lavinia did not notice it, or, if she did, put her own interpretation on his confusion. She was quite too happy to realize details of what was happening; memory brings those back afterward. And, speaking very little more, they crossed the lawn to the house, and she went in.

She went up to her room and knelt at her bedside, and offered up a thankful prayer. Think of the ecstasy of winning something beyond your maddest hopes! And in shuffled old Dorcas to ask something about dinner, smiling broadly and rather idiotically, as usual.

"Well, Dorcas," said Lavinia, getting up and going to her and putting her hands tenderly on the old servant's shoulder, smiling radiantly; "you were right, and it is to be."

"I knowed it—didn't I?" said honest Dorcas, with a broader grin. "He often talked to me, as young men in love will with anybody, about the one they love; they'll even sit and hear her abused rather than not talk of her at all," went on wise Dorcas, who could see through a millstone as well as others.

Lavinia uttered a pleased laugh and kissed the old creature.

"He does love her, sure, and he says to me this very morning, 'I can't wait a day longer, and I am going to ask Lavinia for her to-day,' and you see he has done it, and got your consent."

It was not a cry, it was a kind of choke, as of some one dying suddenly of suffocation. Old Dorcas stared aghast—her mistress had fallen to the floor. But in one minute she was on her feet again, and, though pale, strong and steady.

"The idea of losing her, Dorcas—it is Carrie we mean, of course—it overcomes me a little," said Miss Vin; and Dorcas had never seen such a countenance out of a coffin. "But we must try to bear those things; he will make her a good husband. I think I will lie down for a moment."

So Dorcas, none the wiser, shambled out, and Lavinia crossed over to the window and stood looking out. I do not know what she saw there, but those moments had their tragedy which words can give no idea of.

And after awhile she went down and found Sidney seated on the little porch, just where she had left him. He looked up dismally enough.

"Sidney," she said, abruptly, "I don't know what you will think of me; but I have changed my mind since I saw you a few minutes ago. I cannot be your wife; but I may tell you this, that if you should ever fancy Carrie—you might learn to like her in time—it would make me very happy."

"But you, Lavinia——" he began, astounded.

"Well, I really was tempted to give you my hand, Sidney," she smiled; "but it was only the craze of an instant. Such a thing would never do, and you will say so yourself some years from now; and while I am grateful to you, Sidney, for thinking so much of me as to wish to make me your wife, I must tell you frankly that it is impossible. I was born for an old maid, and must die one. And now, if you are a wise man, you will turn your thoughts from me and bestow them upon Carrie."

And with a little laugh, in which there was nothing of her heartbreak, she turned and re-entered the house.

And to the hour of her death no one ever knew her secret.

A TRIP TO THE TECHE.

We were gliding down the Mississippi River through Lower Louisiana. Seated on the upper deck of a fine steamboat, high enough above the water to overlook the level lands, shaded from sun, a cool breeze, caused by the motion of the boat, fanning us, our arm-chairs tilted back at a comfortable angle—it was certainly the most enjoyable traveling in the world.

A panorama of great beauty passed before the eye. Stately veranda-surrounded residences of planters, with avenues of China-trees leading up to them, gleamed white in groves of deep-green live oaks and glossy-leaved magnolias; further back, standing in rows, were the cabins of the negroes, neat and whitewashed, and each with its little garden; then broad fields of waving sugar-cane and corn, and three or four miles back of all, the dim, mysterious, wooded swamp.

"The present State," said my friend, "constitutes but a small portion of what Louisiana originally was, yet within its limits some of the most interesting events in American history have been enacted. Its history is full of poetry of the highest order and most varied nature; the names of De Soto, Father Marquette, Joliet, La Salle, Iberville, Bienville, Napoleon, and many others known to fame, are connected with its annals. Physically, also, it is poetical and picturesque.

"But to see the beauties and peculiarities of Southwestern Louisiana, the Attakapus region and the Têche, and to study the characteristics of its Acadian inhabitants, to whose story a tinge of sentiment attaches, you must visit the interior. There deep, silent 'bayous' stretch like a net-work, their surface sometimes reflecting back the moss-bearded cypress, oaks, willows, and other trees that line their banks, sometimes covered with water-lilies, *graine-à-volet*, with its large leaves and bright-hued flowers, or with a floating plant, like brilliant green moss, that forms a complete covering, and keeps the water beneath sweet and pure. There, too, are clear, quiet lakes, some of them large and always deep; others deep enough for loaded steamboats to traverse in Winter, but becoming merely wide, grassy plains in Summer. The grand old primeval forest, its trees hung with tangled vines of the scuppernong grape and other mighty creepers. Vistas open into its dark recesses. Hidden in it, and themselves overgrown with large trees, are Indian mounds, relics of an unknown race, long since passed away; jungles of cane; ponds, in which myriads of water-fowl feed. Near the coast, wide, extended marshes, at some points firm enough for cattle to graze upon, at others forming the dreaded 'trembling prairie,' whose deceptive surface is apparently strong enough to bear the weight of the hunter, while underneath its thin crust is an unknown depth of water.

"Rising from these marshes, at a distance of five miles apart, are some lovely islands that loom like hills from the bosom of a lake, to a height of about two hundred feet.

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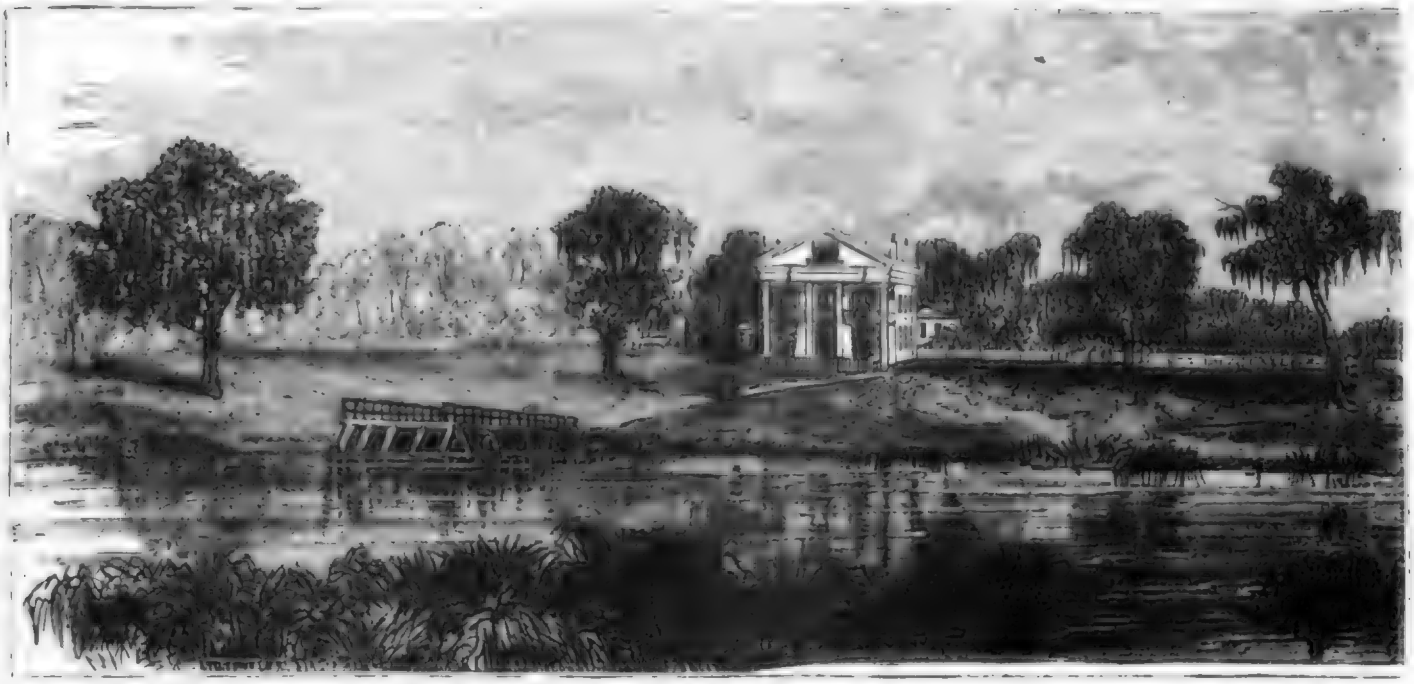
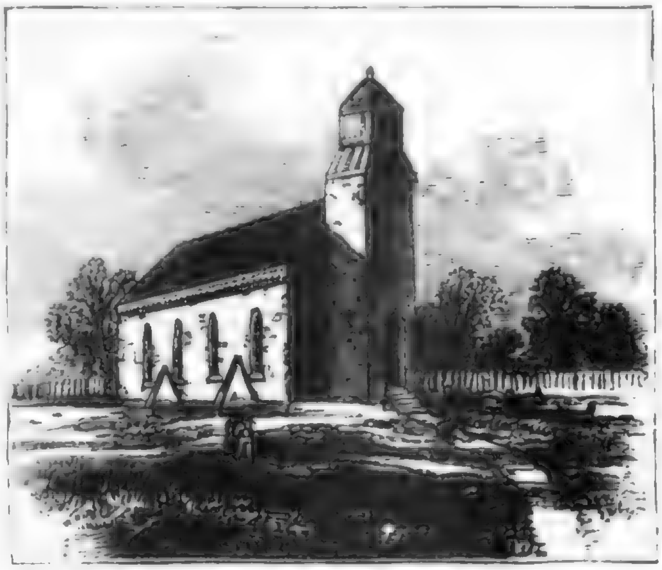


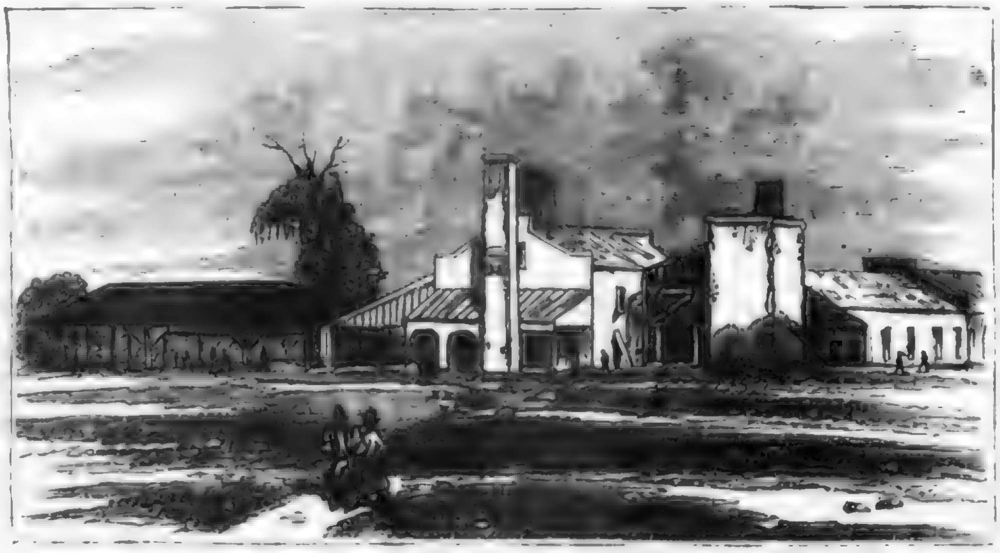
A PLANTER'S HOME ON THE TÊCHE.

None are more than two miles wide; they are embellished in places with a heavy growth of timber, and are cultivated in fine plantations. Their surface is beautifully diversified into ravines, valleys, hillsides, level plains, pastures, canebrakes, and pure fresh-water lakes, surrounded by trees, whose branches extend far over the tranquil water.



A CHURCH ON THE TÊCHE.

"One of these islands, Petite Anse, contains a marvelous mine of pure rock-salt; its galleries excavated by the miners glisten like crystal. The formation of such a mass of salt in this solitary island is one of the strangest freaks of nature. Near the surface of the salt, bones of the mastodon have been found; side by side with them, Indian baskets, made of wild cane, in a perfect state of preservation; some pottery, also, and near by an ancient Indian pottery kiln, with some of the pots in it entire.



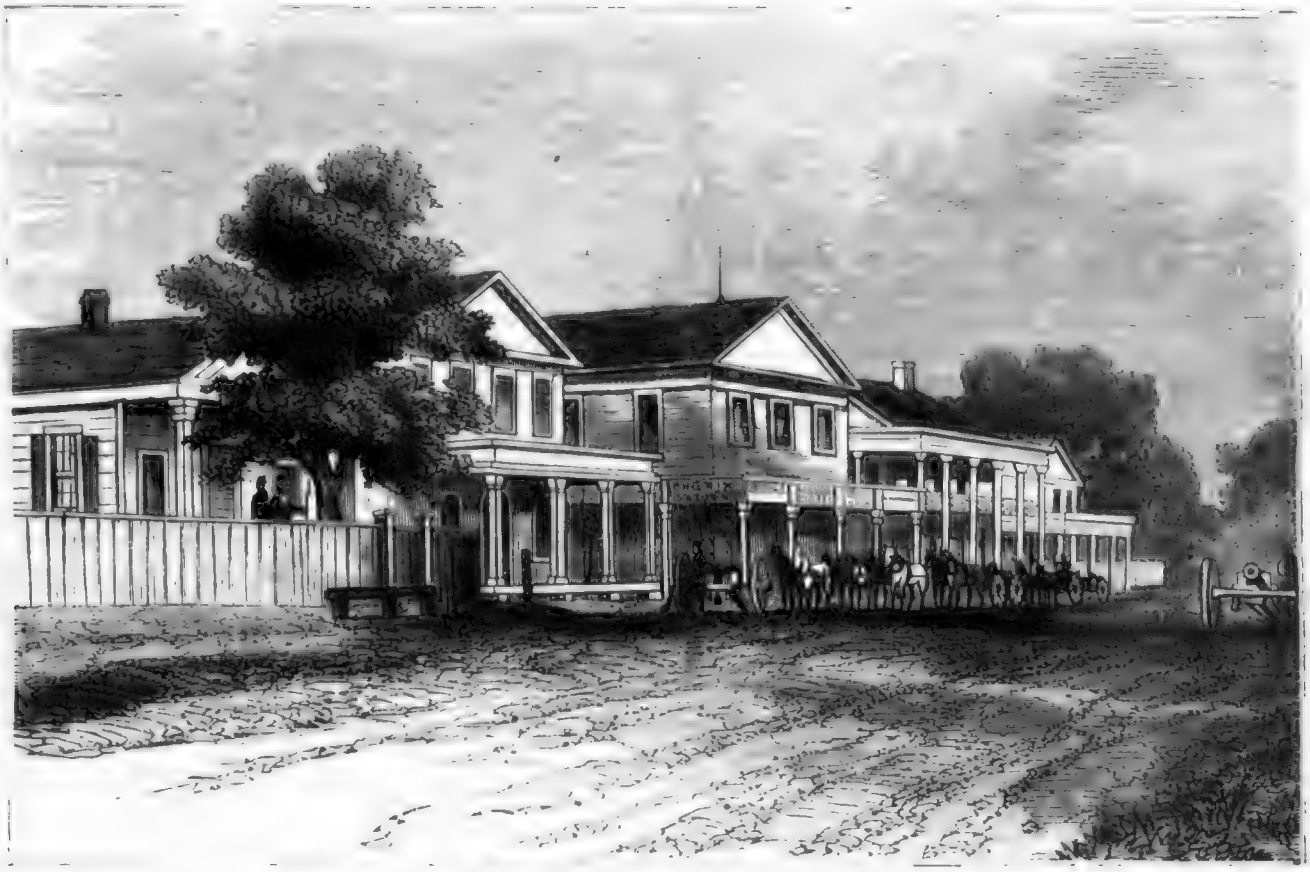
A SUGAR-MILL.

"A painter would be enchanted with the views on Orange Island. Banks descending steeply to a large lake; natural lawns gently sloping for miles; avenues of live-oaks and groves of tall magnolias. Yes," continued he, "although I have been over the country before, I would like to accompany you in a visit to the Têche and the prairies west of it, but other engagements interfere."

"Then I shall go alone," cried I. "Va pour le Têche!"

This bayou is about 150 miles long; its course is nearly parallel to, and about fifty miles west of, the Mississippi.

A few days after the conversation with my friend I had left Berwick's Bay on a small steamboat, and was ascending the Lower Têche. This portion of it is deep; its water ebbs and flows with the tide from the bay. At one hour of the day flowering aquatic plants and the green covering on its bosom pass "upward with the flood"; at another they repass on their downward way, their motion seeming strange in the otherwise deep stillness of the scene. The woods on either side have been cut away long years ago, but the banks are still thickly lined with trees. On one spot I saw three typical Southern trees growing

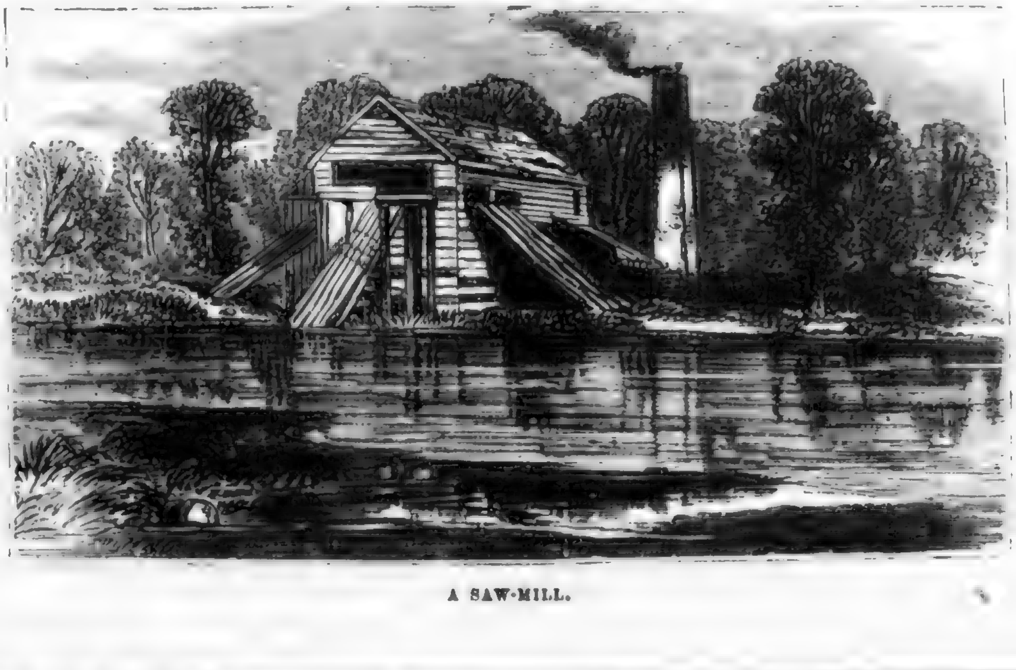


A TRIP TO THE TÊCHE.—A VIEW IN CENTREVILLE.

side by side—a live-oak, a magnolia, and a cypress. The plantations here are large, the mansions grand, their ample lawns slope to the water's edge, and are shaded by noble trees. At intervals white-painted, graceful drawbridges span the stream. The owners of these plantations are Americans and French Creoles, and evidences of wealth and refinement are seen on every hand.

The bayou further up is in many respects more beautiful than the Lower Têche. Its sloping green banks are about twenty feet high, and the scenery on both sides is charming. Forest-trees of tall, graceful growth—walnut, ash, hickory, pecan, gum, sycamore, magnolia, and many kinds of oak, besides the monarch live-oak; under them grows the flower-dotted grass. The beautiful, clean-looking prairies on the west side are as smooth and apparently as well-kept as the park of a gentleman's estate; and, where the skirts of timber meet the prairie, the trees are as trim and as even as though planted by the hand of man and carefully tended.

After leaving the boat, I had bought a Creole pony, intending to make the rest of my trip in the approved mode of traveling in the prairies—on horseback. My friends had given me a letter of introduction to Mr. B., a resident of the country, and I set out alone to find him. What I first found was, that I was among the true Acadians—for when I asked of an old negro, who was standing in front of a small house by the roadside, the way to Mr. B.'s, he replied, in negro patois, "*Moi pas cannais li, moi après coùrri demander*"—"I don't know him; I will ask." He soon brought out from the house a white man who, on my repeating the inquiry, answered, "*Je ne parle pas l'Anglais.*" Finding, however, that I could speak French, he politely gave me the proper directions, and even rode a part of the way with me, through a skirt of woods and into the next prairie, where Mr. B. lived.



A SAW-MILL.

The Acadians are descendants of French Canadians who, in 1755, were exiled by the British Government from the province of Acadie, or Nova Scotia. They no longer wear the costumes of their ancestors, the first settlers—otherwise, their manners, customs, and mode of life have changed but little in the past hundred years. The houses of those who live in the prairies are small and built of wood; all have a porch in front. They are usually located on the edge of a belt of timber, but often out on the open prairie; they are generally in a yard surrounded by a pointed picket fence, though sometimes nothing separates them from the wide-extending prairie in the front, or the woods in the rear.

The true Acadian does as little labor as possible. Everything around him is of the simplest, yet he avoids buying anything that can be made at home. The women may be seen spinning on old-fashioned wheels, and weaving on hand-looms; they make and dye a kind of cloth called "Attakapas jeans"—enough for the needs of the family, and some to sell. They carry on what may be termed "light" housekeeping. On wash-days, they repair to the edge of the nearest bayou, dip the clothes in the water, and soft-soap them; no complicated washing-machines or patent wringers to annoy them—no: squatted on a short plank that extends a little over the water, they beat the wet clothes on the plank with a paddle, and then rinse them in the bayou.

The men do not devote much time to agriculture. Their chief wealth is in ponies and cattle, that roam on the common prairie; and to attend to these, they necessarily pass much of their time on horseback. They are skillful riders; but an Acadian, dressed in home-made blue cotton clothes, with a broad-brimmed, coarse palmetto hat, and mounted on a pony—his feet almost touching the ground—is not a graceful sight. They use large Spanish saddles, long whips, or spurs with immense rowels. At the pommel of the saddle hangs a coil of hair-rope, which, like the smaller bridle-reins of twisted hair, is of home manufacture. Under all this, the little horse seems lost; but these horses are a hardy race, and will gallop for miles with their riders—in fact, they seem able to gallop indefinite distances without being injured. The walk and gallop are their only endurable gaits. They are tricky, shying little beasts, for they are broken in suddenly and cruelly; they are seldom shod, and, if at all, only on the forefeet.

When a genuine Acadian accumulates a few thousand dollars, as some of them do—enough to make him wealthy in the eyes of his brethren, he does not materially change his mode of life. His hospitality cannot be much increased, for it has always been of the freest; his house and furniture remain similar to those of his poor neighbors. All are ready to aid each other—and perhaps none should be called really poor, for their tasks are simple; they usually have enough to supply their wants, and are content. Their food is plain; although they own thousands of cows, yet milk and butter are seldom seen on their tables.

On the morning after my arrival at Mr. B.'s, where I met with a hearty welcome, we had milk. I was helped to an inviting-looking bowl of it; but, on placing it to my lips, great was my disappointment to find the milk bitter as gall, owing to the cows having been allowed to roam at will on the prairie and feed on the wild camomile. The family drank this bitter milk without remark.

The younger members seemed deeply interested discussing some event.

"It is a wedding," said the mother; "the daughter of one of our friends is to be married this evening."

"Any relation of yours?" I asked.

"Ma foi, she must be; same name. You know there are hundreds of families here bearing the same name, all living comparatively close together. If monsieur would do us the favor to be present at the wedding he would be welcome."

Of course I accepted so sincere an invitation, and that afternoon we started for the house, the mother and daughter crowded together into a queer-looking buggy, drawn by one horse; the father, sons and myself on ponies. Arrived there, we saw numbers of buggies outside, and many horses hitched to the fence, trees and posts. The young men were congregated together outside and on the piazza, talking in French. Their conversation turned on local matters, for an Acadian knows but little of the world outside his own people. He is proud of being a Creole, and does not at all wish to be considered "American." His political ambition is limited to minor parish offices, yet the holder of one of these becomes an important personage to his neighbors; particularly to those among them who speak no English, and there are thousands who do not. These cannot understand the restless disposition of the Americans, and are shy and suspicious of them; with some show of reason, too, for the lower class of Americans are apt to ridicule the lack of energy and spirit in those whom they contemptuously call "Cajuns."

At the wedding I was an object of polite curiosity, as "un jeune homme de la ville." After the wedding the feasting was prolonged, that being an important part of the proceedings.

The young men and women had kept pretty well apart until dancing began. In fact, it is only at balls or dances that free conversation between young people of the two sexes can take place, the girls being always under the surveillance of their elders. Of balls, however, the Acadians have many, for they are inordinately fond of dancing. In one settlement of about one hundred and fifty families there are no less than sixty fiddlers. They are a merry people, and obtain at small expense a great amount of social enjoyment.

Horse-racing is a favorite pastime with the men, and Sunday, after mass, is the favorite day for it. Their races are merely quarter-mile dashes, run by the common ponies of the country, but it is amusing to see how much interest the men can take in them. The pony I had bought was considered rather a superior animal, and in one or two impromptu trials of speed with other ponies, since my arrival, had come in ahead. Some of the young men concluded that he might be made to develop considerable speed, and matched him against a somewhat noted horse of the neighborhood; the race to come off in five days, as I was to leave on my return trip about that time.

More interest than usual was evinced in the affair, as my pony was from a distance, a "dark" horse, so to say, while with the points of the other horse everybody was familiar. Immediately all the young men of our prairie took sides, for or against my pony; it requires so little to create an excitement in their monotonous lives. It was wonderful what an object of interest my little horse had become. He was put under a regular course of training, and particular attention was paid to his food. Young men came constantly to see him before wagering their cash. Some of the most knowing among them declared that he was the better horse, but that he was hide-bound, and therefore would not make as good time as he otherwise might. His trainers at once set to work to remedy the defect, by currying, brushing and rubbing with the hand. Their intentions were good, but, unfortunately, the time was too short for such treatment; the truth of the old saying, "Save me from my friends," was exemplified. On the day of the race he was no longer hide-bound, but he was sore in every joint, and was beaten by an inferior horse, much to the financial discomfiture of his backers.

Both sexes among the Acadians are inveterate gossips; the men will spend hours telling neighbors news, and smoking perique tobacco. Their educational facilities are poor, and thousands among them cannot read or write.

I found the Acadians hospitable and kind, and will always look upon my trip among them as one of the pleasantest of my life.

A THRUSH'S SONG.

THE fire burned low, the day was nearly ended,
And I was sad at heart and all alone;
My thoughts with pain and sorrow so were blended,
I turned impatient, with a heart-wrung groan,
To the wide window, where, through small soft rain,
A sweet thrush raised its lovely liquid strain.

So am I, said I, vainly ever trying
To sing my song through rain that ever falls—
Through night-winds bleak that never stay their sighing,
Through such a strife that all my soul appals;
There is no room for me; why should I try
To sing at all, when surely I must die?

The bird sang on, and through his stream of singing
I seemed to hear him tell of Summertime—
The Summer that pale Spring is surely bringing
To bless us with its rose-perfumèd clime.
And so I did forget my present woe,
In thinking that this cold gray time will go.

The bird was silent; and no more for ever
Could I distinguish him from all the rest—
Such birds are all alike. How could I sever
This one wild songster with the speckled breast
From that vast tribe whose songs are sung at eve—
When daylight dies, and mourners sadly grieve?

What did it matter? 'tis the song that lingers,
Hid in the place that Memory claims as his;
And none may tell when Time's cold withered fingers
May ope the shrine where that song surely is.
The singer dies, but leaves behind the song.
The only thing that to him doth belong.

And so, O heart! when thou art sad and tired,
Still sing thy songs. Perchance when thou art dead,
One little word of hope, one thought inspired,
May still live on, e'en though thyself art
And it all dies, yet hast thou done thy b
And so hast earned an everlasting rest.

THE COUNTESS'S DIAMONDS.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

EVERY one knew that of all the jewels in Mexico, whether hereditary and brought from old Spain in the early days; whether purchased in more modern times, or mysteriously appropriated in the confiscation of Church property by Juarez, none were more magnificent than those of the Countess de las Rozas, especially the set of diamonds preserved with so much care and self-denial through three generations of varying fortunes, civil war and increasing poverty. And now that the countess was no longer young or beautiful, and the stately Imperial Court had given place to the poor imitation of Republican government, so foreign to all the traditions of Spanish blood, nothing could be more natural than that the countess—widowed, and about to flee with her daughter and two or three faithful old servants—should consign her jewels for safe-keeping to the Bank of Vera Cruz, reputed to be the safest and strongest and best guarded within five hundred miles of Sansprito, where the family De las Rozas had resided for more than a century. And so it came about that late one windy and rainy evening, just as Fernando Herrara, the cashier and factotum of the Bank of Vera Cruz, was bidding his daughter Dolores look round the house and see that all was in order for the night, a loud knock at the door announced a visitor.

Dolores opened, and lo! no less a visitor than the confidential servant of the Countess de las Rozas stood upon the threshold, saluted the girl with affable condescension, and demanded her father.

The cashier came at once, and Señora Jacinta, with a whispered word and sign, beckoned him out into the wet night, and led the way to the little donkey-carriage at the gate, where sat the countess, who hurriedly said:

"I have called upon you, Señor Herrara, in this manner, because my business demands both haste and the greatest secrecy. I have here in this carriage the chest containing all my jewels, and I wish to place it in your bank, and under your especial charge, for safekeeping during my proposed absence from Sansprito."

"But, madame, the bank is closed, and——"

"Do not I know it?" interrupted the lady, impatiently; "and was not I telling you why I came at this hour, instead of to the bank in banking hours? Do you suppose I wish the whole town to ring with the news that the most valuable jewels in Mexico are placed in the safe of the Bank of Vera Cruz, that we may have every brigand in the country plotting their robbery? No, my dear Herrara, it is you, and you alone, besides my good Jacinta here, who will know the truth; all the rest of the world will understand that the jewel-chest goes with some other boxes to be sent to the capital to-morrow; but, trust me, I am too wily to place the cream under the cat's nose for safe-keeping. The Government has robbed the churches; the next thing will be the women's trinkets, and mine shall be hard to find. Come now, señor, and get on your hat and cloak, take the keys of the bank, tell your daughter that I have come to draw my last real from the bank and cannot wait for daylight, and then step into the *calèche*, and Jacinta will drive us to the bank. I wish to see my chest deposited in the large safe, and to take a receipt before I leave it.

"Señora contessa, it is impossible!"

"Indeed! And why, if I may inquire?"

"Do not be angry, madame, for it is by no fault of mine. I have only one of the keys necessary to open the inner door of the bank; the other is in the possession of my assistant, Henrico Domez, who——"

"Did you speak my name, señor?" asked a blithe young voice in the darkness, as the steps of an approaching passenger hastened a little and paused in the darkness beside the *calèche*.

"You, Henrico!" exclaimed the cashier.

"Yes, father-in-law," replied the gay voice. "I was going home from a little *fandango* up here, and made it in my road to come round this way."

"Has he the other key?" whispered the countess, resting her skinny hand on the cashier's shoulder and whispering in his ear.

"Yes, madame."

"Then he, too, must be trusted. Do you vouch for his honesty, Herrara?"

"As for my own, madame."

A SPORTSMAN IN THE TÈCHE COUNTRY.

"Then, young man, listen!" And the countess, in her brief and haughty style, repeated to the newcomer the same story she had already given to the cashier, and demanded that he should accompany them to the bank and assume a portion of the responsibility of the deposit.

After a word with his principal, Domez consented, and walking rapidly along beside the little carriage, kept it in view, while Herrara, honored with a seat beside the countess, briefly explained that Henrico Domez, besides being his own deputy and probable successor in the Bank of Vera Cruz, was the betrothed lover of his daughter Dolores, and thus doubly bound to aid and uphold him in every manner.

The grim little stone building, so strongly resembling a jail, was reached at length, and the two men, under direction of the countess, lifted out the little steel-safe with its patent lock, and Henrico having unlocked the outer door, they carried it in, followed by the countess; while Jacinta jumped out to hold the head of the restive donkey and turn the carriage before her mistress should wish to remount.

As she did this, she was sure that some person brushed past her in the darkness and disappeared within the open door of the bank; but as Caroche, the donkey, chose that moment for lashing out viciously and at the same time biting at her shoulder, Jacinta found her attention fully occupied in attending to him, and when the rest of the party returned, some fear of blame or ridicule prevented her from mentioning what might, after all, have been but a fancy.

So she drove silently homeward, and the Countess de las Rozas, before she slept, sewed the receipt of the cashier and his assistant into her corset, and smiled to think how completely she had fooled the robbers—whether brigands, or lawless radical soldiery, or Government—whichever might be planning to enrich themselves with the De las Rozas jewels.

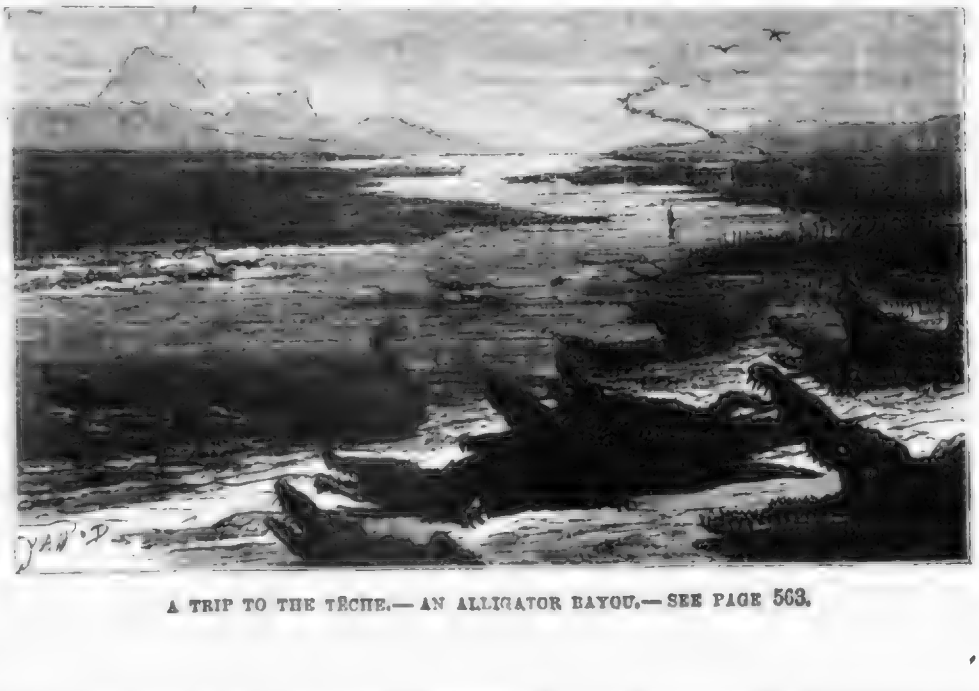
The next morning the porter of the bank found a window on the lower floor unfastened although closed, and fearing that his own neglect had left it so, was careful to say nothing about it.

That night, far within the rocky defiles of the mountain region about Sansprito, half-a-dozen men sat crouching around a fire of dried pine limbs built against the back of a shallow cave, listening eagerly to the story of one, who, gesticulating freely, had whispered:

"So, finding all secure, I was just about leaving, when up drew the light carriage of the De las Rozas herself, and with her Herrara and Domez. They lifted out and carried up-stairs a heavy box. I saw it. I slipped in behind them. I crept up, and through the chink of the door I saw her open and show the inside to the two men. *Basta, camaradas!* The glitter of the diamonds is in my eyes at this moment! But you know the jewels—we have spoken of them many a time; and now—now they are in that little stone building, which we might carry off upon our shoulders if we chose."

Ten days more, and the countess, with her child and her waiting-maid, has gone to visit some relatives in a quieter part of the country, having first, with ostentatious care, sent a laden pack-mule, under charge of four armed men, to the capital, whither she proposed finally to follow them.

Partly from his own choice, partly by the wish of the directors of the bank, Señor Herrara sleeps in the building every night, besides the porter, who also acts as night-

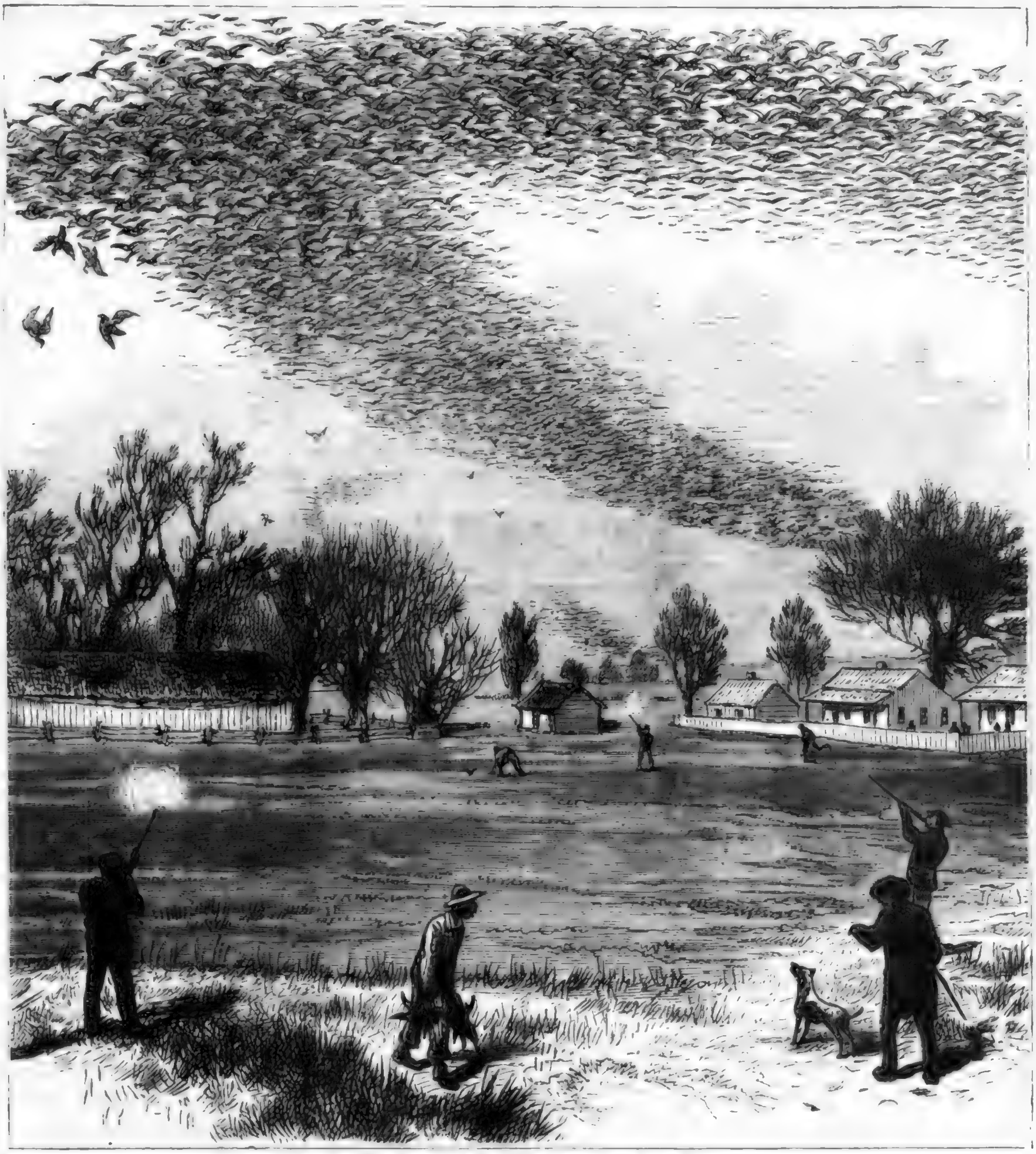


A TRIP TO THE TÈCHE.—AN ALLIGATOR BAYOU.—SEE PAGE 563.

watchman; his assistant often shares his watch, but is never permitted to act as substitute, the stanch old man holding to his trust as a bulldog does to his prey.

But now comes the wedding of Maria Panina, the dearest friend of Dolores Herrara, and she is resolved to be present at the festivity with Henrico, who at first declares he cannot possibly go to the neighboring town for a night, and finally consents with a very bad grace.

Dolores pouts, but is finally appeased, and the lovers arrive at Maria's house in good season; but scarcely has the dancing begun, when Henrico is reported absent without leave, and does not return until long after midnight, when Dolores refuses to speak to him, and announcing her intention of remaining all the next day with her friends, dismisses her lover, who, in apparent anger, again withdraws and returns no more.



PIGEON-SHOOTING ON THE TÈCHE.—SEE PAGE 563.

But while this scene of youthful love and anger, of causeless quarrel and petty mystery, is being played at Dominico, what is going on at Sansprito—at the Bank of Vera Cruz?

Señor Herrara had perhaps found it a little dull at home with his pretty Dolores away, and no one but old Anina to make his supper-hour bright and comfortable; at any rate, he staid but the briefest space at home, and returned to the bank just as dusk was deepening into dark; went around, followed by Tomas, the porter, to examine every door and window, and test the fastenings with his own hands; and then, while Tomas prepared for him the pallet upon which he was content to spend his nights, the cashier opened the safe, examined the fastenings of the strong-box containing the gold on hand for that day, carefully tested the look of the steel safe, and then, with a sigh of relief, refastened the outer safe, and placing the keys in a girdle about his body, lay down, and was presently asleep, while Tomas, descending to the lower floor, spread his own couch, and, after a few pipes of peace in the shape of corn-husk cigarettes, stretched himself upon it and went soundly to sleep.

Midnight sounded, and, as if the twelve sonorous peals of the church-clock had been a spell to evoke the dwellers of midnight darkness to action, a dark form slowly rose from behind some empty cases piled at one side of the lower passage, and, after waiting a moment to make sure that all was still, crept softly to the side of the porter's bed, and before the unfortunate Tomas knew what had befallen him, had silenced him for ever.

The next act was to softly unbar and open a window at the back of the building, and utter the low chirp of a cricket three times, with a pause between each call.

Obedient to the signal, six dark and silent figures stepped noiselessly in at the open window, and held a whispered consultation with him who had opened to them, and who presently led the way up the stairs, posted his confederates in an angle of the passage, and then, knocking cautiously at the door of the upper room, where the bank business was transacted, called cautiously, and in a fair imitation of the porter's voice:

"Master! Señor Herrara! Waken, and let me in!"

"What? Who is it? What is wanted?" called the half-roused sleeper, starting to his feet.

"It is I—Tomas Lopez, master—let me in, I beg of you; I believe there are robbers without."

"Robbers!" exclaimed the dauntless old man, hastily dragging on some clothes and catching up a pistol; "where do you hear them, Tomas?" and, with the word, he unlocked and threw open the door, peering out into the dark passage as he spoke.

Out from that darkness glides form after form, apparitions or robbers, he knows not which, but, aiming wildly, he fires uselessly, and then the poor, brave old man is knocked down by the rush of all the assassins together, bound and gagged, and threatened with more and worse ill-treatment if he does not help the robbers to secure the prey for which they have come.

The outer door of the safe is not very difficult to force for seven strong men armed with various burglar's tools, and such spoil as is to be found in the larger compartments is soon appropriated; but the strong-box, containing the gold of the bank, and the steel safe inclosing the jewels of the Countess de las Rozas, are secured by patent locks, imported for this very purpose, and defying all the skill of the robbers even to begin to comprehend, since no visible keyhole offers so much as a point upon which to begin operations.

"*Maldita!* Is there no way to crack this nut, then?" growls the leader, whom the rest address simply as *capitano.*

"The old man could tell," suggests another, with an evil glance toward the cashier.

"Ay, but if you give him the use of his voice he will bellow for help, and have the town upon us," adds a third.

El capitano rolls out a horrible oath, meditates a moment, then says:

"Bundle him up and carry him between two of you. Take the safe, and the box, and all these papers. He can tell us what is of value and what is not, and no doubt he knows the secret of these locks. We will carry him where he may bellow all he likes and no one be the wiser. Ay, and if he is stubborn, we will give him something to bellow for."

The men exchanged sinister and gloomy looks with each other at these last words, and the two stout ruffians rolled the helpless old man in the blankets of his bed, lifted him like a log between them; others loaded themselves with all that was to be found either of real or possible value in the safe—and just as Dolores was angrily wondering what had become of her absent lover, her father's captors left the bank as quietly as they had entered it, laid the old man across a donkey left waiting at a little distance out of the town, and rapidly pushed on to the rocky fastnesses of the wild forest-land surrounding the little place.

Next day the excitement in Sansprito was intense, for nearly every one of consequence in the place had lost something, either of valuables deposited for safekeeping in the bank, or of money invested in the Bank of Vera Cruz, and rage at the missing cashier was for a while the preponderating sentiment.

Henrico Domez appeared upon the scene late in the day, but with no explanation of whence he came, and no suggestion to offer as to the probable robber or the mode of following and recapturing him or the booty.

That the guilty party could have been Herrara, he indignantly denied; but when asked for the grounds of his certainty, had none to give, except the character and life of the old man, whom all Sansprito had known and respected for sixty years.

"And where were you all last night, Señor Domez?" asked the president of the bank, after the examination had proceeded thus far.

"At the marriage *festa* of Maria Panina, at Los Piños," replies the young man, glibly.

"But Dolores Herrara, whose testimony has already been received, avers that you left the *festa* some time in the evening, and did not return until after midnight. Where were you during that period, Señor Domez?" asks the president, gravely.

"I was engaged on private business, Señor President."

"Ay, but where, and with whom? It is desirable that you should account for those hours very clearly to us, lest we hand you over to those who question more sharply, and punish him who refuses to answer," suggests the president, sternly.

But Henrico Domez steadily refused any answer other than those already given; and at the end of the investigation he was dismissed with the consciousness that something more than suspicion attached to his name, and that it was very likely active legal measures would be at once commenced against him.

He went at once to Dolores, but his reception there was not of a nature to bring cheer or comfort. The loving young girl seemed transformed to a stern inquisitor, and when she found her questions evaded or directly refused an answer, her cold displeasure gave way to bitter anger, in the midst of which she at last said:

"I believe that you are false to me and to your trust, both one and the other. Go! and if you ever desire to see my face again, bring my father with you, his innocence proved, and the guilt of others established."

"I take you at your word, señorita," replied the unhappy lover, in a tone as bitter as her own. "Farewell until the day you describe shall come."

He was gone; and whether Dolores repented of her hasty sentence or not, when she found it so suddenly gone into effect, we cannot say. At any rate, she had time to reflect upon the matter in her lonely home, with no companions but Margarita, the deaf old servant, and an aunt who had come at her summons to act as duenna so long as the young girl should be alone.

When it was discovered the next day that Henrico

Domez had left town, his guilt was considered proven, as well as that of his elder associate, and if Dolores had wished to show herself abroad she would not have dared to do so, knowing that she was looked upon as the daughter and betrothed of robbers, and, perhaps, as their accomplice.

* * * * * *

In the gray of a rainy dawn, the robbers reached the spot where we have first seen them, and, having unloaded their senseless captive from the donkey, threw him down upon a bed of leaves in the back of the shallow cave, placed the steel safe, the strong-box, and some packages of money and papers in a niche beside him, and, having made a fire without, sat down to eat, rest, and decide upon their future course of action.

After a good deal of discussion, it was finally decided two or three of the band should go back to the town, and hang about for a while, to ascertain whether the robbery was laid to their charge, and what measures were to be adopted for the recovery of the treasure.

The remainder were to wait where they were for the return of the spies, and decide the next movement by their report.

El Capitano, as being the most intelligent of the troupe, was to lead the party, and rapidly proceeded, by changes of dress and equipment, to make himself into the semblance of an honest country cattle-driver; Tomas and Jago followed his example. Antonio and Pedro were left to guard the cave with its contents, and Miguel, with Pepito, were dispatched to a fastness several miles further in the mountains, where the rest of the band awaited the return of their chief, with orders to prepare for a feast to celebrate the grand *coup* achieved by that worthy leader.

The two parties left almost as soon as their plans were matured, since celerity and decision are two of the principal tactics of the gentleman of the road in every country and every age, and in a few moments from the announcement of El Capitano's decision, Antonio and Pedro were left alone beside the dying fire, where their coffee still simmered, and beside which the two brigands stretched themselves, pipe in mouth, to discuss the event of the night, and the probable sequel.

But lying beside a fire, pipe in mouth, is a dangerous amusement for weary men if they are intended to act as sentinels, and it was scarcely an hour before both ruffians slept as soundly and dreamlessly as innocent babies, their heads pillowed upon their blood-stained hands, from which their weapons had fallen long since.

But if they slept, their captive waked and watched. From where he lay the scene at the mouth of the cave was plainly visible, and no sooner did Antonio and Pedro stretch themselves beside the fire, than Fernando Herrara began silently, but vigorously, to work upon the bonds about his arms, which he had already felt becoming looser since he was thrown into his present position.

Another hour passed, and the cashier slowly and cautiously rose to his feet, stretched first one and then another limb, drew in a long breath or two, and, finding himself as fit for action as ever, he rapidly and silently proceeded to go through the parcel of papers and valuables bundled together by the robbers, placing some in his various pockets and about his person, and making the others into a compact package.

Then he turned his eyes upon the strong-box and the steel safe containing the jewels of the Countess de las Rozas. To carry these away in his arms was impossible; the steel safe alone was a load for any man, even for a short distance, and the strong-box was almost equally heavy.

The cashier hesitated for several moments, and then the feeling of chivalry and honor decided the point. The jewels were a trust confided to him personally by a woman who relied upon his word that they should be safely restored to her; they must be his first care; and, with a last regretful look at the strong-box, whose contents were too bulky to be carried away in his already loaded pockets, he seized the safe in his arms, and, stepping lightly as a cat, stole out of the cave, past the sleeping robbers and down the ravine leading to the cave.

As soon as possible he turned off the path into the thorny and tangled chapparal, and putting down the safe, which seemed tearing his arms from their sockets, he wiped his brow and considered his future course. To carry the safe further was all but impossible, and at every instant he dreaded to hear the shouts of the pursuers upon his track. The best plan, obviously, was to conceal the casket and make the best of his way back to Sansprito, get help from the mayor of the little town, and return to rescue that, and perhaps the rest of the plunder as well.

Once more raising his burden in his weary arms, Herrara pushed still further into the thicket, until he suddenly found further progress checked by an abrupt precipice, falling sheer away at his feet into a deep ravine, its extent concealed by the thick growth of trees and shrubs clothing the face of the cliff. A little below the edge stood, or rather clung, the remains of an old chestnut-tree, its roots torn almost from their hold by some tornado, or perhaps, by the assaults of many; while the cavity left by these uptorn roots was filled by a tangled growth of cactus and thorns, twined together in a jungle of greenery and brilliant flowers, defended by spines and poisonous thorns.

Into the midst of this jungle Herrara, after a little hesitation, rolled the steel safe, confiding in the rapid growth of the cactus to hide in a few hours any trace of disturbance, and, by means of a long stick, pushing some dried leaves and forest litter into the slight track the box had left in its descent.

This done, the old man, instead of retracing his steps, kept on along the edge of the cliff for some distance, so as to lead his pursuers, in case they should be following his trail, away from the hiding-place of the safe, even though he thus directed them upon his own path. Making a long detour, the fugitive at length regained the path leading toward the town, joyfully emerged into it at a point above its conjunction with another path, and had scarcely time to look one way and the other before a stern voice cried:

"Halt! It is the cashier! He has escaped! He has murdered our comrades, and——"

Three pairs of sinewy hands seized him, three pairs of ferocious eyes menaced him, three angry voices questioned him, and the unhappy man found himself the captive of El Capitano and his companions, just returning from their journey to the town. Defense was useless, and he attempted none, but, in silent despair, suffered his hands to be bound—this time with brutal violence—and moved on in front of his captors, who goaded him on with the points of their long knives as often as he lagged in the least.

The gloomy procession, thus arranged, rapidly traversed the mile or more of rough country between this point and the cave, and arrived just as the two delinquents, aroused from their slumber and missing their captive, were searching wildly around for traces of his flight.

El Capitano stood and sternly regarded them for some moments, asked a few sharp questions, and finally demanded if all the booty was safe. A rapid search, first in the cave and then upon the person of the captive, revealed the loss of the steel safe and its contents, and the captain, turning his menacing gaze upon Herrara, demanded its whereabouts.

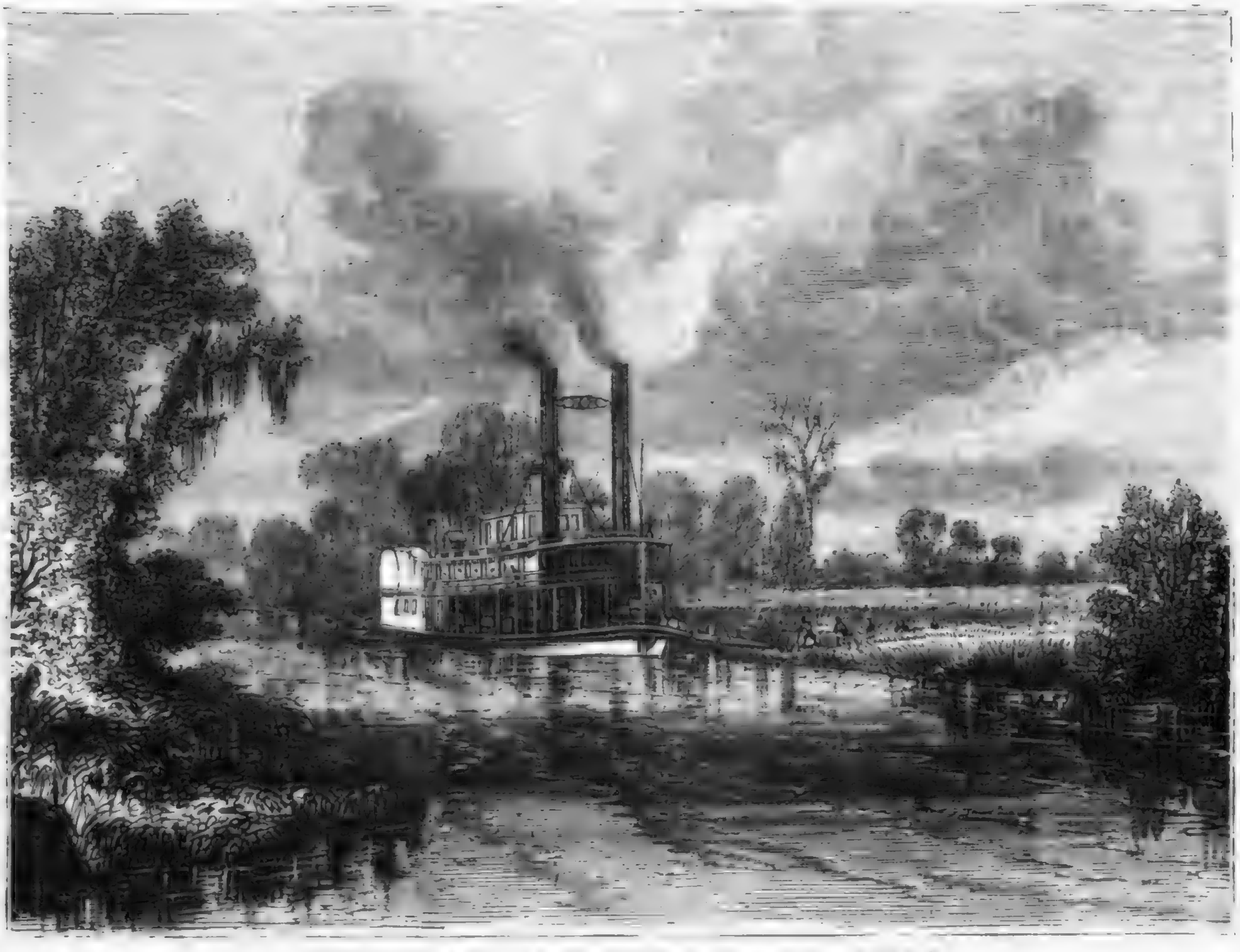
"I cannot tell," was the brief response.

"Cannot, or will not, señor?" demanded El Capitano, fingering a pistol at his belt.

"I cannot tell," repeated the cashier, stolidly, nor could persistence, threats, promises or arguments draw any further reply from him.

"So be it!" exclaimed El Capitano, in a rage too intense for violence. "We will take this forgetful gentleman along with us to the grotto, and perhaps to-night we shall find some way to make him remember what he has so strangely lost from mind within two hours. As for you—dogs—traitors——"

Two reports of the pistol, and all was said. Life was not very precious in Mexico in those days, not very precious among these bandits at any time. The men had betrayed their trust, through their negligence the whole band suffered, so it was probably as well that they should suffer for the band. At any rate, no one objected, and half an hour later every living creature had left the ravine, and from the thick chapparal around low rustlings and breathings proclaimed that creatures less ferocious, less cruel than those who departed were coming to occupy their place.



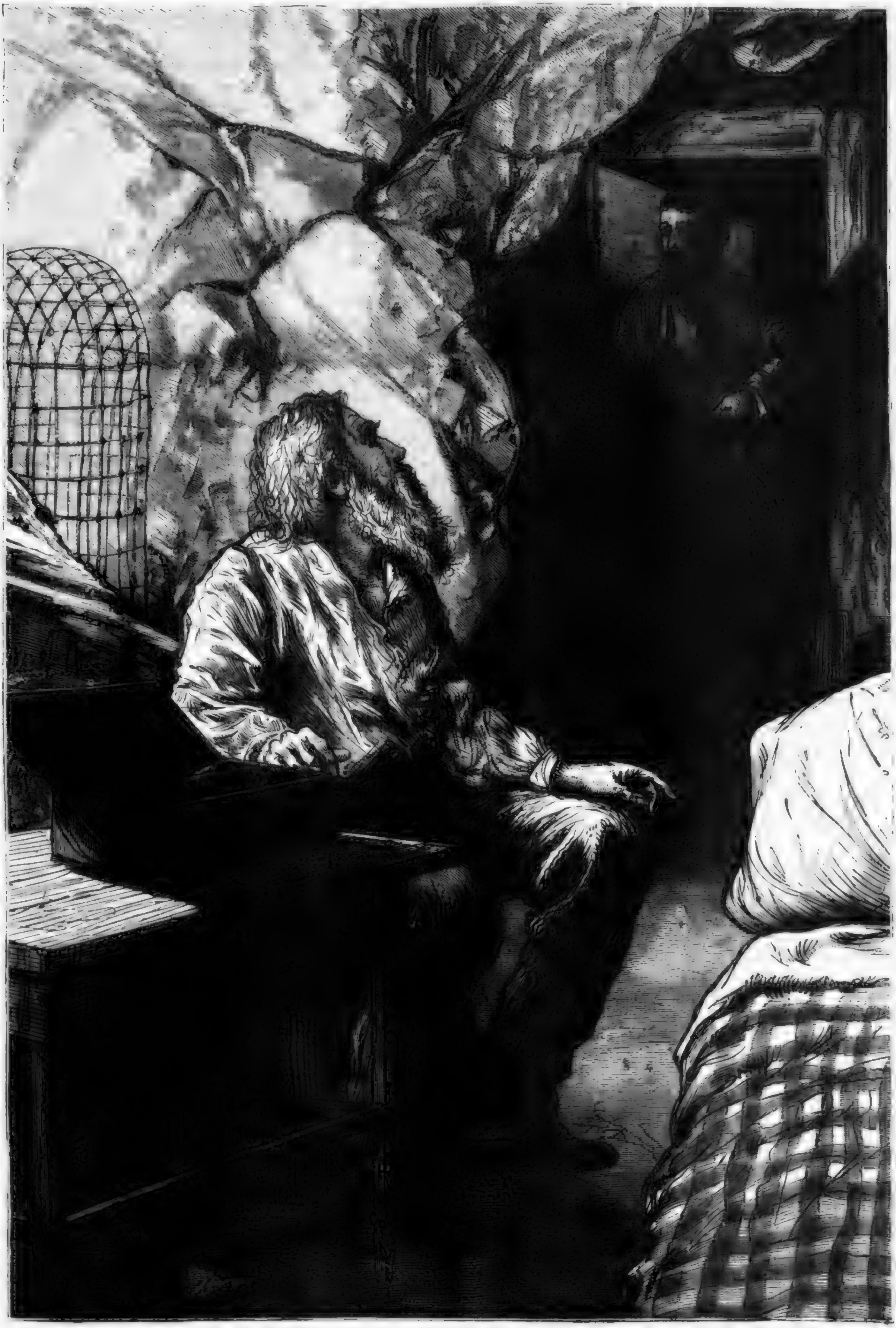
A TRIP TO THE TÊCHE.—A STEAMER TAKING IN COTTON.—SEE PAGE 563.

It was midnight. The robbers had enjoyed their feast, and divided such plunder as remained to them, setting aside the papers, whose value they did not understand, until such time as the cashier should explain their meaning, and point out the means of making them available. And now, the food all eaten, the aguadiente all drank, the fires burned down, the larger part of the band, including the wretched women who followed their fortunes, were dispatched to their slumbers, a watch set for the night, and El Capitano, nodding to two of his chief followers, led the way into a small cavern devoted to his own use, and motioned the last comer to close and bar the door.

The place was small, but in a corner of the rock a great fire had been lighted some hours previously, and had now burned down to a heap of glowing coals, whose concentrated heat made of the whole cavern a furnace wherein one scarce could draw his breath.

"Open the trap-door, Juan, and give us a whiff of air," ordered El Capitano, and, as the lieutenant obeyed, his superior stooped and dragged up from the corner something looking more like a sack of old clothes than a human being, but which was really the bound and helpless and sorely abused form of Fernando Herrara. The robber captain looked at him for a moment, then signed to the third man to unbind and ungag the captive, and seat him upon a billet of wood opposite his own seat. Then he slowly said:

"Old man, you are in the hands of men without mercy and without fear—men who value neither your life nor their own the whiff of a cigarette, and who know no law but their own pleasure. Now you can judge how safe it will be to trifle with such men, or how much chance you will have in a contest with them. I ask you once more, what have you done with the safe containing the jewels of the Countess de las Rozas?—and if you do not answer honestly, I shall proceed to give you a taste of the persuasion never yet found to fail with the most obstinate. Where is the safe?"



THE COUNTESS'S DIAMONDS.—"FONDLY EXAMINING THE MUSIC-BOX, SAT AN OLD MAN WITH WHITE HAIR, AND A VACANT, CHILDLIKE FACE, IN WHOM DOMEZ PAINFULLY RECOGNIZED HIS FRIEND AND CHIEF."

"I cannot say, Señor Capitano," replied the cashier, stubbornly.

"Roberto, pull off his shoes and stockings, bind him to the chair and put him to the fire," ordered the captain, briefly; and, with the speed of long practice, the two myrmidons stripped the unfortunate man, bound him in such a manner that the soles of his feet were immovably fixed outward, and pushed him close to the bank of glowing coals.

For several moments the old man bore the torture bravely; then a shriek of agony burst from his lips, and he writhed convulsively in his bonds.

"Tell me where the safe is, and you shall be released!" demanded El Capitano, coldly.

"I cannot tell!—I cannot tell!" cried the sufferer, again and again, his anguish finding some relief in outcry, even of denial.

"He'll never give in," muttered Juan—"he'll die first!"

"Or go mad, like the last one," replied Roberto, in the same tone.

"He must do neither, for then he cannot speak. Pull him back," ordered the captain.

The men obeyed; a cup of water was held to the scorched lips of the tortured man, and again he was interrogated by the captain, but still the answer was the same—still he moaned or shrieked as the pain grew duller or more intense.

"I cannot tell!—I cannot tell!"

"*Demonio!*" exclaimed the captain, in a rage. "Push him to the fire again; give him more, and if we can get nothing out of him, let him die in his obstinate folly!"

The men obeyed in silence; again those piercing shrieks filled the cavern, until, with one cry, as of the last agony, the unfortunate Herrara fell back in a convulsive struggle, and lay apparently dead.

"Pull him back! Give him some wine! The old fool has not really slipped through our fingers, has he?" demanded El Capitano, with a horrible attempt at a laugh, for he saw the disgust and terror upon the faces of his men, and may have felt some touch of human feeling in his own pitiless breast.

At any rate, he ordered soothing applications to the roasted feet, restoratives to the exhausted strength, and that the prisoner should be removed to a cooler place and placed upon a comfortable bed. Then he went away, saying, as if in apology:

"We must nurse the old dotard back to life and some sort of strength before we can question him again."

At daybreak Juan stood beside the rude couch where El Capitano slept soundly, and as he awaked, said, in a morose voice:

"You'll get nothing out of that old man, Capitano. He's gone mad."

"Mad! *Demonio!*" exclaimed El Capitano, springing to his feet. "But it's only temporary, good Juan. He will recover his senses with the healing of his feet? Don't you say so?"

"I cannot tell, *mio Capitano.*"

"Don't repeat that phrase unless you want your feet roasted, too!" thundered the master, springing to his feet. "Begone, and take the very best care of that old man. Let Luiza attend upon him, and do everything possible to restore him. He must—he shall recover, and when once he has his senses I'll have the secret out of him, if I cut him into shreds to find it."

Four months had passed away—four slow and melancholy months to Dolores Herrara in her seclusion and her loneliness, when, as one gloomy evening in November she paced her little garden up and down, thinking her own sad thoughts, she heard a step behind her, and turning suddenly, saw Henrico Domez. With a little cry of joy she sprang toward him, but folding his arms, he drew coldly back, making a formal bow, and saying:

"You accused me when we last met, Dolores, of falsehood and treachery, both to you and to the charge I shared with your father. To-day I have been at the funeral of an erring but most beloved mother, whose return to the neighborhood of her old home I only learned upon the night of the robbery, and the time I was absent from you was devoted to her. Since then I have been on the track of a certain band of brigands known to harbor in these mountains, and three days ago I discovered their principal haunt. I have reported to the mayor of the town, and to the colonel of the regiment quartered at San Pedro, and to-morrow, at sunrise, I guide a party into the mountains, with the hope of capturing these brigands, and, as I am firmly persuaded, discovering in them the robbers of the Bank of Vera Cruz, and it may be the assassins of your poor father; for I, more generous than you, señorita, scorn to suspect a friend of villainy I would not commit myself."

"Oh, Henrico *mio!* Pardon me!" murmured Dolores, in a choking voice. But Domez shook his head, and still withheld the reconciliation so evidently desired and timidly implored.

"If I return, Dolores, we will speak of pardon, upon whichever side it belongs," said he, coldly. "If I do not return, you will at least know that I died in the attempt to prove myself an honest man, in spite of the suspicions of yourself and others."

He was gone, and poor Dolores remained alone to weep and to pray—those two mournful occupations in which so many women pass the greater portion of their lives.

It was the dead, dark hour just before dawn, and the camp of the robbers was wrapped in darkness and slumber; the two sentinels waked, to be sure, but the drowsy march up and down the appointed limits showed that fatigue was fighting hard for mastery over the necessity of vigilance, and might soon conquer.

The flickering fire had almost died out; the most restless among the group of sleeping forms huddled in the great cave were quiet now; even the hoot of the owl, the cheep of the cicada, and the thrilling whispers of the "spirit-bird," were hushed. The moon had sunk, the earliest dawn had not yet appeared, even the stars seemed to shine drowsily, and all nature slept.

Of a sudden this calm repose felt a change—too subtle at first to put into words—a rustle of the underbrush, the snapping of a twig, a whisper of the human voice; these perhaps, or perhaps only the consciousness of animated life suddenly intruding upon sleeping nature; but something there was that induced the sentinel nearest the woods to pause uneasily in his march, look searchingly upon every side, and finally move toward the fire with the intention of stirring it to a blaze.

As he stooped, a file of dark figures moved rapidly from the woods behind him, and the next moment both he and his companions were surrounded, bound, and laid helpless prisoners upon the ground beside the fire, now flickering into a blaze.

The occupants of the cave, vaguely disturbed by the scuffle without, were fully awakened, only to find themselves already captives; and ten minutes from the first alarm all was over, and the whole band of robbers made prisoners almost without bloodshed. But Henrico Domez was not yet satisfied.

"Where is the old man, your prisoner?" demanded he,

XUM

of first one and then another of the sullen captives; but some answered not at all; some professed not to understand what he spoke of; some told one story and some another, until, as he ranged eagerly about the cave, now fully illuminated by torches, a sudden strain of music fell upon his ear, proceeding from behind a sharp projection of the rock.

Following the sound, the young man presently discovered a narrow door locked upon the outside, but with the key in the lock. Opening, he came upon a strange scene.

A narrow cell, scarcely more than a crevice in the natural rock, but furnished with a regard to comfort not found in any other portion of the abode of the robbers; a carpet covered the rocky floor, a comfortable bed was spread at one side, the walls were covered with bright pictures, and upon a table beside the couch stood a music-box, whose strains had attracted the notice of the young man.

A candle of yellow wax—its size and color suggesting that it had been robbed from some church, burned behind a locked screen of wire, and upon the bed, fondly examining the music-box, sat an old man with white hair, a bowed figure, and a vacant, childish face, in whom Domez painfully recognized his friend and chief, the object of his frantic search.

"Oh, my father! is it you—indeed you?" exclaimed he, falling upon his knees beside the old man, and seizing his hand, while, in spite of his late passion and fierce conflict with the robbers, tears of pity rose to his eyes.

"Yes, my son, it is I," replied Herrara, gently. "Hark now, it plays the 'Ave Maria'! There, do you hear it?"

"But, my father, do you know me—do you know Henrico? do you remember Dolores? Look at me, dear father, and not at that toy."

"Dolores! Yes, yes; but even if you find them, they are not for Dolores—they are the Countess de las Rozas's, and I shall take them back to her some day. Hark in your ear, *amigo*. I have hid them safely, and the *ladrones* do not know where, and I shall never tell them. They burned my feet, but I did not tell; and then I was so ill they thought I should die, and so they put me here to get well, in hopes that afterward I should tell them; but I never shall. Oh, no, no—indeed, I never shall—I never shall!"

And, with a busy appearance of mystery, the poor old man shook his head and returned to his music-box, which was trilling out a little waltz, to which Herrara kept time with his fingers.

"But, father, you can come home now with us. The robbers are all prisoners, and you are free," said Domez, almost impatiently.

"Free! What! can I go out of that door, and out of the cave?" asked the old man, eagerly.

"Yes, I tell you—you are going directly; but can you walk, poor father?"

"Oh, yes. My feet are all well now, and if I could get through that door, I should have gone long ago. Henrico, *amigo*, do you want some gold?"

"Is there some here, *pauvre mio?*"

"Yes. They keep their treasures here, because everybody is afraid to come in but the captain and the women. "See that box there, Henrico?"

"Aha, aha! The Bank of Vera Cruz will not be so much of a loser as we thought! The rascals could not dispose of the bonds, I suppose, and money, too. Ay, ay, this is worth while. *Bueno*, my father! You were too much for the *ladrones*, after all, were you not? And our names will be cleared of infamy."

"Come, then, let us go and get the countess's diamonds, and take them to her at once. I dare say she has been uneasy, has she not?"

"Uneasy! She has been furious. She has been like a tigress robbed of her whelps!" exclaimed the young man, shrugging his shoulders and laughing grimly.

"Come, then! I made them give me all my clothes, and I have worn my shoes a good deal, because I wanted to be ready when some one came to let me out," said the old man, simply; and, after some little preparation, he rose steadily to his feet, and leaning upon Henrico's arm, walked from the inner cave into the outer one, and, scarcely noticing anything or any person in his way, hurried though, and, once outside, stood for a moment gazing about him in the gray light of early dawn; and then, with the unerring instinct of an animal rather than the reason and memory of a man, he led the way into the narrow track by which he had arrived at the cave, and pursued it steadily and surely, followed by Henrico and two or three comrades whom he had called to his side, until he stood upon the edge of the precipice, and pointed downward to the half-uprooted chestnut-tree, with the growth of cactus and creepers in the hollow of its root.

"The casket containing the jewels of the Countess de las Rozas is beneath that tree!" announced he, in a loud voice; and then, without further word, or move, or outcry, he sank, senseless and apparently dying, upon the edge of the bank.

Busy hands and strong limbs were already descending to search for the diamonds, but Henrico Domez gave himself up to the care of the devoted old man who had so freely given his life to protect the trust committed to his charge; and, a little later, two processions moved—the one gayly, the other sorrowfully—through the little tangled path leading to the main track; the one escorted the steel safe, still unopened and uninjured; the other bore upon a litter the pallid form of Fernando Herrara, not knowing but it might be his corpse.

The surgeon of the regiment had accompanied the party detailed for the capture of the robbers, and by his care and remedies, the feeble spark of life lingering in the poor abused body was nursed back to a full flame; so that when, toward night, the cashier was once more borne in at his own door, Henrico could proudly say to Dolores, as she flung herself into his arms:

"I have brought you your father alive at least, if not strong; and I have brought to the Bank of Vera Cruz the larger part of its stolen property; and I have brought to the Countess de las Rozas the jewels intrusted to your father's charge and mine, and for whose safe-keeping he has given all but his life; and I have gained what is more to me than life, since, had they been lost, I never would have shown myself before you again."

"And you will forgive me, Henrico?" whispered Dolores, tearfully.

"Now that I have proved you wrong—yes," replied he, with stern tenderness. And she was fain to be content.

Do you know what they do with robbers in Spanish America? They garrote them.

A LADY in Taunton, Mass., has received from Europe a bouquet containing a clover from George Eliot's grave, a violet from Melrose Abbey, a buttercup from De Quincey's grave, a sprig of ivy from Walter Scott's Abbotsford, and a bluebell from the grave of Helen MacGregor, near Loch Lomond.

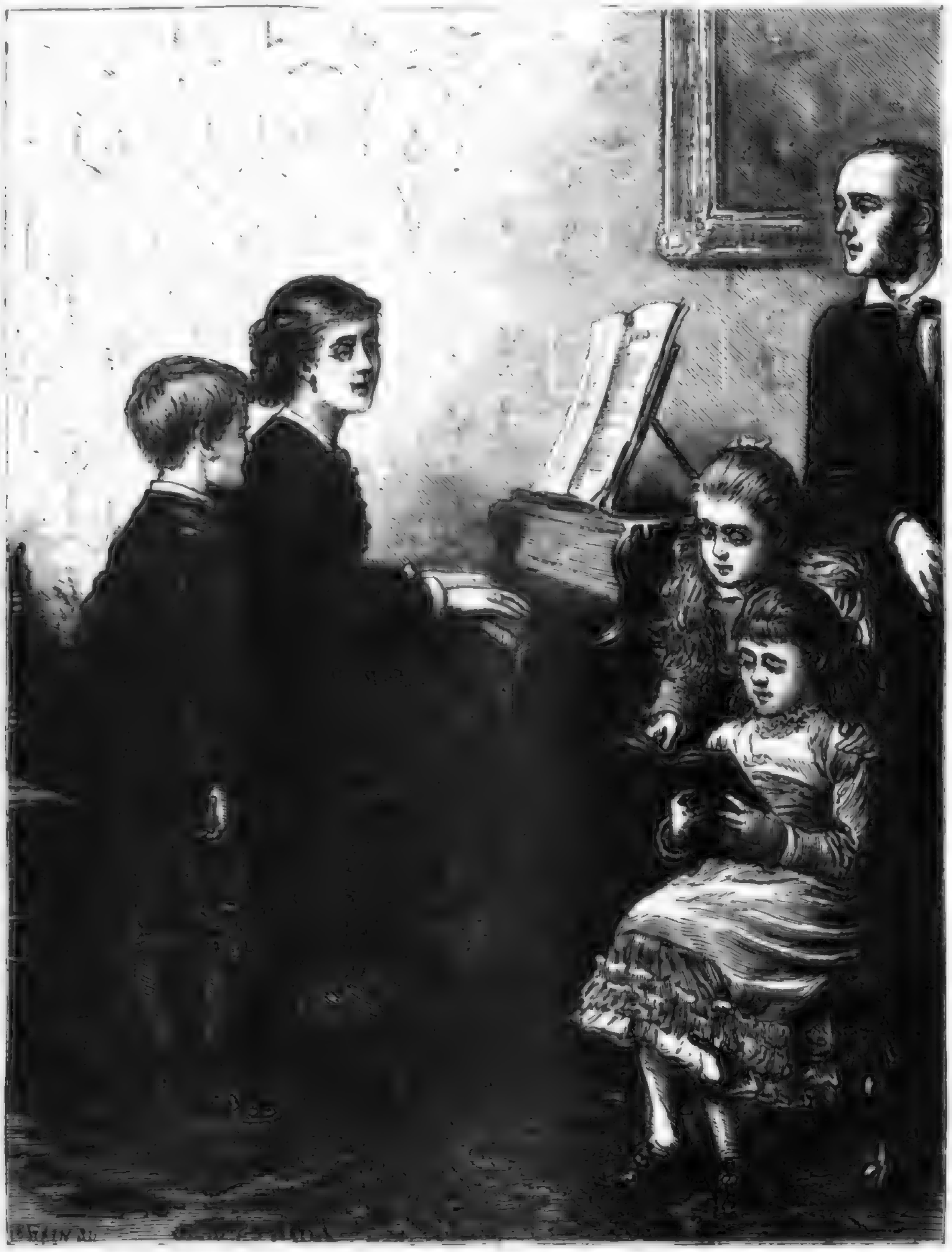
IN the treatment of nervous cases, he is the best physician who is the most ingenious inspirer of hope.

XUM

"OUR FATHER!"—A SONNET.

By G. W.

In happy days of childhood, when the wide,
Far-stretching sea of life lay calm and still,
Or softly rippled by some childish ill,
How often have we knelt at eventide,
Wee white-robed figures at our mother's side,
While she would clasp our hands, and bid us pray,
To Him, "Our Father," who would hear alway
His children's griefs, and soothe them when they cried.



So now, when strong fierce storms of sorrow beat,
Bringing us agony so hard to bear,
That we fall prone and senseless on the sod,
Our mother earth, with kindly touch and sweet,
Clasps close our hands, bidding us cast our care
On Him, our loving Father and our God.

THE SULPHUR SLAVES OF SICILY.

The sulphur is extracted and brought to the surface by human beings, and, indeed, chiefly by children. Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children" might have been written in the sulphur mines of Sicily. Hundreds and hundreds of children, who have scarcely the form of human beings, are sent down the steep, slippery stairs into the muddy, watery depths. Here they are laden with as much material as they can sustain, and they must reascend with it on their backs, stumbling at every step, often falling back into the bottom of the pit with broken limbs, or even dead. The older ones, writes an eye-witness, arrive at the pit's mouth shrieking, the little ones crying and sobbing. The mortality exceeds that of any other province of Italy; the statistics of the *leva* show an incredible number of lame and deformed, and of young men of one-and-twenty totally unfit for military service.

XUM

THE SHORES OF LAKE NEMI.

A LATE REMORSE.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Part II.—Chapter XV.

Nearly a week passed; Madge was getting on as well as possible, surpassing even the doctor's sanguine hopes. Florence Denham called in to see her, but sorry as she felt for the woman, Madge did not impress her favorably. She was very impatient and irritable; exasperated at having lost so much time by her illness, and declaring that it was all a portion of her usual bad luck; she never had a chance like other people.

Florence told Mr. Gresham it seemed to her that her aunt's *protégée* had only one recommendation—her handsome face—and she would risk soon losing even her beauty if she did not try to cultivate a more contented spirit.

She did not mention Madge's illness in her letters to her aunt. The doctors had told Mr. Gresham something which was still kept from Florence and Kenneth—Mrs. Alderly had heart disease. She might live for years, perhaps keep as strong as she had been this Winter; but for the present great care must be taken that she was spared any excitement whatever. Of course it did not occur to Mr. Gresham that Madge Hudson's illness could cause her any feeling beyond natural sympathy, still he advised Florence to say nothing about it; by the time her aunt arrived at Lakeside Madge would be quite well—it was useless to tell her in advance.

These were very restless days to Florence, but she bore her burden with the cheerful courage which was so strong an element in her character, and as much as she could, kept herself from reflecting upon the revelation Elinor Stuart had made, which placed Reginald Seymour's conduct in a light so different and opened possibilities for the future so dazzling that she was actually afraid to dwell thereon.

He had loved her—he was coming home very soon—they could not fail to meet. That Elinor would repeat to him her assurance was certain. Then if he believed her—if he realized that he had acted hastily and unwisely in acting upon some idle gossip; that instead of rushing off he ought to have gone at once to her and demanded an explanation, to which her acceptance of his attentions would have given him a right—why, then, everything might yet be so different.

But beyond this vague thought Florence did not dare to go; she must wait—she must leave the future to itself. He was coming home; he was neither false nor fickle, and he would learn that he had condemned her unjustly.

At the expiration of little more than a week, Madge had so far recovered that Mr. Gresham's servant went back to Lakeside, and the doctor promised the impatient woman that within a fortnight she should resume her place in the mill. She fretted a good deal, cried like a baby when she found that her strength could still serve her so little, and worried placid Mrs. Dawson hugely by her capricious, captious moods; but the easy-going woman was very considerate of her charge, and her worship of the wonderful baby increased daily.

XUM

One afternoon Madge woke from a nap and crept downstairs; Mrs. Dawson was busy in the kitchen, and the child asleep in his cradle in the sitting-room.

Madge had forgotten her pocket-handkerchief; she saw a pile of freshly ironed clothes which Mrs. Dawson had left on the bureau, and began turning them over to find one. On the top of a little pile of handkerchiefs lay one so fine that it attracted Madge's attention—neither she nor her landlady owned any of such delicate material. She picked it up with the idle curiosity of a convalescent, saw a name written in one corner, read it, and sank back in a chair with a cry which brought Mrs. Dawson into the room in hot haste.

There Madge sat, holding out the bit of cambric in her shaking hand—her face pale and convulsed.

"Land's sake, how you scared me!" exclaimed Mrs. Dawson.

The instant she saw the handkerchief she knew what was the matter. Madge was well enough now, so that the doctor's injunctions of secrecy need no longer weigh, and the widow felt that she had a right to satisfy her curiosity as to what the physician could have meant by ordering her to hold her tongue about Miss Stuart.

"How did this come here?—where did you get it?" demanded Madge, in a choked voice. "Can't you speak?—have you lost your tongue?"

"Now, don't you wrought yourself up, Madge," said Mrs. Dawson, whose patience had been sadly tried all the morning by her lodger's humors; "if you excite yourself you'll be sick again, and I shall just have to send for the doctor."

"Do you mean to tell me where you got this?" cried Madge.

"Sh, sh! You'll wake the baby, then he'll screech like all possessed," cautioned Mrs. Dawson. "Why, of course I'll tell you—only jest don't axcite yourself."

The good woman was far from wishing to exasperate the invalid; she only wanted to break her news carefully—and when people, no matter what their degree, attempt to do that, they are always annoying beyond endurance. Madge started up, with a look so wild that Mrs. Dawson retreated with incoherent ejaculations.

"Don't be a fool!" groaned Madge, sitting down again, and trying to control herself, though she was shaking from head to foot. "Then I didn't dream it—that girl was here! I saw her by my bed——"

"Why, o' course you did!" broke in Mrs. Dawson. "She took care of you every night for ever so long, and come of'en in the day to look arter baby. The doctor says you a'most owe your life to her."

Madge threw her arms above her head with a groan of pain and wrath, crying:

"I'd ruther have died! I'd ruther have been torn by inch bits—stamped to death—been killed a hundred times, than owe anything to her! How dared she? the devil—the wretch——"

"Oh, now, see here, Madge! jest stop, or I'll send for the doctor!" Mrs. Dawson again broke in. "That ain't talk for a woman that's been down as low as you have! I do' know the rights of it, but I know that lady took care on you as if you'd been her sister; and no matter what reason you've got to be mad at her, you ought to be grateful! I'm sorry you see the handkercher. She forgot it here, and I allowed I'd wash it and take it home. I didn't think of your finding it; but it's all one—you had to be told. Now do behave! Jest think what she done for you! I couldn't—I didn't know how. And baby taking to her in such a way as never was!"

Madge wrung her hands, and groaned and sobbed in her usual tumultuous fashion, refusing to give any explanation to Mrs. Dawson's inquiries—just moaning at intervals:

"I'd ruther have died—I'd ruther have died!"

At first the exclamation was wrathful only. Mrs. Dawson, perhaps unconsciously irritated by Madge's refusal to confide in her, poured out a detailed account of all that Elinor had done; and Madge still uttered her wild asseverations. But the tone had altered; there was fright and remorse audible now; and ignorant as she might be, Mrs. Hudson possessed acuteness enough to notice the change.

Finally Madge went away to her room, lay down on her bed, and sobbed herself to sleep. Mrs. Dawson was sitting by her when she woke. She started up with a shriek, calling:

"I thought Will had come to haunt me! Oh, I wish I had died!"

Mrs. Dawson dared not pursue her inquiries. When the doctor came she told him of the way Madge had behaved; he warned her to leave the subject alone for the present. He took charge of the handkerchief himself, and when he gave it to Elinor he informed her of what had happened.

Three days later Elinor was in the village, and called at the nursery-gardener's to leave an order for some plants Miss Seymour wanted. She did not find the man in the shop, and walked on through the garden, which was spacious and pretty, and at a turn in the path, she came face to face with Madge.

The doctor had obtained permission for the invalid to sit there and enjoy the fresh air and the healthful scent of the shrubs, and Mrs. Dawson had assisted her thither this afternoon. The widow herself had taken baby and gone to exhibit him to the gardener, while Madge sat resting in an easy-chair the man had good-naturedly brought out for her.

She was leaning back, with her eyes closed. Elinor would have retreated, but at the sound of her step on the gravel, Madge looked up—shrank back in her seat, and put up her hands with a gesture which seemed to Elinor rather fear than anger or repulsion.

"What do you come dogging me for?" she cried, querulously. "Hain't I suffered enough? Go away and let me alone!"

"I did not know you were here—I had no thought of forcing myself upon you," Elinor said. "I am glad to see you able to be out. As you do not need me any more, of course I should not intentionally have come where you were."

"Now you want to twit me with what you have done," cried Madge. "It ain't my fault—it was your own doing."

"And you may forget it all, as soon as you like or can," replied Elinor. "I only did for you what I would have done for any person who needed help."

"I'd rather have died than be beholden to you," groaned Madge. "You did it just from deviltry—you knowed it would drive me a'most crazy when I found out—that was what you wanted."

"If I had wanted any reason beyond that of sympathy for suffering, I had it in the precept that we are to forgive those who injure us, and do good to those who despitefully use us," Elinor said.

Madge cowered lower in her chair, again put up her hands with that gesture of fear, glanced over her shoulder as if half expecting to see some shape standing there. Then she shook her head, her face became sullen and lowering as she exclaimed:

"It's you did the harm—you! Oh, you vile, wicked woman; if it hadn't been for you Will would be alive now. You murdered him—yes, you did—you murdered him!"

"Stop!" said Elinor, solemnly. "Remember that Will hears you—remember that he has gone where he cannot set right the wrong he did—I forgive him, and I forgive you."

She turned and walked away; Madge moaned and wrung her hands, muttering:

"I won't, I won't—not if he comes and haunts me, I won't."

Her gestures seemed as if she were struggling with some invisible being, her face grew livid with fright. Suddenly she burst into a passion of tears and called:

"Come back, for God's sake come back!"

Elinor returned and stood before her, but a paroxysm of hysterical emotion left Madge unable to articulate.

"You must not," Elinor said, kindly. "Let me go—my stopping here only makes you worse."

Madge beat her bosom with her clinched hands, moaning:

"Yes, it does—go away, don't ever come near me again. I won't stop in this place, I won't be near you. She shall take me away. Oh, Will, oh——"

"Madge, Madge!" broke in Elinor, "what ails you?—what do you want to say?"

"I'm a wicked woman," groaned Madge, and stopped, fought with herself again, and added: "I only meant that though I hate you, I'm obliged for your help. There, I've said it—I'd sooner have cut my tongue out—I won't say any more, I won't."

It would be wrong to stop an instant longer, for her presence would only excite the woman to a pitch which might be dangerous. Elinor saw Mrs. Dawson coming down the path, and hurried away, pursued by Madge's shrieks and that wild cry, many times repeated, in despairing accents:

"I won't say any more—I won't!"

Chapter XVI.

ALMOST another week elapsed; Elinor had seen nothing more of Madge. She heard from the doctor that for several days the poor woman had not been so well, though better now, and eager to get to her work, but he had forbidden her to do so for the present.

"She has proved a sad worry to Mrs. Dawson," the doctor said; "I fancy that if it were not for her fondness for the baby, the good soul's patience would have given way, sorry as she is for Mrs. Hudson."

"You know that I met her?" Elinor said.

"Yes, Mrs. Dawson told me; the creature had a dreadful nervous attack after she got home, and I was sent for."

"I would not have gone into the garden if I had dreamed of her being there," Elinor said; "an interview between us could do no good, even if she were well and strong."

"Mrs. Dawson says she has been in a strange state of mind ever since," the doctor observed, thoughtfully. "Sometimes she raves about you in a very violent manner; then again she cries, and says you were good to have come to her, but she'd rather have died than owe anything to your care."

"Poor, wrong-headed creature!" sighed Elinor.

"Mrs. Dawson thinks she has some secret on her mind which oppresses her," continued the doctor; "perhaps it will only disturb you uselessly, but I thought I ought to tell you."

"I have been certain of it ever since I saw her," Elinor replied; "I don't know—it seems hopeless—but perhaps in the end, if there is anything she could say, her conscience may weaken."

"Several times she woke screaming out of her sleep, Mrs. Dawson says, crying out something about her husband's having threatened to haunt her, but she only turned sulky when Mrs. Dawson spoke of it, and now she insists on sleeping alone in her room."

Elinor pondered a good deal upon what the physician had said, and it increased her conviction that before his death Will Hudson had repented his wickedness, and implored Madge to do what she could to atone for it. But there seemed no steps that Elinor could take personally, till at length the idea occurred to her to go to Mr. Gresham and ask his advice. He had assured her that he felt kindly toward her; he might be willing to see Madge, and, perhaps, would succeed in inducing her to speak, if her husband had really laid such injunction upon her.

Then Elinor grew hopeless again, telling herself that it was idle to attempt any effort; she should only give herself more trouble and restlessness. Before the week was up Reginald Seymour arrived, some time before he was expected, and his sister's joy was only disturbed by the recollection that he must be told that Florence Denham lived in the neighborhood. She asked Elinor to give him the news the night of his arrival, after she had herself gone to bed; she lacked courage to tell him.

Elinor went down-stairs to do her errand; that conversation with Florence in Mrs. Dawson's house rendered her task easy enough. She had not mentioned the matter to Miss Seymour; it seemed due to Florence that the communication should be first made to Reginald himself. Who could tell? the last year might have brought such changes that the tidings of the deception practiced by Mrs. Alderly might not greatly affect him.

She entered the dining-room, where Reginald sat smoking; as she opened the door he looked up, saying:

"I am very glad you came back. I've had no chance to ask you about Lucy yet."

"She told you what the oculist promises? Her health is much better; I feel certain the operation will succeed perfectly, and though not unduly hopeful, she is very patient and courageous."

"Are you sure?" he asked. "It seemed to me as if she were fretting about something."

"She is," Elinor answered; "but it has nothing to do with her health. She has not the courage to tell you, so she asked me to do it."

"Good gracious! no misfortune has happened?—her money is all secure? It is nothing about you, I hope, Elinor?"

"No, no, Reginald; Florence Denham is living near us—her stepfather has bought Lakeside?"

Reginald grew rather pale, but said, quietly enough:

"Very well, the young lady has a pleasant home—that is all I can say. She is not likely to trouble us—we certainly sha'n't trouble her."

But Elinor saw how deeply he was moved, and she was glad.

"I have something else to tell you," she said. "I've not even mentioned it to Lucy—you had a right to the first news. Reginald, I saw Florence Denham——"

"Now, my dear girl," he broke in, impatiently, "if your news concerns Miss Denham, excuse me for saying that it cannot in the slightest degree concern or interest me."

XUM

"I mean to tell it, all the same, and you must listen," she said, with a gayety which caused him to look reproachfully at her. "Reginald, Mrs. Alderly told you a falsehood! Florence was never engaged to her cousin; she likes him as a relative—nothing more."

He sat staring at her in incredulous astonishment. The tidings were so sudden and unexpected that he could not take them in.

"You mean their engagement is broken off," he said. "Well, that is nothing to me."

"I mean it never existed."

Reginald started to his feet.

"I don't understand!" he said, breathlessly. "Who told you?"

"Florence Denham herself."

"I am rather surprised, after all that has come and gone, that she should have got the chance," said he, still so bewildered and unbelieving that, man-like, he took refuge from his dazed state of mind in a little irritability. "I don't mean about myself," he added; "but, after the way the people connected with her treated you—— Oh, I beg your pardon—I oughtn't to have said that!"

"I am afraid she found me rather a porcupine," returned Elinor, laughing. "But she did tell me—she told me the truth, too! Wait! I'll tell you how it was. She met with an accident down by the lake; I was able to help her; she and her father came to thank me, not knowing who I was. You know what my temper is, and you can imagine the reception they got!"

"Stately, I should fancy."

"I believe I was very hard—but I can't blame myself. Well, afterward I met Florence in the house of a sick woman; she behaved beautifully! I was vexed, though; for, when she spoke of you, I took it for impertinence. She made me angry, and I told her outright why I wished to have nothing to do with her."

"Good heavens, Elinor!"

"I wish you had seen her face! I read there as plainly as if she had put it into words that for the first time she understood why you had left her so abruptly. Then after a moment she said, in that slow, truthful voice of hers: 'Mr. Seymour was deceived; I never was engaged to my cousin—never dreamed of being.'"

"And that woman invented the lie to drive me away," he murmured, after a pause, during which she heard his breath come thick and fast. He rose and walked to a window, and stood looking out into the moonlight.

Elinor went up to him, laid her hand on his shoulder, and said, almost in a whisper:

"You care—you care! so I shall tell you the rest of Florence's secret, though I found that out for myself. You did not throw away your heart, Reginald—she cared, too, and she has never forgotten!"

When he was sufficiently calm, they had a long conversation, and Elinor told him about Madge Hudson. He agreed with her that the wisest thing would be to go to Mr. Gresham, and he offered to accompany her to the house whenever she liked.

Miss Seymour seldom left her room till toward noon, as the oculist had warned her that she must give her eyes as much repose as possible. With her usual care for others, after Reginald had spent an hour with her the next morning, she declared that he should not stay shut up in her darkened chamber any longer—he was to go for a walk, and Elinor must go with him. She declared playfully that they had talked her nearly to death, and she needed to rest before beginning the operation of dressing.

So they left her, and determined to carry out their intention of visiting Mr. Gresham. It would be pleasanter to take the path to the lake and up through the wood, than to follow the dusty high-road—so they chose that route.

Just as they were ready to start, Reginald received a telegram from town which required an answer; so Elinor departed, and he promised to follow in a few moments. She was so eager and excited by the thought of her mission, that she walked more rapidly than she was aware, and when she reached the lake, Reginald was not visible.

She strolled on along the bank, and presently perceived Florence Denham seated on a green hillock under the shade of a great walnut-tree that dipped its branches down into the water.

The pair had met once since that interview in Mrs. Dawson's house; it was in the doorway of the church, and though no word had been exchanged between them, the glance and smile which she received told Florence that her avowal had been believed, and had entirely changed Miss Stuart's feeling toward her.

Florence heard the sound of footsteps on the pebbles, turned and saw Elinor. She rose and hurried forward, saying:

"I am so glad, so glad! I have wanted so much to see you. I have been down here two or three times, hoping I might meet you."

"If I had known that I would have come," replied Elinor, holding out her hand, while a cordial smile lighted up her face.

"Oh, you don't mean to avoid me any more—you have changed toward me!" cried Florence, joyfully.

"I want to beg your pardon," said Elinor; "I have wanted to ever since that day we met at Mrs. Dawson's, but I have been greatly occupied. I did think of writing to you, but it seemed better to wait."

"Oh, you will let me kiss you now—you will let me thank you—you don't know how I have wanted to."

"Yes—as a sign that you forgive me for having been so hard and cold."

"No, as a proof that you like me a little," exclaimed Florence, and the two embraced with moist eyes. "I felt sure you did that Sunday when we met in church. I've had three minds to go to your house, but I did not like to venture."

She stopped, and a vivid blush crimsoned her cheek. Elinor knew that a fear that Reginald's sister might not willingly receive her had deterred the girl; perhaps, too, a natural maidenly shyness, since her confession, which had held a deeper significance than the mere words.

Elinor looked and saw Reginald Seymour coming down the path. Florence's back was turned in that direction—she was hidden, too, by the trunk of the walnut-tree.

Elinor beckoned to Seymour, and he ran toward her.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting," he called.

In another instant he reached the spot where they stood—saw Florence, and stopped irresolute. Even in her surprise and confusion, the girl's womanly dignity supported her. She turned red and white, but she held out her hand bravely, saying:

"You are welcome home, Mr. Seymour. Miss Stuart did not tell me you had arrived."

"I thought I would let him announce himself," said Elinor, gayly. "But now he is here, he doesn't seem to have anything to say."

She was determined, if possible, that a complete understanding should take place between them at once; there had been enough of mutual suffering from that wicked woman's falsehoods.

"Miss Denham!" exclaimed Reginald, stretching out his hand—it was all he could say, but his face was eloquent enough. Florence's eyes drooped under his eager

XUM

gaze, but she let her hand fall shyly in his, and he held it fast as he hurried on: "I didn't dream of your being near, till Elinor told me last night!"

"Did she tell you that she saved my life? I was drowning; I should have drowned but for her."

"My God!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, that can wait," said Elinor. "I told him I was able to help you a little, and so we made acquaintance."

"She saved my life!" cried Florence, with a sudden rush of tears.

"God bless you, Elinor! You did not tell me!" he said, brokenly.

Florence had hidden her face in her hands—now that she had an excuse for weeping, she could no longer restrain her emotion. Elinor made a sign to Reginald, and walked away. She heard him exclaim:

"Florence—Florence! Don't go! Wait, Florence—wait!"

Then she passed rapidly on. She had done her part, and could leave them to their happiness.

Chapter XVII.

ELINOR entered the wood and mounted the hill. She meant to fulfill her intention of trying to see Mr. Gresham; after all, it was better that their meeting should take place without any witness.

She gained the top of the ascent, and reached the great lawn, dotted with flower-beds and shrubberies that spread along at the back of the house. Mr. Gresham was just descending the steps of a piazza opening out of his library. He saw and recognized her, and came forward, saying: "Miss Stuart, I am very glad to see you."

"And surprised, also, I suppose," she answered, quietly.

"I don't know—I think not," he said, smiling. "But I thank you very much; it will be a great pleasure to my little Florence. She is somewhere about."

"I came to see you, Mr. Gresham," Elinor replied. "I have already seen Miss Denham. I met her by the lake."

"Oh, then I am sure you made her very happy, if, as I hope, you told her that you do not mean to keep us aloof from you any longer."

"Yes; I left her very happy," Elinor said, with a smile.

"Didn't she come with you?"

"No; I wanted to talk with you alone, Mr. Gresham."

"I am quite at your service," he replied. "First, one moment. I suppose it is silly, but it makes me nervous to think of her being there alone—I shall send her maid down."

"She is not alone—I left Mr. Seymour with her. They are old acquaintances; and as they have not met for a long time, naturally they will find a great deal to talk about."

"Oh, yes," he replied, though he looked somewhat surprised. "I may have heard Florence mention him, but I do not remember."

"Now, if you are at leisure, I want to speak with you," said Elinor."

"Certainly," he replied. "Will you come into my library? We shall be quite alone there."

He led the way into the large, richly furnished room, established Elinor in an easy-chair, and sat down opposite. Her face had grown so grave that he perceived she had some important motive in seeking him.

"The last time we met," said Elinor, "you told me that if you could in any way befriend me, you should be glad to do it."

"And I repeat it!" he answered. "Miss Stuart, as long as I live I shall regret that I allowed you to leave Laughton as you did—regret that even for a moment I should have allowed my harsh judgment of your sex to influence me. Little as I knew you, I ought to have known you were incapable of any action or thought in the least derogatory to your womanly dignity."

"I thank you, and I believe you," said Elinor. "In my turn, let me say, Mr. Gresham, that I was wrong to make no effort to defend myself; but I could not then—I was so hurt—so—— But let that go! When we met the other day, I did not reject your friendship because I was hard or unforgiving, but I believed that the slanders from which I had suffered would never be cleared up; and I could not resume our acquaintance unless I could, if not prove myself free from wrong, at least show you my reasons for believing that such proofs exist."

"You do believe that?"

"Yes! I believe that before he died William Hudson repented, and left the duty of righting my name to his wife."

"Great heavens! if she hesitates she must be worse than a fiend. In any case, her conduct would be horrible, but it is worse after all your kindness to her."

"She is only wrong-headed and ignorant. She blames me because her husband drank; I have no doubt that remorse for his conduct did help on his natural failing. Mr. Gresham, I am sure that when sober he was not a bad man. I think the consciousness that he had made so evil a return for my efforts to help him educate himself rendered him unhappy."

"But that would be no excuse for his wife's keeping silence, if he did repent and enjoined her to tell the truth."

"I think it would to an impulsive, hot-tempered woman like her—you can easily see how the matter would look to her morbid view."

"Will you tell me on what you place your belief that there is some secret she is keeping back? Understand, I have no doubt you are right; be certain, too, that I will leave no stone unturned till I have sifted the matter to the bottom."

Elinor related all the occurrences in plain, simple terms, speaking with a calmness which rendered her account the more impressive. Sometimes when she was watching Madge during her delirium, the woman would seem for an instant to recognize her, then mistake her for a person who had promised help, and beg that friend to keep Elinor away. She related their interview in the garden, and the details the physician had given of Madge's conduct after she returned home.

Mr. Gresham listened in silence; when she ended, he said:

"I am sure you are right—Madge Hudson's conscience is troubling her. Miss Stuart, she shall be made to speak. Mrs. Alderly will be here to-day. She has been very kind to Madge; taken great personal trouble—she was even at the house almost up to the hour of Hudson's death."

"I am aware of it," returned Elinor, in a voice so changed that Mr. Gresham stared at her in astonishment.

The suspicions which had risen in his mind in regard to the woman since his former conversation with Elinor, flashed up again; he had put them by—not so much

XUM

because he deemed Mrs. Alderly radically changed since the days when she had done him such harm, as because he could conceive of no motive for her to be personally prejudiced; besides that, he could not bear now to feel harshly toward Kenneth's mother, and he believed that she regretted her wrong-doing toward himself.

"Miss Stuart," he said, quickly, "who was the person Madge fancied herself addressing when she pleaded for you to be sent away?"

"I do not see that telling you would serve any good purpose, so I would rather not do it," she replied.

"At least tell me again exactly what Mrs. Hudson said."

"They were only broken words—sometimes she would cry out: 'You made me do it—don't you let Will haunt me—send her off!' There was nothing more connected. But that part is of no consequence—what I want, if possible, is to make Madge speak."

"I beg your pardon, it is of great consequence," he said, resolutely; "if there is a secret, and some person shares it with Madge Hudson, I must know who it is before I act. Do not hesitate; you have asked my advice—if you want me to help you, you must give me every means."

Elinor remained silent for awhile, finally she said:

"Then I think we must leave the matter for a time—I have need to reflect."

"Not for your own sake?"

"No."

"Then it is for mine—you are trying to avoid giving me pain," he said, and his eyes read the truth in Elinor's face—try to conceal her features as she might, she could not hide that fact. Mr. Gresham sighed deeply; he looked pained and troubled, but a stern expression mingled therewith. "I am sorry to speak the name," he continued; "but if I am wronging the lady you will tell me. Miss Stuart, the person Madge appealed to was Mrs. Alderly."

"Yes," Elinor said, "it was Mrs. Alderly."

He rose and walked several times up and down the room; at last he came back and resumed his seat; great as the distress in his face was, the stern resolution overmastered it.

"I am very sorry you have discovered," Elinor said. "Mr. Gresham, I release you from your promise—I will not have you mixed up with the matter."

"I shall follow it out to the end—it is my duty," he answered. "I am sorry that I must act, because Mrs. Alderly once did me a great wrong, and this will look, if not like vengeance, at least like retribution."

"Then leave it to me. After all, the old slanders can do me no harm—perhaps I am morbid—perhaps it would be better to let things rest, and try to forget."

"No human being has a right to sit passive and suffer slander or misrepresentation," he replied; "you must and shall be set right—this day shall not go by without my accomplishing it. Indeed, it is better that I should do it; I tell you frankly, I shall try to screen Mrs. Alderly—not for her own sake, but Florence loves her dearly——"

"I would not have Miss Denham know for the world!"

"And for her son's sake. You know Kenneth Alderly—you know he is one of the noblest, most generous and sensitive men that ever lived—to discover his mother capable of such conduct, would nearly break his heart. But good heavens, what motive had she? I know she is capable of great lengths when anybody thwarts her—but she did not know you—she had no reason for hating you."

"We need not talk about her—it can do no good."

"We must; you must make everything clear to me. Mrs. Alderly is a hard person to fight—I must have every weapon!" he cried. "Had she any reason personally to dislike or dread you, Miss Stuart? Do not hesitate; believe me, I shall be able the more easily to screen her if I know the whole. Had she any reason?"

"Yes," Elinor answered. "Her son had asked me to marry him—we were engaged."

"But I never knew this—never dreamed it."

"No; he waited until he had written to his mother before telling you," Elinor said. "The night she got there was the night William Hudson insulted me, and Kenneth Alderly knocked him down."

"Was he angry with you?"

"I never saw him again. I got a line that evening—I wrote and begged him to wait a day before seeing me; I wished him to have time to reflect, because he had seemed to doubt me for the moment."

"And he went away without coming to your house?"

"Yes. The next day but one, Mrs. Alderly called; she had been first to see Madge Anderson."

"She knew of your engagement?"

"Yes; she came to beg me to break it off. She said, disgraced as I was, I ought not to wish to force her son to keep his word," continued Elinor, so excited now that she could not restrain herself. "As if I could hesitate—as if I would ever have seen his face again! She need not have insulted me by declaring that he doubted me; but his honor held him bound."

"Miss Stuart, that must have been a falsehood, like the rest."

"No; she showed me a note from him."

"A letter to you?"

"Just a page—no beginning or end—as if he had torn it off a longer letter; but it was enough."

"She tore it off, then!"

"She told me also that her son had always loved Florence Denham—I had fascinated him for a time—— Oh, let all that go! There she told the truth; Mr. Gresham, she offered to take her oath."

"Not twenty on her part would convince me," he said, "now that I know she had a motive to separate you from Kenneth! Did you write to him?"

"Yes. She wanted me to do that—it would be the only way of setting his mind completely at rest."

"I suppose, at this distance of time, you don't remember what you wrote?"

"I do; I was not likely to forget—just these words"—she repeated slowly the sentences of that farewell note, which had engrossed themselves indelibly upon her mind.

As she finished Mr. Gresham cried out, almost with a groan:

"But don't you see, they were fairly a confession of wrong-doing."

"I do now—I did not then."

"I understand everything!" Mr. Gresham said. "She begged me never to speak of you to Kenneth; she said her son had liked and respected you so much that it pained him to——"

"To think I had fallen low enough to coquet with a man like William Hudson," Elinor finished the sentence as he paused.

Some one knocked at this moment; Mr. Gresham crossed the room and opened the door; Elinor heard him say:

"Has Mr. Haskell come, James? Ask him to wait for a little, I am busy at present."

"I beg your pardon, sir—it's Mrs. Alderly."

She heard Mr. Gresham utter an exclamation—then Mrs. Alderly's voice reached her, saying, gayly:

"You see, we have taken you by surprise—I had a fancy for coming by an earlier train. I hope you are quite well, and Florence, too?"

XUM

"Quite," Mr. Gresham answered. "Where is Kenneth?"

"I left him at the station—one of our trunks was missing—such unpardonable carelessness. I begged Kenneth not to wait—the box was probably left in town—but he wanted to make sure they telegraphed at once; you know his mania for always attending to everything himself."

Mr. Gresham had stepped back; his guest entered the library while speaking. With his usual rapidity of decision, Mr. Gresham determined to act then and there; if Mrs. Alderly were wise the matter could be settled, and she escape the mortification of knowing that he and Elinor Stuart were aware of her treachery, and he desired this for Florence and Kenneth's sake.

He followed his visitor into the room and shut the door; Elinor rose as they entered; Mrs. Alderly saw her, and a sudden fear whitened her face, but even a crisis so momentous as she instinctively felt this present to be, did not paralyze her powers, unexpected and perilous as it was. She cast one disdainful glance at Elinor, and turned her eyes upon Mr. Gresham with a look of haughty inquiry.

"This is Miss Stuart," he said.

"I recognize Miss Stuart," she answered; "and I am surprised to find her here—still more surprised that you should have exposed me to meeting her, Mr. Gresham."

"One moment, Mrs. Alderly," he said, hurriedly; "let me explain, before you say anything that you might regret."

"Sir, I never say anything that I regret," she retorted, in her haughtiest, most intolerant voice. "You can have nothing to explain where your visitor is concerned, that could in the slightest interest me."

But Mr. Gresham went on speaking without paying any attention to her words, earnest in his resolve to enable her, without exposing herself, to induce Madge Anderson to set right their mutual treachery, and confident that Elinor would quickly understand his motive and aid him.

"Miss Stuart has reason to think that before his death William Hudson enjoined upon his widow to atone for his vile conduct—you know what the poor creature's temper is—it makes her little better than mad. I want you to help us; you have been very kind to the woman, and she cannot resist your wishes and commands."

"You must excuse me, Mr. Gresham," replied Mrs. Alderly; "I cannot help you. That poor woman has had trouble enough; I will neither assist in tormenting her, nor will I permit her to be tormented. William Hudson did not die, he was murdered—he left no such injunction as you mention. I am astonished that, knowing all the facts of the case, as you do, you should allow yourself to be duped for an instant."

Mr. Gresham perceived that his hope was vain; the indomitable woman would not avail herself of the loophole he had offered.

"It is because I do know the facts of the case that I speak," he said, sternly. "Miss Stuart's reasons for believing——"

"I cannot listen to what you call Miss Stuart's reasons," she interrupted, with cold insolence.

"I should have used another word—Miss Stuart's discovery of Madge Hudson's wicked treachery," returned Mr. Gresham, in a tone so hard and firm that the woman trembled for an instant, then with a great effort controlled herself, and kept her eyes resolutely fixed upon his face while he continued: "Mrs. Hudson has been very ill—delirious for days and nights. Miss Stuart took care of her as tenderly as if she had deserved it—and during this time discovered the truth."

"Then I am at a loss to understand why either you or I should be appealed to," Mrs. Alderly said.

"Because Madge Hudson has not followed up her involuntary confession; and she must be made to do so."

"Really, Mr. Gresham, your newly roused sympathy for Miss Stuart makes you forget your usual clear judgment—excuse me for pointing that out," she said, scornfully. "You accept the ravings of a woman in delirium as proof; you know very well that nine times out of ten people delirious with fever are plagued by fancies just the opposite of the facts."

"This happens to be the tenth case, in which the delirious person spoke the truth," he replied, firmly. "Miss Stuart has seen Madge Hudson since her recovery—her fright and her language were a confession—a confession repeated to the woman in whose house she lodged. I am satisfied of her guilt, and I will never rest till she has made atonement. If necessary, I shall act for Miss Stuart—I shall sue the woman Hudson for slander and defamation of character——"

"Oh, if Miss Stuart desires still more publicity!" broke in Mrs. Alderly, with a cruel laugh.

"Painful, it is true, but a publicity which will bring everything to light—do more than exonerate Miss Stuart—leave her a martyr," returned Mr. Gresham. "I should be glad to avoid that for all our sakes; you must remember we should all of us be dragged into the matter—you and I, and Kenneth—even Florence."

"Good heavens, Mr. Gresham, I should think you were mad! What can Florence know? You do not, I suppose, mean to tell me that you have allowed this—this lady, whom you pronounce a martyr, to make Florence's acquaintance?"

"Miss Stuart saved Florence's life," he said. "Florence was drowning, and Elinor Stuart rescued her."

Mrs. Alderly shrieked aloud; her emotion was perfectly genuine. The idea of such danger having come near the girl she loved as dearly as if she had been her own daughter, filled her with a terror which for the moment rendered her oblivious of the peril that menaced her carefully arranged plans. She sank into a chair and hid her face in her hands, trembling from head to foot.

Elinor Stuart spoke for the first time. She had fully comprehended that Mr. Gresham's object was to enable the woman to believe her treachery unsuspected.

"Madame," she said, "if the help which, by God's mercy, I was able to give your niece softens you somewhat toward me, I implore you to use your influence—to persuade Madge Hudson to tell the truth—to give up the proofs which I am morally certain her husband left her."

Mrs. Alderly listened with face still hidden; her crafty brain began to act again—to seize eagerly upon the one chance which could save her. If she could gain time—see Madge—get her out of the way—hide her beyond reach! To realize this project, she must change her tactics—soften toward Elinor—promise to do everything in her power.

She rose quickly, hurried forward, and snatched Miss Stuart's hands, crying:

"God bless you! If I have wronged you, I beg your pardon! I am a very impulsive woman; my sympathies were so strongly enlisted for that poor creature, that perhaps I accepted her account too implicitly; but you must remember she was mad with jealousy—don't think me hard, but I must say it! You were the means of taking her lover from her for a time; after their marriage you came between them—his mad passion for you made him drink——"

"Oh, stop—stop!" interrupted Mr. Gresham. "Do you not see that every word is a terrible insult?"

XUM

"I didn't mean it—I only meant to justify myself," she said, plaintively; but Elinor caught the quick, cruel smile that crossed her lips; she knew the speech had been a deliberate outrage. "But if I have erred before, or now, I shall be only too glad to atone! Mr. Gresham, I will go at once to Mrs. Hudson. Order me a carriage—I'll not wait a moment. I will use every means within my power—prayers—threats—nothing shall be left undone!"

"I will go with you," Mr. Gresham said.

"No; I had better see her alone. She will be much more likely to speak freely. Let me use my own judgment—you will see that I am right."

He hesitated. Now that his suspicions were fully aroused, he could not help fearing she had already conceived some new artifice, and meant to make it effectual.

"I will take Kenneth with me," she added. "I will either bring her here, or she shall appoint a time for you and Miss Stuart to go to her house."

She knew that she could keep Kenneth from seeing Madge. She would come back with a statement that the woman promised to meet them; but she was so weak and agitated that she wanted time. Before the hour set, Madge should be gone—gone beyond discovery; and she herself would be supposed to have been duped by the creature's pretended willingness to confess.

She felt confident that she could battle down the reproaches of conscience which illness and Elinor's kindness had roused in Madge; she would appeal to her temper and jealousy; besides, she knew the girl's love of finery and money—she would give her a sum that would seem wealth in Madge's eyes in return for the paper Hudson had left.

Oh, that paper! How could she have been so mad as not to force Madge to give it up? But the girl had persisted with wild obstinacy, partly because some fear of her dead husband prevented her letting it be destroyed—partly because in her craftiness (and Mrs. Alderly had rather admired this) she saw that its possession gave her a hold over her protectress.

But she should give it up now—she could not resist the golden bribe Mrs. Alderly was ready to offer—give it up, and go away under a new name to a foreign land, dazzled by the idea of a life of ease for herself and her boy.

"Don't lose any time," said Mrs. Alderly. "Order the carriage; I shall meet Kenneth on the road. Oh, rest content, Miss Stuart! it shall all be settled this day. I will show you how grateful I am; you saved my child—my Florence! Oh, if I can only have it in my power to give you happiness in return! to reinstate you—persuade those people in Laughton who say such dreadful things of you, that they were mistaken—I shall be the happiest woman in the world!"

They were disturbed by the sound of voices outside the door—a man's tones in expostulation, a woman's crying sharply:

"I tell you I can't wait! I will go in—I will!"

Mrs. Alderly could not repress a cry. She started forward—but Mr. Gresham was before her; he opened the door. Madge Hudson pushed past the servant and rushed up to him, exclaiming:

"Let me in—let me in! I've come to tell you—I must tell!"

Mr. Gresham seized her hand, drew her into the room, and closed the door. Before he could speak, Madge caught sight of Mrs. Alderly and Elinor—her white face grew whiter, her great eyes blazed with a light like insanity, and she cried out, panting for breath:

"You are all here together! I'll tell—I'll tell! Oh, my God! Miss Stuart, my child—my child! Maybe he won't die if I tell—Will says he won't! I saw his ghost—I——"

She flung up her arms with a shriek, and would have fallen on the floor if Mr. Gresham had not caught her, writhing and moaning in a hysterical spasm.

It was some time before, in spite of all her efforts, she could conquer the paroxysm enough to speak; then she began to cry out incoherently, and Mrs. Alderly, half distracted as she was, caught at a wild hope that she might yet prevent ruin overtaking her plan.

"Go away, both of you," she whispered—"leave her alone with me."

But Madge caught the words, and shrieked:

"They sha'n't go—they sha'n't! You needn't think I won't tell! Don't you hear?—my boy is dying! Will said he would die if I didn't come. Oh, Miss Stuart, you can pray to God—pray for me!"

"Your boy won't die—I know he won't, Madge," cried Elinor.

"Not if you tell the truth; do it at once," called Mr. Gresham.

"Give the poor soul time!" exclaimed Mrs. Alderly. "Remember how ill she has been—let her rest; this excitement is enough to kill her! Madge, come with me—we will go to my room. After you get quiet, you shall tell them; don't try to say a word more."

"Do you mean to let my boy die?" she moaned. "I won't go—I will speak! Oh, Miss Stuart, I was so crazy—try to forgive me! Even when Will swore he was to blame, I wouldn't believe but what you'd fooled him—I cursed you for his death—I——"

"Madge, you must wait—you will kill yourself!" broke in Mrs. Alderly.

"And my boy—my boy! Oh, he was so well! and in the night he was took with a convulsion; and a while ago I got to sleep—then Will came and told me he'd die if I didn't tell! I've brought it—I've brought it! Here's the paper! Will wrote it—swore to it, and I kept it back! Take it—take it! Oh, my boy, my boy!"

She drew a sealed packet from her dress. Mrs. Alderly tried to seize it—she had gone so mad in her despair that she would have torn it in pieces; but Mr. Gresham caught the paper.

Madge fell back in her chair, groaning and shrieking, imploring Elinor to say that she forgave her—to save her boy! and Elinor was bending over her and trying to soothe her with whispered words of hope.

"Give me the paper—let me see!" moaned Mrs. Alderly.

She snatched it out of Mr. Gresham's hands; as she did so, the door opened, and Florence and Kenneth entered, and stopped thunderstricken at the scene.

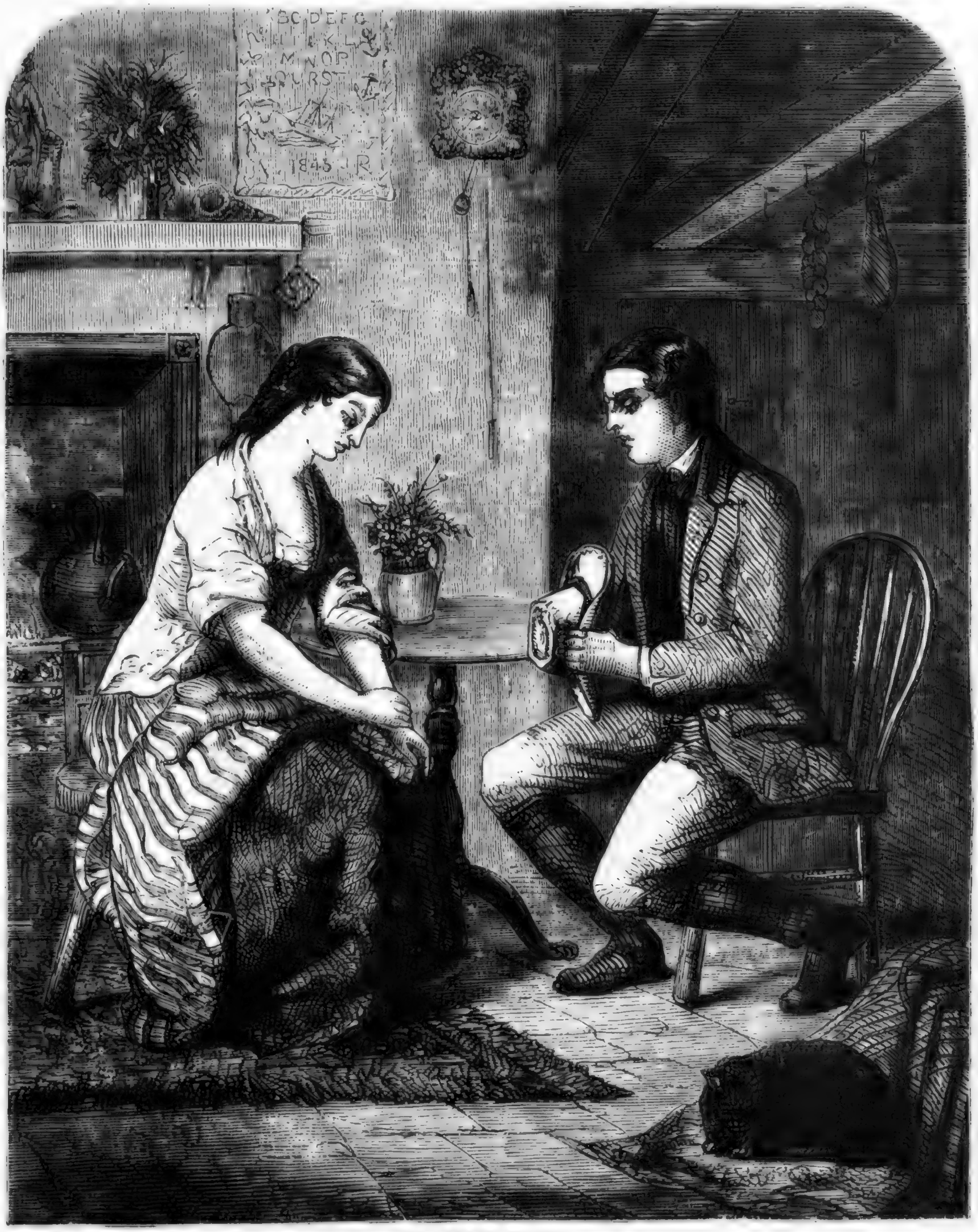
"Come in—come in!" cried Mr. Gresham. "News—grand news! We have the letter Will Hudson left, admitting his wicked conduct. Kenneth, do you give it to Miss Stuart—it is your right to have that happiness."

Florence uttered a joyful exclamation, and ran toward her aunt, who had sunk into a seat, and sat staring straight before her with the fixed, glassy eyes of a dead woman.

"Miss Stuart!" Kenneth repeated, in bewilderment. Then he stepped forward, took the envelope from his mother's nerveless hands, and moved toward Elinor.

There was a sharp cry from Florence; they all turned and saw Mrs. Alderly lying back in the chair, her head drooping over the arm, the glazed eyes half shut.

They carried her away to her room. Long before her senses came back and Kenneth was able to leave her, Elinor had left the house with Madge. Mr. Gresham gave a rapid, clear explanation to the young man, but it was easy to do so without rousing any suspicion of his mother—Elinor's wounded pride at his momentary suspicion of her, was made to account even for her letter of renunciation.



THE AWKWARD PROPOSAL.

For a whole week the pair did not meet. Kenneth never left his mother's bedside save for a few moments at a time. She lay there, helpless and paralyzed; sometimes they would see by the expression of her eyes that she recognized them; sometimes her lips would frame a voiceless monosyllable in answer to their questions; but usually she seemed neither to hear nor see—to have no connected thought in her torpid brain.

They knew she could never recover. The paralysis had been caused by the action of excitement upon the heart, the doctors said, as they had already prophesied to Mr. Gresham would be the case if any great shock reached her.

On the afternoon of the seventh day she roused from a long sleep; Kenneth and Florence were by her bed. Her eyes wandered from one to the other, went beyond them, as if in search of some one else, then came back and rested with agonized entreaty on their faces.

"Try to tell me, mother—what is it?" groaned Kenneth. Her lips moved, he bent close to her, he heard her murmur slowly and with great difficulty:

"Bring—her."

"Elinor—you mean Elinor?"

Her lips stirred again; the wild trouble in her eyes gave way to a look of pleasure that she had been understood.

"She shall come, mother—she shall come."

Florence hurried off to find Mr. Gresham; he went himself to Miss Seymour's house, and very soon entered the room with Elinor. They went up to the bed, but the dying woman appeared unconscious of their presence.

"Mother, mother!" cried Kenneth.

She opened her eyes, stared at him, then glanced about again with that look of piteous entreaty.

"Speak to her," Mr. Gresham whispered.

Elinor leaned forward and said, softly:

"Mrs. Alderly!"

There was a low murmur in her throat, she gazed appealingly in Elinor's face. The girl bent lower, she alone heard the one word:

"Forgive."

"Yes, yes," Elinor answered, falling on her knees.

Kenneth knelt beside her; Mrs. Alderly's glance rested for an instant on Florence, and went back to them. She tried vainly to raise her right arm; Mr. Gresham saw and comprehended the action. He took Elinor's hand and laid it in Kenneth's, on the counterpane, and gently placed the dying woman's upon it.

She smiled; once more her lips moved; in the complete stillness they heard her scarcely articulate voice murmur:

"Forgive—bless!"

Then her eyes closed, but the peaceful smile still parted her lips.

THE END.

NEATNESS IN WOMEN.

A WOMAN may be handsome or remarkably attractive in various ways; but if she is not personally neat, she cannot hope to win admiration. Fine clothes will not conceal the slattern. A young woman with her hair in disorder and her clothes hanging about her as if suspended by a prop, is always repulsive. Slattern is always written on her person from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, and if she wins a husband he will turn out, in all probability, either an idle fool or drunken ruffian. The bringing up of her daughters to be able to work, talk and act like honest, sensible young women, is the special task of all mothers, and in the industrial ranks there is imposed also the obligation of learning to respect household work for its own sake, and the comfort and happiness it will bring in the future. Housework is drudgery, but it must be done by somebody, and had better be well than ill-done.

VOYAGING TURTLES.—It has been observed that turtles cross the ocean from the Bay of Honduras to the Cayman Isles, near Jamaica, a distance of 450 miles, with an accuracy superior to the chart and compass of human skill, for it is affirmed that vessels which have lost their latitudes in hazy weather have steered entirely by the noise of the turtles in swimming. The object of their voyage, as in the case of the migration of birds, is for the purpose of laying their eggs in a spot peculiarly favorable.

EMBLEMS.

[The following lines were written more than fifteen years ago, and addressed to a charming young lady in Louisiana, who had sent the author a wreath of flowers.]

IN dreams I beheld thee, twining this wreath,
Each flower and rosebud perfumed by thy breath:
Dewdrops in clusters, gems of the morning
Shedding their lustres, the flowerets adorning.
Sweet honeysuckle, scarlet verbena,
Emblems of virtue, emblems of Nina.

Flitting I saw thee, from rosebush to bower,
Plucking this and that bud, this and that flower;
Heedless of hum-bird, regardless of bee,
Sipping their nectar, regardless of thee.
Sweet honeysuckle, scarlet verbena,
Emblems of virtue, emblems of Nina.

MONICA.

THE JUICE OF THE MANIOC.

I PRESUME I am less superstitious than most persons. I have no faith in spiritualism as expounded by the modern table-tippers, rappers and writers; and, though I can offer but little sustaining testimony, I do not believe the story here recorded was written through any supernatural agency.

The first I was conscious my left hand was writing, was when it neared the bottom of the first page; then a nervous twitching ran through it, which rendered almost illegible the quaint back-handed chirography. When the space was filled I turned the leaf with my right hand, and the nervousness was at once allayed. Thus, for quite four hours, I sat thinking of a hundred things irrelative to the words my pen was tracing, until at last it ceased to move, and the story was abruptly finished. I was not fatigued when I arose and glanced curiously over the pages before me.

I confess a slight indulgence on this evening, that may be the secret of the whole matter. I have sometimes dropped into a glass of ice-water a homœopathic quantity of the juice of the manioc; and this, I discovered, suggested ideas while reading, and bright dreams when sleeping.

The definition of abstraction from the book I had been perusing, does not explain to my mind the absence of the power of my will over the muscles of my fingers, though it is evidently quoted with this intention.

It puzzles me to think, however, that I cannot now write a plain word with my left hand.

In the volume alluded to I had just read an instance, that the juice of the manioc, flying to my brain, may have merely transformed. For this reason, because there is a similarity between the stories, I question the presence of any spiritual agency. The paragraph is as follows:

> "There is a story (written in the seventeenth century) of a youth, who, in a playful frolic, put a ring on the marriage finger of a marble Venus; and a strange illusion came upon him that she had thus become his wife, and, in obedience to the injunctions of the ceremony, came to his bed when the sable canopy of night was spread around them. So intense was this illusion, and so cold and loveless was his heart withal, that as the story goes, an exorcist was employed to dissolve the spell which had so firmly bound him."

THE STORY BY THE LEFT HAND.

THE hand that pens these words is human, though the will that directs it is supernatural, and long since deserted its earthly tenement for the higher life—the eternal existence.

A strange fancy has absorbed me to return for a little while, and communicate in this manner something of the past in which, on the world, I moved and was. So, floating in the atmosphere like a thought in the mind, I saw beneath me in his study this student, this grammarian, and at once my will fixed upon his unoccupied left hand. Paper was before me, and the hand is now writing that which I dictate. The student is immersed in his book. He does not at present even know his hand is being used by me. He is reading "Philosophy of Mystery." Let us quote, for his own abstraction is great: "As attention is concentration of a sense, abstraction is the concentration or attention of the mind; therefore the power of fixing the senses and forgetting the mind is attention, that of fixing the mind and forgetting the senses is abstraction—philosophy, if you will." Thus the student's volume explains his own abstraction.

I cannot say why I was attracted by this particular student, unless by the force of natural cohesion. Once in seven years, it is well known, all mortals undergo change, cellule by cellule, and the atoms that compose the body are utterly diffused in that time. The hand with which I am writing may contain particles of matter of which my mother once was; perchance from the soft cheek I was wont to kiss. Or it may be that I am but directing again some of my own earthly person. As nothing perishes, who will say this may not be so?"

Ah! my mother! nurtured under the skies of the far south, she was too frail for the great breath of the sea. So when the deep was quiet again she, too, slept. I was lying in her lap looking up into her face, like the mere that looks up at a star whose image is shadowed in its breast. The sea was calm, and the hush of summer twilight was over it. Only a cooling breeze lisped through the rigging, or idly scooped the ripples, but suddenly a strong breath fanned us, and as it passed the sweet eyes that had been closed above me opened and closed again forever. That one draught of air was caused by the angel of death, as she swooped down with a single waft of wing and bore away the dear life to whom I had been so dear. Immediately Ronel was by her side, calling her name wildly and mournfully, kissing the eyelids, and holding the drooping head close to his breast. There was no response, no answer. What need of speech had she, to make reply? Like a bird of passage which has learned a new song, she had flown away.

As a musician, Ronel was an enthusiast. He had genius—the genius that appreciates, opposite to that which creates. He thoroughly interpreted the masters, and when we reached Florence, found no difficulty in securing a place as organist in one of the many old cathedrals.

I was but a child then, and tenderly every day he would take me with him, either to regular service, or when he went to practice. Hand-in-hand, threading the narrow streets, we passed up the broad stairway to the cathedral, and the narrower steps to the organ-loft. On our small income we lived comfortably in a retired part of the city. We came at last to be known somewhat, and a monk who had frequently met us in the old pile greeted us with smiles and flowers.

I was very happy in those days, and Ronel, my father—he wished me to call him Ronel—taught me to sing. Standing by his side, often in the twilight, or when the darkness had fallen, he would strike some grand chords on the great organ, and with tears of joy cry, "Sing, Monica! Welcome thy mother, for this is her spirit that comes to us again." His fancy finally settled into the belief that in the music she came to him, or that her soul itself was music.

The cathedral was a treasury of art. The walls were frescoed by the best painters—Stefano, Brigordi, Sandro, Lippino, Fra Angelico and others. The floor was of marble, and in the chancel and about the altar were statues of many of the Apostles and the Madonna. These, from the organ-loft, seemed white-robed worshipers or silent ghosts.

The crypt was once explored by Ronel and myself with a poorly-prepared torch, which being extinguished, left us in the appalling darkness. We reached the entrance without difficulty, however, after stumbling over the rattling skeleton of some poor friar.

For a long time I was engrossed in studying the frescoes and paintings of the cathedral; and while Ronel invoked sublime symphonies from the organ, I wandered through aisle, apsis and nave, reading the thoughts the masters had made outlive themselves in the faces of those they had portrayed.

For awhile these alone pleased and satiated me, then I turned to sculpture. I turned like one whose taste having become cloyed with sweetness, turns to something more substantial and enduring, yet none the less beautiful.

There is always a time in youth when the more sensuous and rich the fancy, the more it is admired, but in after years we seek severer beauty; and he is the best painter, sculptor and poet whose imagination has been the most thoroughly chastised.

Thus, from a love of painting, like an afterthought, came my love for sculpture.

I lingered about the statuary when I could find opportunity, and closely observed and studied it. I was in my twentieth year now, and life had a broader look than it had ever assumed before.

There were several sculptors in Florence, and I obtained permission to visit their rooms at pleasure, while to Ronel I intimated my desire to adopt the art as a profession. This he was loath to gratify, fearing my love for sculpture would step between him and my love for himself. On our small competence, aside from his labors, he said, we could always live well, though plainly, and it was not his intention to allow his daughter to descend to earning her own livelihood. Strange that he should have thought application to art was labor!

Once, in a studio I had often visited, after examining an exquisite figure of Juno which was just being rounded into form by the workmen, I peered through the half-opened door into the modeling-room, and saw the artist at work. He looked up smiling, and advancing toward me, said:

"I am glad to meet you, and shall claim your acquaintance, for I learn that you, like myself, are from America."

I accepted the proffered hand, and bowing, replied in Italian:

"It is a long time since I saw my native land. My father, loving music better than home, came to Florence."

My interlocutor's eyes seemed fixed immovably upon my face.

"You are from the South."

"Yes, and you?"

"No, from the North."

"My mother was a Creole," I resumed, simply; "we lived for a time near Barancas, afterward at New Orleans; but at sea, on our way hither, mother died."

Promising to meet again, we parted.

In time I learned the sculptor had purloined a copy of my form and features for a statue. A representation of America, he said—a woman shackled with heavy chains. From that hour I knew I was beautiful. I had been the type of this slave, and as she was perfect in physical loveliness, must not I be also? It is not vanity for a beautiful woman to know she is beautiful, and when I came to this knowledge, I merely inspected more closely the statue of which I had unconsciously been made the model, and loved myself not less, but sculpture more. The full, round figure, tapering in a hundred lines of grace, the bare arms and shoulders, the downcast eyes and shadow of seriousness that swept across the face, all complimented and pleased me. Even a lily might be gratified with its picture in the water.

I was at the cathedral with Ronel. For a time I stood beside him, as he struck the rich chords of a fugue by the master of Saxe Gotha, but wandered down at last through the broad aisles, pausing before a statue of St. John.

I had noticed this the least of any of the works that adorned the edifice; but now, at a glance, I saw it was the most perfect of them all.

Through the stained-glass window a golden glory of light shone in from the afternoon sun, and rested like the hand of an angel on the head of the statue.

The marble was life-size, and held in its grasp a scroll whereon a single Hebrew word told the Apocalypse. On the face an expression of supreme love and peace rested. The lips were semi-parted, as if in speech; the form was slight, yet knit and muscular, and the outer robe, which covered the shoulders, fell to the feet. The tunic was gathered at the waist with a simple girdle, and the head was bare, and the hair descended to the back. The folds of the robe were arranged with an appearance of carelessness that half revealed their studied nicety.

The sculptor's name I could never know. Some touches betrayed a pupil of Nicolo the Pisan; but whoever he was, this marble thought enchanted me. Held I was in a thrall by its splendid presence. Strange, that from the first I should entertain this feeling of awe and love for it.

To me it was St. John arisen and glorified, waiting meekly and patiently in the old cathedral, to see the good done on earth, and transmit the tidings to heaven.

To me, indeed, it was St. John—St. John, the beautiful—the beloved St. John—whom the Master loved—St. John, whose words I pondered:

"Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love."

If love be God, I reasoned, I will make it my faith, my trust. When it shall come—for it comes once in life to all—I will bow down to it, and know, whatever the issue, it will be best, for God is love.

Following this hour, I daily visited the statue. In its presence I saw, in imagination, the whole life of the saint. I pictured him with his nets by the sea, and the Master a little way off, beckoning him. I saw him with Mary and Martha, his true friends. Often I would sit at his feet on the pedestal, and read the wonderfully prophetic lines of the Revelation pertaining to the great city whose streets are paved with pure gold; or, leaning my cheek against his cool garment, dream of him as he sat at the Last Supper, with his head reclining on the breast of the Saviour.

I acknowledged to myself ere long that I loved this statue. I know the passion was wild and unnatural, yet it existed, despite me, and was deep and intrinsic. I knew I had not created it, and even while I nurtured it, I wished it dead.

How, then, came my affections to fasten on such an object? you ask. Let me answer.

The genius whose brain cradled this statue, when it was but a mere fancy, possessed a large and powerful will. A thought is real or unreal, in the sense that, impelled by will, it blossoms into action, or, lying dormant in the mind for a time, is forgotten.

This genius—imitator of Nicolo, Glycon or Praxiteles, if you will, yet none the less a true genius—loved his subject, and studied it. In his brain he saw St. John, as in the earlier day he walked with Christ and the Disciples. The fancy to him was a living presence, and of it the outward type a mere picture. The Apostle, as the artist saw him, was all gentleness and loveliness, and on the face of the statue he stamped the expression of both these qualities. It was not strange that the inflexible purpose of the sculptor was embalmed in his work.

The thought became fact; the statue was complete. A certain sense of loveliness and beauty, drawn from its creator, had gone into it. An aura of gentleness and love hovered ever about the form, and all who looked upon the features at once admired their more than marble grandeur.

So, because my will was too weak to resist the power of the sculptor's will that yet remained in the statue, and because my passions were strong, I came to love the marble.

Perhaps, on a similar principle, Ronel loved the works of Verdi and Mozart. Genius may so live in its inspirations that they become part of that it strives to depict. Who has heard the dirge of Marius at Carthage, and not been impressed with some fancy of the scene itself?

Even now, I remember the day I saw Geoffry coming down the street toward us. He smiled pleasantly, and raised his hat, as if to pass, but turned suddenly, and was introduced to Ronel. Then I explained how I had been playing interloper in his rooms, and my father laughed and invited the sculptor to go with us to the church, as a rare aria was to be performed.

We strolled up the quaint thoroughfare, saying little, save that the skies of New England were dearer than those of Florence, to which was added Geoffry's "Amen." We entered the cathedral, Ronel humming abstractedly a few stray notes of the music, on which he was intent.

This we heard with ecstasy, and so praised the player he blushed; then wandered down the stairs and up the aisles, where, in an instant, the eyes of Geoffry encountered the statue of St. John.

"Oh, is not this perfect? By whom is it? How came it here?" were the questions he asked in a breath.

"It is wonderfully beautiful," was all I could say, casting down my eyelids, for fear he should take hint of my secret, yet the blood crimsoned my cheeks, I knew.

"Then you cannot name the sculptor?"

"No, sir; perhaps Phidias wrought the work. It may have come from Athens."

"A surmise concerning a mystery is more attractive than a fact, so I grant the possibility."

"I do not place this statue on a level common with the others," I resumed, earnestly. "This was never the work of any but the artist in whose brain it originated. No erring chisel cut it from a model in softer substance. It was struck out at once, a creation—an inspiration. Observe the perfection of the lines—not from a model in clay, but from a great thought, have these been taken."

Geoffry smiled; but whether in acquiescence or with incredulity, I could not determine.

"You are an enthusiast," he remarked.

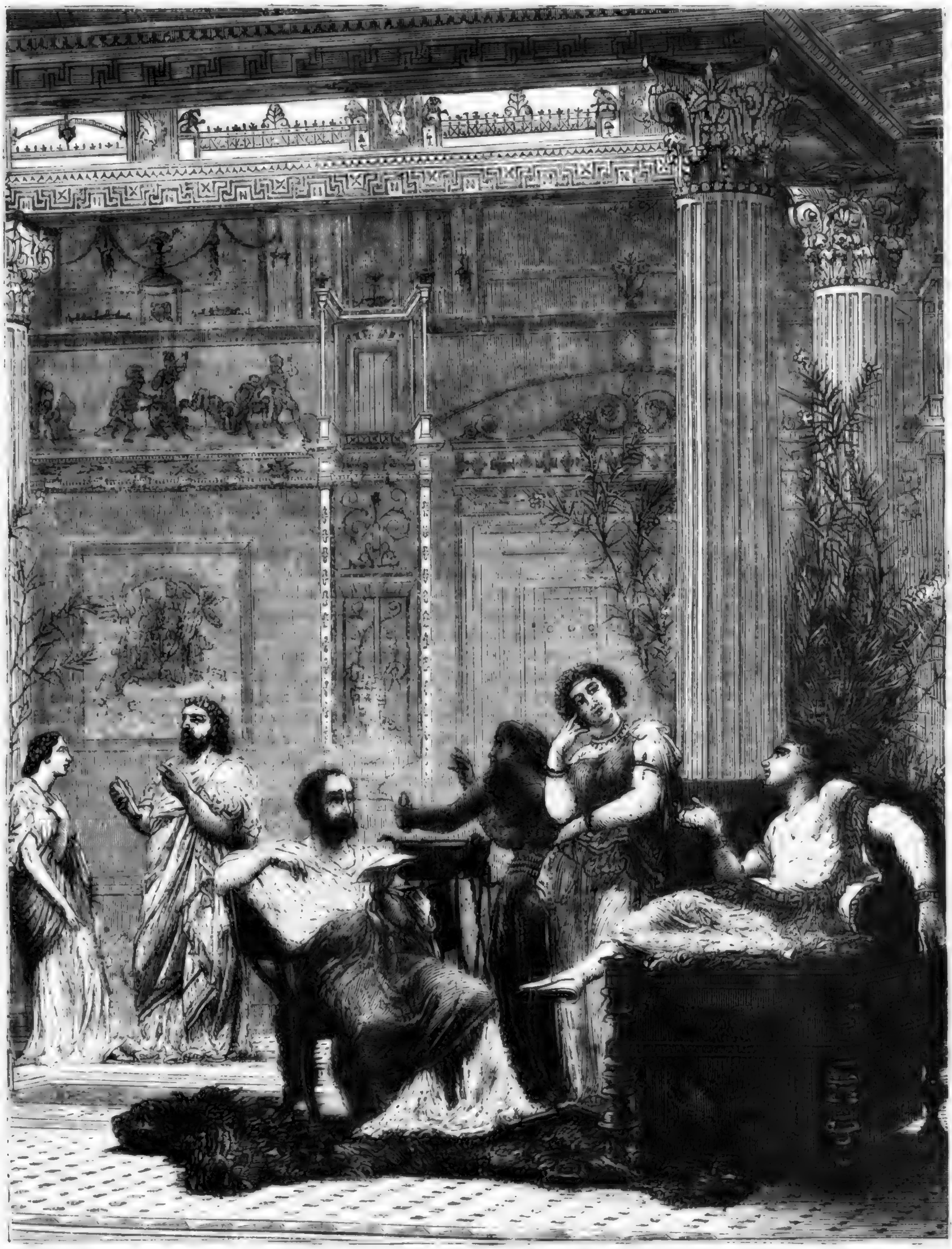
"It may be. Wordsworth was, for such he makes his Excursionist. Writers give their best characters those attributes best in themselves."

He drew my hand in his arm familiarly, and we joined Ronel at the porch. Reclining at the base of the steps was a little flower-girl, who, as we descended, arose and extended her hands to us, filled with delicate bouquets.

XUM

Geoffry paid an exorbitant price for a cluster, purely of violets, and offered it to me.

"The language of the violet is modest worth; will you accept the bouquet under this consideration?"



A SALOON IN OLD ROME.

"If by 'this consideration' you intend a compliment, I answer No, because I dislike compliments. I will accept the violets, however, for their own sakes."

"Why not for my sake?"

I changed the subject directly, and the question was not repeated. We soon reached our villa, and our guest came in with us to tea. Afterward we watched the sunset from the veranda, and criticised somewhat those of the statues by the old masters we had the good fortune to have seen.

"I hold," said Geoffry, "there is, after all, no sculptor like the wind;" and a cool breath for the praise kissed his cheek. "See how like marble that western cloud is. Now, observe the wind, with its invisible mallet and chisel, pounding away at it, and molding it into a hundred fantastic forms."

So the conversation framed into gayety, and, when the moon came up, we waltzed in its light, while Ronel played for our footsteps a dreamy cadence on his guitar.

The waters of the Arno were mailed with a sheen of silver, and from the Apennines, saturated with sweetness, came the cool wind.

I felt at the time a strange influence striving with something in my spirit—a power subtle, yet distinct, subduing the force of a passion I had nourished. Geoffry, I know now, had willed that I should love him. Would he succeed? Was it possible a direct intention could drive back the power of the affections for one ideal, and centre them upon another?

Our guest bade me good-night, formally, and later, a voice that I knew to be his sang beneath my window one of Shakespeare's serenades. Not in gratitude for his love, but for his kindness, I arose, kissed my hand to him, and withdrew.

The violets he had given me I had tenderly cared for, depositing them in a rare vase of antique workmanship, that stood upon a stand near my pillow.

Through the night their delicate odor mingled with my dreams, and I walked in quiet gardens under the calm sky, by the still sea; and ever in my brain tinkled the guitar music, and ever arose the passionate perfume of flowers, and ever the statue walked beside me—a glorious presence, that I in vain adored.

The subsequent afternoon, Ronel and I were, as usual, at the cathedral, and, by mutual consent, were to remain until moonlight. He had a requiem he wished to perform in the shadows; and while it was yet day, I sat upon the pedestal of the statue, little demurring at the prolongation of the time I could be with that I loved.

From the violets, still fresh and fragrant, I wrought a wreath, and this I laid upon the head of the disciple. Ronel, smiling down from the loft, praised the conceit, while the features of the statue itself beamed with new loveliness.

The blind shadows were groping in the corners before the organ pealed forth the opening of the requiem.

Ronel had found the music, in manuscript, at a sale of the effects of an old musician, who had recently died. The paper bore no title nor name, but father at once caught at its meaning and saw its perfections.

It was a requiem for one who had been buried at sea. I held my hand upon the arm of the statue, and heard the opening, in *adagio*—a broad, slow sweep of delicious tone, that seemed like the blue deep, illimitable and profound.

Then followed, in *arpeggio*, notes quick and full of life, like the breeze stirring the sea into the lightest ripples. In rapid succession came a shrill *oboe* sound, like a voice moaning with despair; the boom of low bass notes, cannon-like, and a plaintive melody at last, tender and beautiful—a prayer in music for the dead.

In libation for the sacred memories the requiem had invoked, the tears were silently falling on Ronel's cheeks. I, too, with a vague sense of loneliness, leaned upon the marble shoulder of the disciple, and wept.

Thus the chain of the music was broken, and a march by Haydn followed.

Immediately my tears were gone, and the clear tide of tone swept me away where I heard the tramp of invisible armies. Then arose the flute notes of a twilight melody, and I at once reverted to the thoughts that were mine as I formed the wreath.

I was leaning upon the shoulder of the statue. I put my arms about its neck, and laid my head upon its pure breast. I kissed the lips with the very affluence of desire. Stript of my tears, I was like a daisy after the rain. As the daisy loves the sun, so I loved the statue—existence seemed the centre of happiness in its presence.

As a pearl-diver buffets with the waves when he rises with his treasure, so I with my fears buffeted, clinging to the pearl of my love. Pearl it was, luminous and clear. Its radiance permeated my whole being, and made me something which without it I would scarcely dared have been. It was my religion and my faith indeed.

I did not then distinguish between the different degrees of love. Mine was so intense that I misunderstood and confused it. Knowing the lips of him, in whose semblance the statue had been wrought, had said, "Brethren, let us love one another, for God is love," I mistook the meaning, like one who on a journey mistakes the path, and was led astray. I did not know the love men should entertain for one another should partake but little of passion, and most of charity.

Could I have reasoned thus, it would have seemed fallacy, for my love was not for my kind—and this fact would have confuted me. So I closed my eyes, and like the shadows, groped blindly in deeper shadow.

I was a bird swaying on a spray of hope, a something I caught at and clung to—I was a bird swaying, and singing in my heart a new song, strange, without words and ethereal—but a new song, a melody. I was afloat on a tropic sea, with the divine calm of stars above. I was outward bound, and drifting away. An odor of violets came from the shore—a foreign shore, unknown. Flowers draw down into themselves and exhale the airs of heaven. So the land from whence I was drifting might be celestial; yet it could not be, for him I loved was of the seraphim, and would he allow me thus to be carried from him? Rapturous symphonies came out straying from the shore, and ever grew fainter and fainter. At last, no land in view, my boat and I were alone upon the wide deep, yet for ever drifting away.

Standing thus, with my head upon the stolid breast of the marble, it is not strange I prayed it might have life—that the arms might be twined about me, that the lips might press my own.

A violet, thirsting for the dew, droops no more in the intense heat, than I thirsting for the dew of the first kiss.

I was calm, with a divine languor, yet my whole blood was turned to lava, that poured through every vein. For all this there was no recompense, no return. The splendid brow, the dreamy eyelash bent no nearer my own—all was cold and calm. So, like a glass filled with the liquid fire with which I was consumed, I held my soul up, and poured my thoughts slowly forth in prayer. It was a prayer for life—life to the inanimate, to the unreal. Ah! if nature ever might come to art, here let the seal be set. We are Thy children, dear Lord, and thou makest us with our desires; grant to the least of Thy little ones this boon, this fruition for waiting hope. Lord, I am a beggar at Thy gate; arise, and give me that I ask, and I will quickly go away.

The statue was unmoved.

Was there then no answer to prayer?

My heart beat slower when my thoughts turned upon me with this question. A terrible, scorching fear lurked in my brain, and throbbed at my temples. Only a doubt could have interrogated me thus. My reason gave no reply ; yet I wept, and without faith, like one that is lost. My heart seemed the centre of a wheel that was ever revolving, and constantly emitting coruscations of fire that permeated my whole being.

As men have fancied they have seen spectres in the twilight haunting deserted ruins, so I dreamed my love a spectre, a strange ghost, an intangible yet living presence, for ever haunting the deserted places of my heart.

The moon comes up over the wilderness, and shines on cliff and glen. The flowers, dripping with dew, seem meek maidens with necklaces of pearl about their dainty necks, and their lips of honey wait for the kisses of the bees. A little lake lies out in the stillness, and, as the moon bends over it, draws down into its depths its entire fullness of light, till every ripple and cove is saturated, and its whole expanse gleams like a shield of silver. So my life, like a little lake, lay out in the wilderness of fate till the moon of love arose ; then the dark waters were changed and became beautiful, and midnight seemed crowned with dawn.

It will be seen my affection was the most intense, yet also the most contradictory. It was extreme pleasure and extreme pain. It possessed the repellant and attractive forces of the magnet. In its object it was dissatisfying and cold, but in itself broad and full and deep, and to me as illimitable as the universe. It was generous, and kind, and good. It caused me to look leniently on the misdeeds of mankind, and broadened my heart to a capacity I had not dreamed it could attain. Yet it ever must remain unrequited and alone. It was a goblet of brimming nectar filled for a guest who would not drink. Yet, perhaps, for all this I clung to it the more.

There is a story of a spring on the great desert, whose cool waters fail to quench the thirst. I had found it. I saw the clear brook by the wayside, and stooped to heal my parched lips, but in vain—to drink was to thirst for ever.

I heard Ronel calling me from the loft :

"Monica ! Monica ! Monica !"

Each articulation was a stone thrown into the water of the silence, and each spread a hundred ripple-like echoes that ever circled, and broadened, and died away.

I love echo, and I do not wonder the ancients personified it. From his abode in the rocks I have caused him to arise at my all-potent spell ; and in the old churches and cathedrals, where he has lurked for centuries, he has answered me. Though invisible, he was always present when I stood near the statue. If I but whispered he would reply, and I always wished the marble lips would snatch his power, and speaking, there leave him mute for ever.

As I passed down the aisle I detected a slight shuffling noise, as of some one moving rapidly away from me, and saw an uncertain figure crouch for a hiding-place among the thick shadows.

The incident terrified me, and I hurried to the door to meet Ronel, who, noticing my agitation, inquired its cause. He was at once anxious to go back and discover the intruder, but I demurred, and to gratify me we hurried through the dimly lighted streets toward our home.

Conscious some one was following us, I looked back, and as a broad ray of light fell upon it, I saw Geoffry's face. He must have turned into some house or street, for, before we reached the villa, I ceased to hear the footsteps.

At the gate we were met by the monk who, years before, greeted us at the steps of the cathedral, and with whom Ronel was on terms of friendship. He was just coming from the river, and seemed much excited, making some hurried remarks to Ronel that I did not understand.

"Monica, Geoffry is drowned !"

"Geoffry drowned ! Impossible, for I saw him behind us as we came down the street."

The monk had gone on to procure men to search for the body, and we had entered the gate.

"The report cannot but be true, for Father Sarano has just seen the peasant with whom he was talking before he leaped into the river. Geoffry gave his name, and said he had deliberately concluded to commit suicide, and any interference would be useless. He wished Father Sarano to be informed of his death, and with this request the frightened peasant had complied with breathless haste."

I went to my room, not without a great feeling of dreariness at my heart. What had been the cause of Geoffry's rashness I could not surmise. I knew so little of his inner life, I was baffled to think what terrible misfortune had crushed him. Had I known even then he loved me, I would not have dreamed it could result in such mad impetuosity. The window of my own room was open, and on the floor I found a bouquet, wherein was concealed a note, to which was tied with a ribbon a large seal ring.

The words ran thus :

> "MONICA :—I have discovered you love the statue. I know how fervent that love is, and what folly it would be for me to ask you to supplant it. As life is nothing without you, I have resolved to die. GEOFFRY."

The ring was antique, deftly carved, and I fancied it might belong to Gyges. As I placed it upon my finger a strange thrill passed through my whole frame. This was not repeated, though from the instant I was conscious a will, foreign to my own, was striving with me, endeavoring to raise repugnance to the statue. My love was stronger than my will, and this wrestled with the demon that had come up to my brain out of the ring. I call it demon, for such it seemed to me then—I know now it was an angel. Yet I felt a stronger pity for Geoffry, and a new bond of sympathy seemed signed by us, seeing both had loved in vain. Because he had loved me, and because he was so noble, and for that he died, I wept.

Then my first love arose in anger, and dried my tears, and put away all pity from me, so that I think I was as the statue itself. Yet, the power in the ring was potent and strong, and while it was upon my finger I could not rest ; no sleep came to my eyelids. At last I removed the golden circlet, and soon a gentle slumber fell upon me, and I dreamed of the statue ; but that night I thought of Geoffry no more.

I do not think Ronel mistrusted my singular passion. Knowing my predilection for sculpture in all its forms, the mere fact of my hovering near the statue of the disciple could not in any way have attracted his especial attention.

Yet I fancy all women betray themselves when they love. The color on my cheeks at times came and went with my own thoughts. I was unusually pensive, and my eyes must, in some measure, have expressed the delicious languor that at times possessed me.

The silent intelligence that is in ourselves, and that whispers to us all our thoughts, told me that if anything should befall the statue I would die. From what other point came the intuition I did not then ask myself, knowing little that the shadows of events are sometimes mirrored in our dreams and feelings. I only knew that if any harm should come to the disciple my life would pay the penalty. It seemed as though the will of the great sculptor who wrought the marble had intrusted it with me, and it was my duty to watch and guard it. It appeared necessary that my vigilance should equal my love. I was not appalled, however, at the thought of death. Geoffry had died, could not I, too?

In the afternoon I again slipped the ring upon my finger, and immediately my thoughts were with him, who had so rashly cast away his life. In some measure we must love in return the object that loves us. It is impossible wholly to dislike those by whom we are beloved. I could not forget Geoffry.

I remembered him as he stood upon the veranda, but a few evenings past, how handsome and how good he was. The wind pouring down from the gorges toyed with the black hair that clustered about his forehead. His eyes, glittering in the moonlight with the excitement of the dance, seemed to partake of something of the soul within. The tall, broad-shouldered form, fit for an Atlas, and the clear-cut regal features, I could not but admire.

So long I pondered and dreamed, idly slipping off and on the ring Geoffry had given me, that Ronel had gone to the cathedral alone, after having called me in vain to join him. Then, when the afternoon had nearly worn away, the ring of the day having slipped off the finger of time, I put from me Geoffry's ring with the spirit it had exercised, and wended my way toward the church.

The shadows were growing dense as I entered, and a flood of melody greeted me. There were several worshipers about the altar, and a chained lamp of silver was burning dimly above it. I joined Ronel in the loft for the time, not caring to be seen at the shrine at which I was a devotee. The strange murmur of muttered prayers arose with the incense. Only the one light glowed like a star in all the vast cathedral. A dirge, born of the spirit of tears, lifting the soul to the most sublime emotion, rolled and trembled under the broad roof like some mighty spirit that would not be comforted.

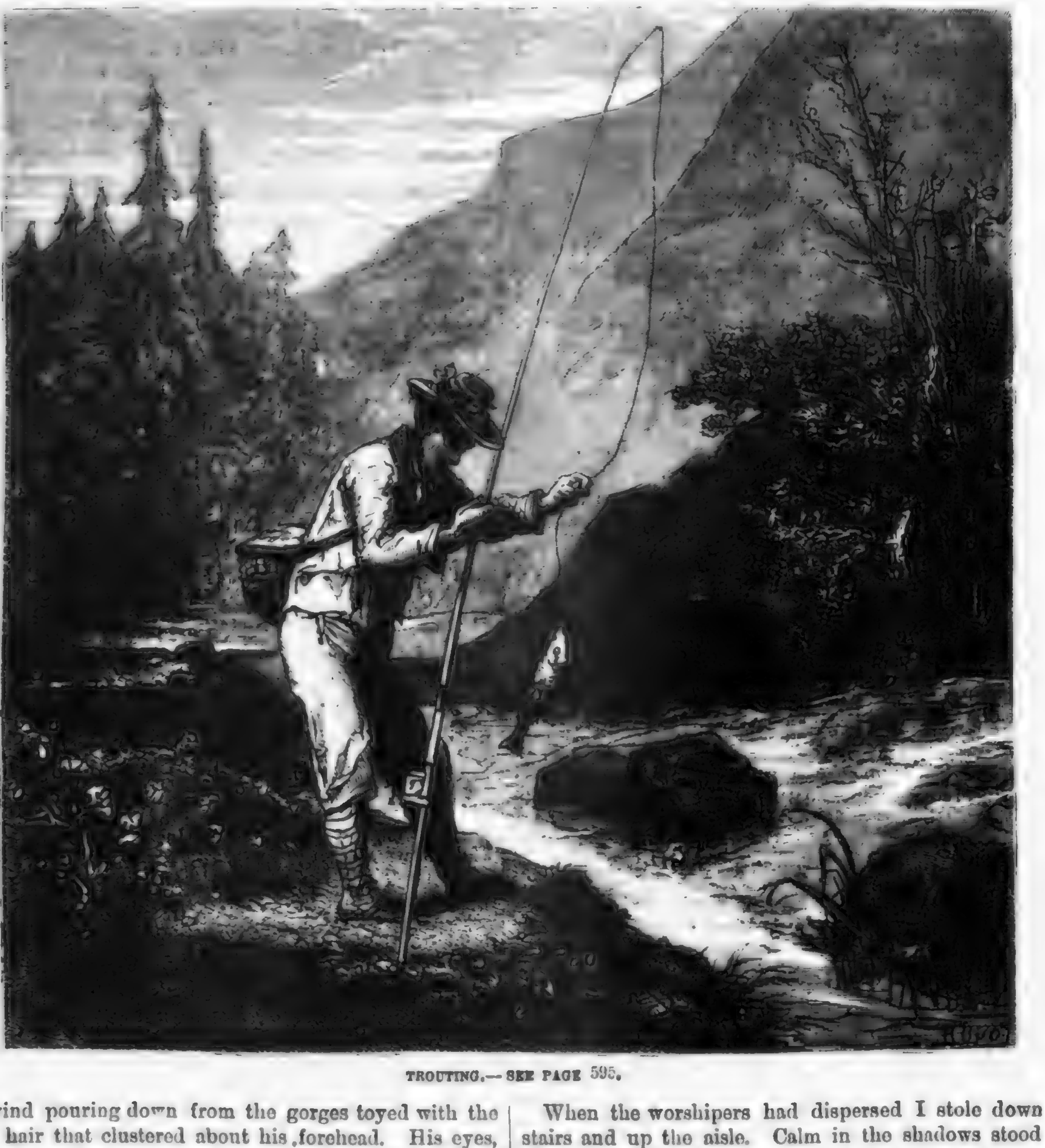
When the worshipers had dispersed I stole down the stairs and up the aisle. Calm in the shadows stood the statue. I drew the ring from my necklace and placed it upon the marble finger. Was it fancy? Did the statue start? I drew nearer, and clasped my arms about its neck. I was folded to its breast in return.

My prayer was answered!

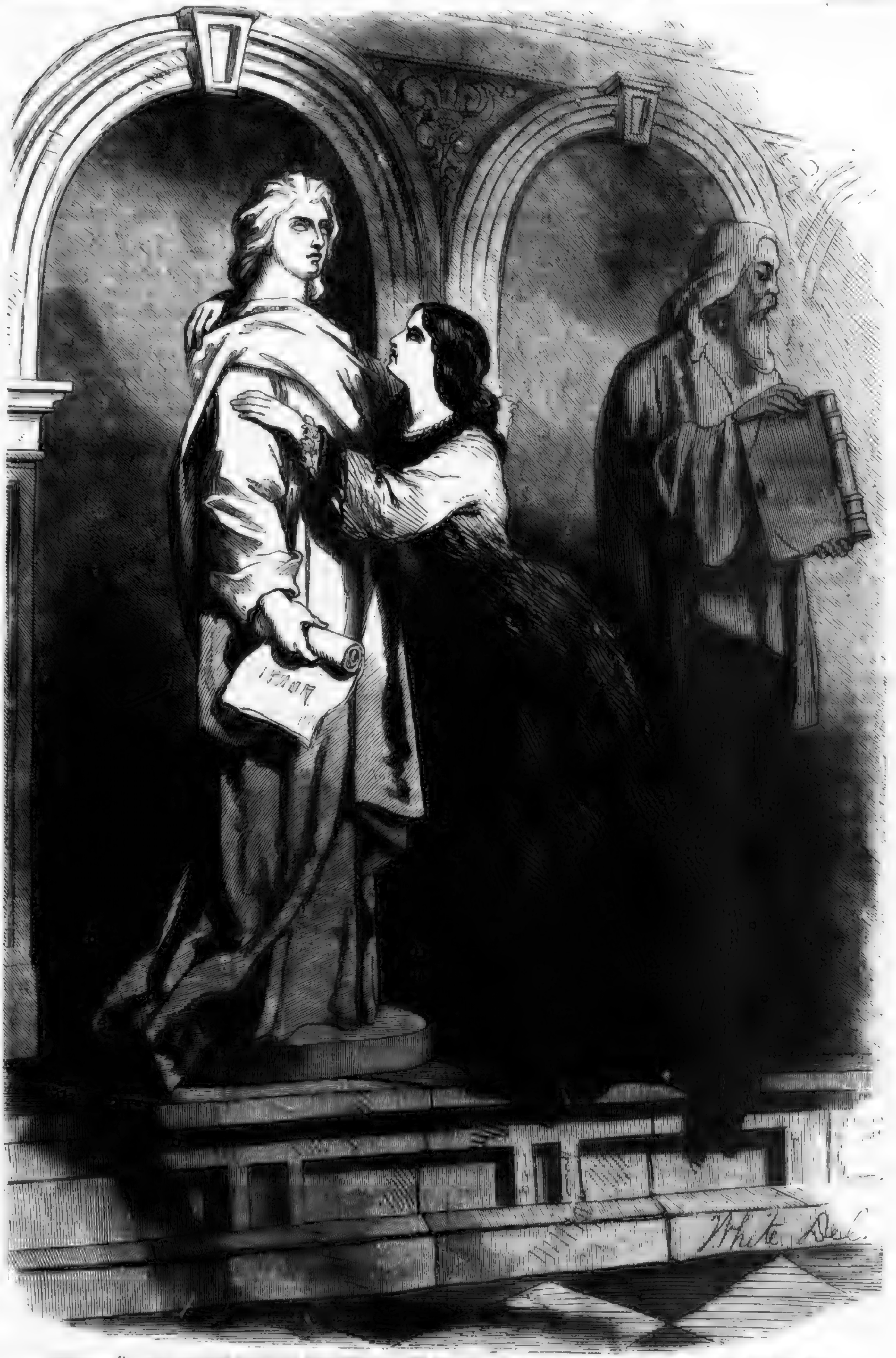
The lips met mine in one long delirious kiss. The dear eyes were gazing full in my own.

"Hush, Monica, and forgive me if I am wronging you: I am Geoffry."

I started back aghast, yet I fancied I understood the truth.



TROUTING.—SEE PAGE 595.



MONICA.—"I WAS LEANING UPON THE SHOULDERS OF THE STATUE. I PUT MY ARMS ABOUT ITS NECK, AND LAID MY HEAD UPON ITS PURE BREAST."—SEE PAGE 586.

"Geoffry is dead; you are then his spirit. I know you loved me, Geoffry, now I can return it, because you have given life to this statue. You died, that the marble might live and be mine."

"Monica, I am Geoffry as in the past. Think of me as such. The statue is no more—forget it and live for me. You remember the violets I gave and the ring I now return. Be my violet—never a lovelier flower can be worn. Be my ring—your presence will be a circle of gold about my daily life."

I could but dimly comprehend. The loose robe was cast aside, and down from the pedestal we stepped, my hand upon his shoulder, his arm embracing me. He was dressed as when I last saw him, wholly in gray, even to the little cap he drew forth and carried to the door in his hand. Ronel seemed overjoyed to see him, and begged an explanation.

"A mistake," said Geoffry, "a sheer fabrication. I remember meeting a peasant some time since upon the banks of the Arno, to whom, through chance, I gave my name. But what incentive he could have in telling such a story I cannot say."

I considered this a vague excuse, but Ronel seemed satisfied. After he had closed the organ we went home. Geoffry accompanied us, and remained late into the night. When I interrogated him concerning his transition he was silent and evasive. He either could not or would not explain. I thought then that it had transpired without his own volition, and through the power alone of my faith.

It was arranged that night that in two weeks we were to be married. We would have a few friends at the villa to witness the ceremonies, and start immediately for Venice. Geoffry wished to avoid all display, and have as little said about the wedding as possible.

After drifting about for a few days in the sleepy gondolas, and seeing what we could of the labors of art, we were to return home, and resume our old duties quietly, Geoffry dwelling with us.

I acquiesced in all this readily because I could not say no, and for the reason I knew I was bestowing a pleasure when I complied. Yet a vague fear, even that night, caused me to suspect Geoffry and the statue were not identical, while some force pinioned my doubts, and hushed them in every attempt at utterance. Yet Geoffry was so kind, so generous, why should I not love him for himself alone? This question came to me again and again. After Ronel had withdrawn to the library we were sitting upon the steps of the veranda, waiting for the moon to rise, enjoying the calm night and the delicious fragrance of the flowers.

"The schools of fish in the river, Monica, that glitter and dive and rise; the flocks of swallows that, in the twilight, sail and dip and soar, each swallow braiding and interlacing in the network of the flock, each fish braiding and binding in one mass the entire school, are like the myriad intents, the glittering fancies that have assembled in my brain concerning my bride to be, my Monica. All my life seems spread out like a glad sea. The stars are brighter now than ever before, and I know the sun will rise kindly above me on the morrow. Long I cherished art as a bride, but she is a cold mistress; often true and kind, she is never tender and passionate; the heart is dazzled, but the soul alone is satiated with her."

I only smiled at his words, vouchsafing no reply, and listlessly slipped his ring on the leash of my necklace, with the gold beads that had been hung about my neck when a child. They were so much like dewdrops solidified in the yellow sunshine, that I wore them frequently, remembering that, to palliate their quaintness, they had been molded a hundred years before, by some acquisitive ancestor.

"Look at the seal of the ring, Monica."

I had observed it before, and now saw it plainly in the moonlight—the palm of a hand, with the erratic life-line distinctly traced, was cut in ruby.

"Press the spring to the left of the hand."

I did so. The seal flew up, and an electric shock tingled through my arm. A few drops of whitish fluid were spilled upon the step from beneath the seal, and a tiny magnetic needle turned round and round upon its pivot in the ring.

"Monica, this ring was given me in Arabia by a strange man, in whose amulets and charms I half believed. A service for him brought this bauble as a reward. You may smile when I tell you the words with which it was presented:

"'You will some day meet with a lady you will wish to wed. You can only succeed by giving her this ring. When you have won her, touch the spring to the left of the hand, as the fingers point upward; the charm will then be ended, and forever after you will be happy.'"

"Yes, but you have not truly won me yet, Geoffry."

The hand he laid in mine was cold as death.

"God help me, Monica, if this be so."

He kissed me tenderly when we parted, and went down the walk.

It must have been the next day the truth forced itself upon me that I had been deceived. Geoffry, through some means, had discovered the secret of my love for the statue, and had removed and destroyed it, and stood in its place.

The fear came out boldly now, and no more skulked in my heart, dreading to be seen. Then the thought flew back to me that if the statue was harmed I would surely die. Even when the fear declared itself, I felt a sense of sickness in every vein—a feeling of inertness, crawling like an adder through my system.

The days were not many before I became pale and emaciated. My physician did not fully comprehend my malady. His medicines were experimental, and not direct remedies.

I grew to dislike Geoffry's presence, and begged him to leave me. I felt sure the statue had been concealed somewhere at his instigation, and I longed to see it once more. This alone could give me life.

I awoke from a deep slumber, but did not unclose my eyes. I heard Geoffry's voice.

"Is it possible, doctor, for any disappointment to produce illness like this? And does she not suffer more from mental than physical ailment?"

"I do not think the disease proceeds directly from her own mind. There seems to be an outward upas-like force that sears her life. I have read that some persons possess so much magnetic power over others that they can cause them to do whatever they wish. A case is cited in which a gentleman, strongly magnetic, willed an enemy to be sick, and he fell immediately ill. The lady can have no enemy, but her malady is similar, I think."

"How long can she live with the disease at its present stage?"

"Unless a relapse occurs, she will not live more than two days."

This was to have been my wedding day, and I spoke:

"Only two days, doctor? Geoffry, undeceive me, and tell me of the statue, and if it is not harmed I will not die."

Ronel entered and kissed my forehead, taking my hand in his. Geoffry stood at the foot of the couch.

"It is useless for me to say here, Monica," he began, "how much I loved you—how much I still love you. I discovered soon, however, that I was nothing in your eyes, and that some object stood between us. I determined to ferret out the secret, and succeeded. I found that you were passionately in love with the statue of St. John in the old cathedral. I found your love amounted to worship—the worship of a cold block of marble—a fancy carved in stone. This love was akin to idolatry, and was both wrong and unnatural. I thought then in some manner to erase it, and could devise no means save those I have ineffectually tried. To bribe the peasant to say I was drowned was easy. To remove the statue with the consent of Father Sarano was not difficult, and the rest you comprehend. Though the marble, as a work of art, was perfect, I hated it, and it is destroyed. Say, Monica, that you forgive me."

"I forgive you, Geoffry, and when we part we will still be friends."

I took his hand, and he wept.

When the evening came I was much better, and Ronel gathered more hope. I was stronger, for a new impulse nerved me. I knew the statue could not be wholly taken away, and that the fragments must be concealed somewhere about the church. I resolved to search for them.

The night had passed its noon. I was so much improved that the nurse, wearied with watching, had fallen asleep. I wrapped my shawl about me, and stole out into the hall, down the stairs, and out into the road. I was soon hurrying up the deserted streets of the city.

It so chanced that I was not met. I ascended the steps of the cathedral, and guided by intuition, passed round the edifice to a place where I found the soil had recently been disturbed. Here I knelt, and with my thin hands dug up the earth, until they were so lacerated that they bled. Then a flat stone served me, and at last I struck something solid and white.

I raised it up from its base interment, and well knew what treasure I had secured. It was the head of the statue, severed at the neck from the body, that in the same grave lay broken and despoiled.

With my garments I brushed away the rude dirt from the sweet lips, and kissed them again and again; then, carrying in my arms the dear head, and already feeling faint and weak, I began to retrace my steps. The way seemed interminably long.

Ever and anon, as I hurried through the dark streets, I pressed my kisses on the broad forehead and white cheeks. Their coolness made bearable the fever in my blood. Yet the languor that was like weariness blended with rest, crept on and on, gradually nearing my heart.

I think the statue's head lying on my breast, with the blank eyes upturned to mine, baffled the malady for a time; but it was insatiable, and as I entered the gates of the villa, I knew it had reached my life.

My heart was like a fair thing that floats down a tide, but at last is drawn into the depths by some monster that rises and strikes it to the death with its long claws.

I only staggered to the door and fell down before it. The strange rattle was in my throat, and great darkness followed. Then I knew that I was dead.

I floated up into the little room where the nurse still slept. I heard the clock ticking in the hall, and I hovered over Ronel, and blended with his dream. But as I felt supremely blessed and cheerful, his fancies took bright colors, and he dreamed me once again well and happy.

How far it was from his thoughts, that all he would see of me in life, lay out on the veranda, cold and still! And there, when the dawn came, they found the body I had worn. The white arms and torn hands still clasped the undying marble. The poor eyes were asleep now for ever, and the black hair trailed down over the bare shoulders. They bore me in very gently, and in a few days buried me near the statue.

Then I floated up and away—away and away, drawn by the force of an all-pervading will.

TROUTING.

Fishing has its votaries among all ranks and classes, among all ages. Men of culture, men of fashion, with their reels and flies, disciples of Izaak Walton, full of the lore and learning of the art of angling, whip the streams in a scientific manner, and enter into the pursuit with all the zest of sportsmen; your steady man of less book and society training has his favorite hook and line, and sits cozily on some bridge or jutting rock, and soberly pulls in his prey, more enthusiastic over their size than over his own skill.

The boy with the rudest of tackle, wading into stream or pool, pulls in the fish often in a way that fairly startles all his elder rivals.

Girls and ladies now and then try their hand at fishing, but they seldom take to it for more than a brief period. The disease of angling, often incurable in men, is always of a mild type in women, and susceptible of remedy.

Of all fish, the trout in our streams is most appreciated. The genuine angler loves it as a gamy fish, which does not yield when hooked, as many of the watery dwellers do, but battles to escape, and tests the skill and dexterity of the angler to secure it. Then, too, it is capricious. At times it will bite at a worm; at others ingenuity must be exhausted in devising a fly that it will rise at.

Trout-streams are generally in a romantic part of the country, which offers charms of a varied character to the eye of one who appreciates such beauties of nature, and a day's trouting is thus filled with pleasurable sensations.

The exquisite delicacy of the fish is not the least of its recommendations to the favor of the angler.

Our picture does not, evidently, show a connoisseur; he apparently belongs to the steady second class, and we doubt whether he has a fishing library at all—perhaps not a single book devoted to the gentle art.

LITTLE HUSKIES.

THEIR HOMES AND WAYS.

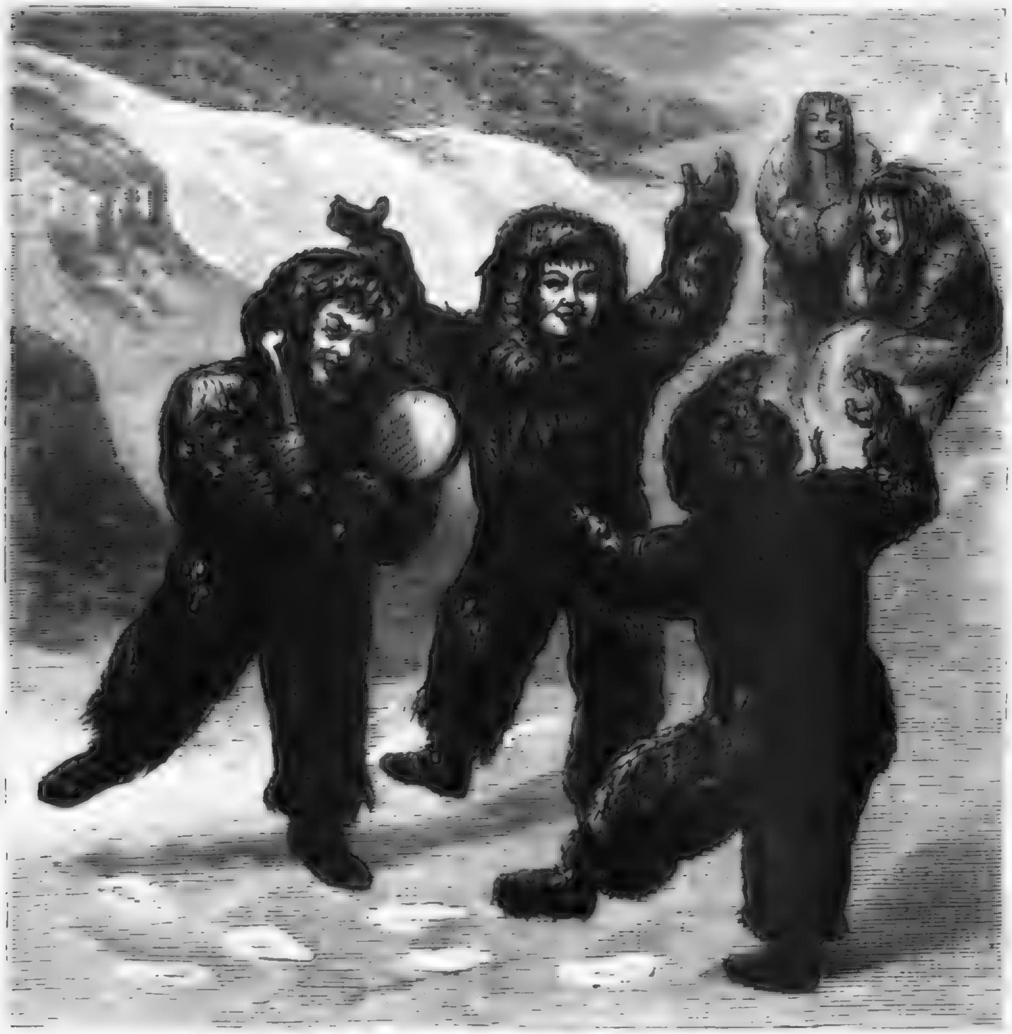
By S. J. Douglass.

The Eskimo people are a singular race living in Greenland and along the frozen seas above North America. And it is a curious fact that by other nations they are very seldom called by their real name. The word Eskimo, or Esquimau, means "Eater-of-raw-flesh"; and such he is. But he never calls himself so, but always speaks of his people as *Inuit*, that is, men. So we see at once that he thinks something of himself, and is a sturdy, independent little fellow, although we are wont to regard him as a savage.

Whaling ships and sealers often visit the waters around which the Inuit dwell; and many sailors have formed the habit of calling them "Huskies." Sailors are famous for giving nicknames.

It is about the little Huskies—the Eskimo children—that I want to tell my readers.

When a baby comes to an Eskimo house it is a strange



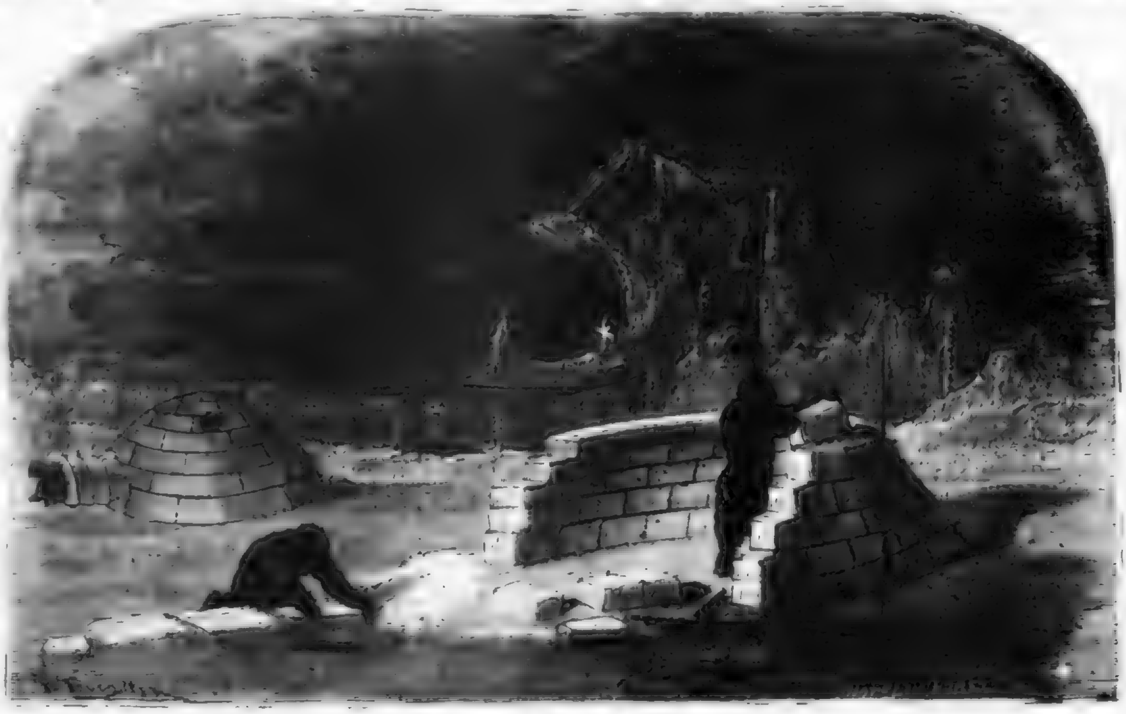
LITTLE HUSKIES.—SINGING AND DANCING.

home he finds. If it is Winter, the father, mother, and perhaps half-a-dozen relatives are crowded into a little hut made of stones and dirt, and partly buried under ground; or, it may be, the hut is made of snow, and sheltered by great rocks and drifts. If it is Summer, the family are living in a tent of seal or reindeer skins. In any case, it is a narrow, crowded, filthy place, such as none of us would think we could live in for a day. But baby is as well satisfied as if in a palace. His wants are as well attended to as possible, and he grows round-cheeked and chubby, and doubles up his fat fists, and coos, and opens his eyes wide, like any other baby.

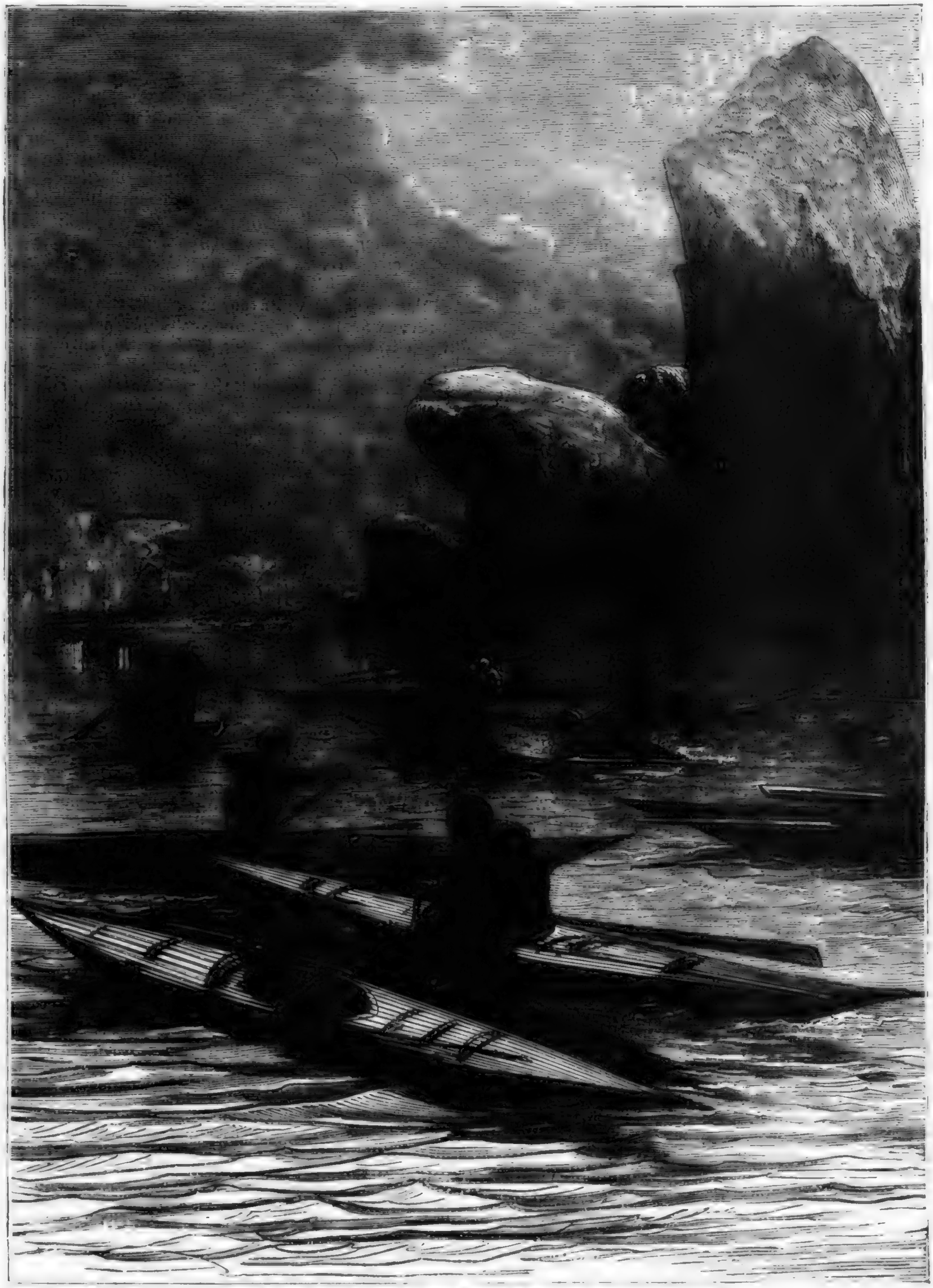
The father and mother are very poor, it is true, but they are extremely careful to observe all old sayings and customs in regard to the youngster's training. Thus, after the child is born, for two weeks the mother must not eat anything but fish, or, at least, the flesh of some animal her husband has killed. After that she may eat other flesh, but the bones cannot be carried out of the house. She herself cannot eat or drink in the open air; and no one must drink out of her water-bucket. For a few days no lamp can be lighted at their stall in the house, or victuals cooked there. For some weeks, also, the father must not go out sealing or hunting, nor must he make any trade with his neighbors. So, we see, baby's coming makes quite a sensation in the miserable hut, and the older folks have to put themselves quite out of the way on account of it.

Moreover, every father would wish his son to grow up a good hunter; so, when he is eating a meal, he pulls off one of his boots, and puts it under the dish he may be eating from. This is believed to have great power in bringing about his wish. And then the parents are very anxious that no harm shall befall the lad. If he should roll down the rocks into the sea, or if a bear should eat him up, or some fabulous monster carry him off, of course he would not grow up a fine kayaker or skillful provider. Therefore, many little charms of ivory, or bits of hair or bones, are sewed up in small pouches and hung on his neck, to keep away all evil spirits and every kind of danger.

And then the name—that is settled upon soon after the child's birth. As if he were not likely to have trouble enough in the world, he is always named after some dead relative, probably a grandfather. This name, however, is fortunately never used in speaking to the child—in fact, it must not be pronounced if the relative has recently died. It is given simply to calm and satisfy the departed



BUILDING A SNOW-HOUSE.



LITTLE HUSKIES.—"A FINE TENDER SEAL IS KILLED AND DRAGGED HOME."

spirit, and another name is kept for everyday use. Pet names are known there as elsewhere; and the little Husky is called "Pretty," even if its beauty is concealed from ordinary eyes by dirt. The shiftless Myowk and his wife, "of the ragged coat," named their unpromising offspring "*Dak-ta-gee*," in honor of Dr. Kane!

We have supposed the little Husky was a boy. If a girl, somewhat less trouble would be taken with her, as she would be considered of rather less account. Why this should be, when the women are compelled to do their full share of the work, is more than I can explain; but so it is. It is a sad fact that girl-babies are sometimes left to perish—though this is done chiefly in seasons of great scarcity of food, and out of pity for their future lot of hardship, if they should grow up. Boy-babies are sometimes thus treated upon the death of the father.

When the child is a year old, it is believed to have reached an important period in life, and its mother considers it necessary to give it a thorough washing, to insure health and long life. She treats it precisely as Mrs. Puss treats her kitten—the first and last bath it ever has—and then it is considered good for a hale and hearty old age. As for a cradle, an Eskimo hut never had one. In-doors, the fat little babies roll and creep about on the broad bed-platform, or on the cold ground, with scarcely a speck of clothing on them. When they scream with fright and cold, as they chance to tumble into the tunnel-shaped passage-way that leads out-of-doors, which is generally half full of snow, the mothers calmly take them by the feet, and drag them into the house, to start on new exploring trips. At other times, and always out-of-doors, the little things are stowed into the loose fur "jumper," or jacket, the mothers wear, and are thus carried on the back. Though quite naked, they smuggle down between the warm jacket and the warm back, and take long journeys in the most bitter weather imaginable. After a tedious trip, when the parents are almost frozen, and their clothing is filled with ice and snow, turn back the *amowt*, or hood, and a round, oily face and small shining black eyes will appear. The youngster is warm enough in his soft nest, but is quite ready for dinner.

A year or two passes, and East-land and West-land babies will grow, the same as elsewhere. The father carves out of a walrus-tooth tiny images, like a seal, or a dog, or a child, and these are for playthings. Now, also, the young Husky begins to take lessons in eating "blubber." When a fine, tender seal is killed and dragged home, it is brought into the hut, and the carving and eating begin. Most of the neighbors are there at supper. Pieces of flesh are sliced off and thrown into the soapstone pot that hangs over the lamp to warm through. A soup is quickly made; and, raw and cooked, the seal soon occupies the fifteen or twenty capacious stomachs. Here baby learns how sweet and juicy seal-blubber is—a fact he never forgets. Is he hungry? Does he worry, and hinder mother? She cuts off a lump of the fat and puts it into his mouth, and his sorrows are over. He likes it far better than caramels or loaf-sugar, and in after life, nothing tastes so good to him. When a little larger, a small knife is put into his hands at the seal-feasts, a strip of blubber given him, and he soon sucks, and cuts, and eats with the greatest satisfaction.

Now, if on a journey, he is well wrapped in furs, and lashed firmly to the up-standers of the sledge, and the dogs whirl the whole load rapidly over the drifts and ice. These dogs are the horses of the family, and swift and hardy steeds they are. But they are always rather wild, being half-wolf by nature and half-starved by habit. So they are dangerous playfellows for the children at times; and when on the route, must be guided by unsparing lashings with the stout whip. Sometimes very small children have been killed by the famished brutes. But the Eskimo have one very touching custom: on the grave of a child they often place a dog's skull—for, they say, the sagacious brute can find its way anywhere, and is thus fitted to guide the soul of the little one to the land of spirits.

From Disco Island northward, dogs and sledges are absolutely necessary to the life of the native Greenlander. Thus the little folks get frequent rides—but in such fearful storms and cold, and over such dreadfully rough places, that we would shrink with terror from accompanying them. At some of their merry-makings, Dr. Hall tells us, the boys who live on the west side of Hudson Bay would hitch teams of puppies to small sledges, and give the youngest children splendid rides on the ice.

Dr. Rink speaks very well of the native children of Greenland. He says they are remarkable for their plump, round faces, healthy looks and good natures. And, what is still better, he praises them for being obedient and well-behaved. They are treated in the family with much kindness. There is no scolding, no whipping; but, if inclined to be naughty, the fractious ones are assured that the little mermen will carry them off under the sea. This is sufficient, for Eskimo boys and girls stand in great dread of these beings; when they grow older they sacrifice fox-flesh and fox-tails to these terrors of their childhood. The truth is, though the young Huskies are full of fun and merry enough at times, they are generally rather sober and sedate. The fearful cold, the want in which they live—sometimes nearly starving to death near the end of the Winter, when the sea is covered with thick ice and the seals have gone far away, and only now and then a fox or hare or bear can be got—make them less playful than they otherwise would be. But, with plenty of warmth and good dinners, no children on earth would be merrier than the round-faced, plump-bodied Huskies. The crew of the *Polaris* found in Evallu's children a continual source of amusement, and spent many pleasant hours playing with them. The little girl was a general pet, making many friends by her pretty face and affectionate disposition.

The youthful Innit begin early to help father and mother, for there is work for every hand. The life of a hunter in those regions is the hardest possible. Without a morsel of food he may watch twenty-four or forty-eight hours beside a seal-hole, only protected by a few blocks of snow from the cutting blasts; or in his kayak he may dart among the tossing ice-floes, every moment in the utmost danger, and covered with ice from the dashing spray. At home is his spouse, feeding the dim lamp with the last pieces of blubber, making new boots and trousers for her husband, and hoping he may soon return with a fat seal. In such a home the children soon learn that if they would eat they must first work. The girls become handy sewers, using the bone needle and reindeer sinew for thread, and a piece of thick hide for a thimble, and make up mittens and the smaller articles of clothing very skillfully. When they can get steel needles from foreigners they are very happy. They also learn to dress seal-skins for boat and tent covers and for clothing. Sherard Osborn, who was afterward Admiral in the British navy, when in Greenland visited a poor Eskimo's family. The mother was sick, and the daughter, though quite young, was making boots for her brothers and caring for the housework. He was so much pleased with her industry that he gave her a pretty doll. She had never seen such a beautiful thing before, and her black eyes sparkled with joy. The next day she sent out to the ship a small skin pouch which she had neatly made for him, and her present gave the good sailor much pleasure.

The boys, says Dr. Rink, are very quick to learn to work. When small, the father makes for them light bird-spears, and bows and arrows. With these they kill small game, and every mouthful of food is a blessing to the poor family—it helps to keep them alive. An Eskimo, when hungry—and he is always hungry—will eat anything, unless it be the raven. This bird is very common in Greenland, and picks up refuse around the huts. Where dogs are kept the black-coated croakers must find poor picking, for every Eskimo dog is always a great deal more hungry than his master.

Little bits of wood and iron are very precious to these poor people, and the handle of a small dart is often made of several pieces tightly lashed together by sealskin thongs. If no scrap of iron can be got, a sharp piece of flint is fastened to the end of the little spear or arrow, and the boy becomes very expert in hunting. He can easily kill a bird on the wing. The southern Eskimos have funny kinds of boats. One is called the *kayak;* it has a sharp point at each end, and is covered all over with sealskin, with only a little opening for one to sit in, and paddle with a double-bladed oar. Men alone use the kayak, and it takes a long time to become skillful at it. It is, of course, top-heavy, and the learner generally upsets many times, and would drown without help. To become a good kayaker one must begin when young. It was the old custom that a boy should have a boat made just large enough for him when he was ten years old.

The father would save every bit of drift-wood he could find, that was tough and elastic, and make a frame of light ribs. Over this he would stretch seal-skins cured like leather. Then he would make a paddle of the right size, and the little kayaker, with a water-proof suit on, would be put afloat. The father goes beside him, and shows him how to handle the paddle, and keeps him from upsetting; and so, after long practice, the lad might become very expert. If successful, he shoots rapidly through the water, shuns carefully the ice-cakes—the least touch of which would scuttle his frail boat—and spears sea-birds as they dart around him, and many small fish.

Before he is nineteen years old he is expected to have killed a seal with harpoon and float—no slight feat—and then he is considered a man. When he brings home his first bird, or fish, or hare, a feast is often held in his house; and a grand festival if it is his first seal. When word comes to the huts that a youth has actually got a fine prize of this kind there is the greatest confusion. His mother cannot restrain her joy, but runs from one dwelling to another to give the news. Next she hastens with all speed to meet the young victor, embraces him heartily, pats the dead animal in her overflowing delight, disengages the dogs, and herself takes the thong and drags the prey toward home. By this time the women of the village have arrived with their knives, and fall to cutting it in pieces, each eager to get the largest share. The head, fore-flippers, and some other parts are always left to adorn the home of the captor, who is now a hero in the eyes of all.

There is another kind of boat called the *umiak*, very large and flat-bottomed. Only the women row this boat; a man would be ashamed to paddle a craft that did not require great skill to handle. He, however, may take the steering-oar; for it is a great task to keep away from the rocks and ice, and so save large rents in the thin, translucent sides of the boat. As they row the girls sing prettily, in good time, their old traditionary songs.

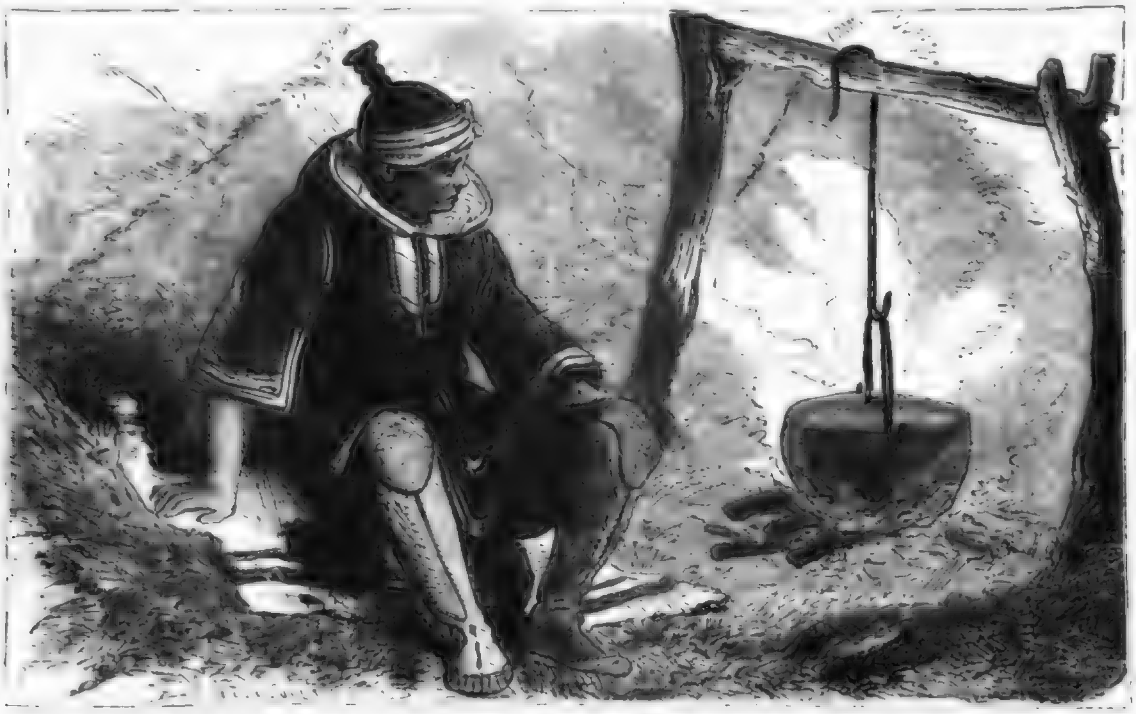
The long, cold Winters are very hard for all. Eskimo children cannot enjoy themselves much then. But when the short Summer comes they move into tents covered with reindeer hides, and often spend several weeks up some pleasant, grassy bay, or beside the pretty lakes, and hunt deer and grow fat on the delicious meat, and on sweet, wild berries. Much of the deer-flesh is laid by for Winter, and the soft skins are carefully saved, of which to make their beds and clothes. The Eskimo boys and girls enjoy these camping-out times as much as we enjoy going into the country, if our homes are in the great cities. Then the little ones have some freedom, and, what is better, plenty of fresh air, and are as happy as Husky boys and girls can ever be.

Husky children and youth, like others, possess a little world to themselves in their own sports and fancies. They cannot have the same number or variety of amusements, it is true, but they make the most of what they have, and are quite cheerful and contented. The fashion is set them by their elders, who, at every opportunity of leisure and plenty, are ready to enjoy themselves. Thus, outside of Greenland, and probably there in old times, each large Inuit village has a house much more roomy than the ordinary huts, where the people gather for their religious rites, for singing and dancing, and playing on a species of drum. They also practice jumping, wrestling, hurling heavy stones, and playing foot-ball. The old stories as told by the Greenlanders, likewise, are full of these things. Pretty rude these sports have always been, for they think nothing of knocking each other down with their hard fists, just to show their strength; or of hurling one another to the ground with such force as sometimes to cause death. A stranger upon visiting a village must try his strength with the dwellers there; and if tough and brave and strong, would be treated handsomely as long as he wishes to stay. Their foot-balls were made of sealskin, sewed into bags and filled with sand. A native picture shows their rough scuffling at a game of this kind, where the players are getting hard knocks and many bruises. So much for the older people.

The youngsters watch these things with great delight. They are the only public shows they ever attend, and while the girls shrink somewhat from the sight of such sports, the boys look on with admiration, and fully resolve to run and jump and turn over rocks, and harden their muscles in every way, so as to be most expert at these games when they grow older. As a simple fact, the best hunter and wrestler can always marry the prettiest maiden of his acquaintance. This may have something to do with the rivalry that is seen.

The people who live on the shores of Behring Strait, on the Siberian side, are really Eskimo; and Lieutenant Hooper, who calls them Tuski, spent nearly a year with them, and makes us acquainted with a little maid, Ka-oong-ah by name. Her mother was a model housekeeper, very tidy and thrifty—a strange thing among that people—and we have no doubt her little girl would imitate her. In face she was a very picture of her handsome mother. "She was lithe of limb," Lieutenant Hooper tells us, "prattling, rosy and merry as a bird, a most ingenious little seamstress, and delighted to make all sorts of queer little bags and gloves and dolls for me, whose especial favorite she was, and whom it was her delight to plague." As for dolls, "Tuski children have theirs; make and clothe them with the minutest attention to detail; every article of dress is provided, and everything puts on and off in the proper manner; the boys have miniature sledges, boats and bows and arrows, the girls their dolls, and also embroidery, which they early begin to practice as a pastime, and soon become expert in." They embroider with bits of reindeer hair and eider-duck feathers, and piece different kinds of furs together, and stain pretty colors, making very neat work.

The same writer describes a funny dance the little Tuski girls have. Three diminutive actresses, in full dresses, with toes turned in, and hands in opposite sleeves, come forward. Now they sway to and fro, and give a slight jump to either side, the outer ones facing or turning away from the centre child by turns. She smiles or frowns, and seems alternately to court or repel their advances, while all the time they chant the verse, "Cah-pó, moingén;

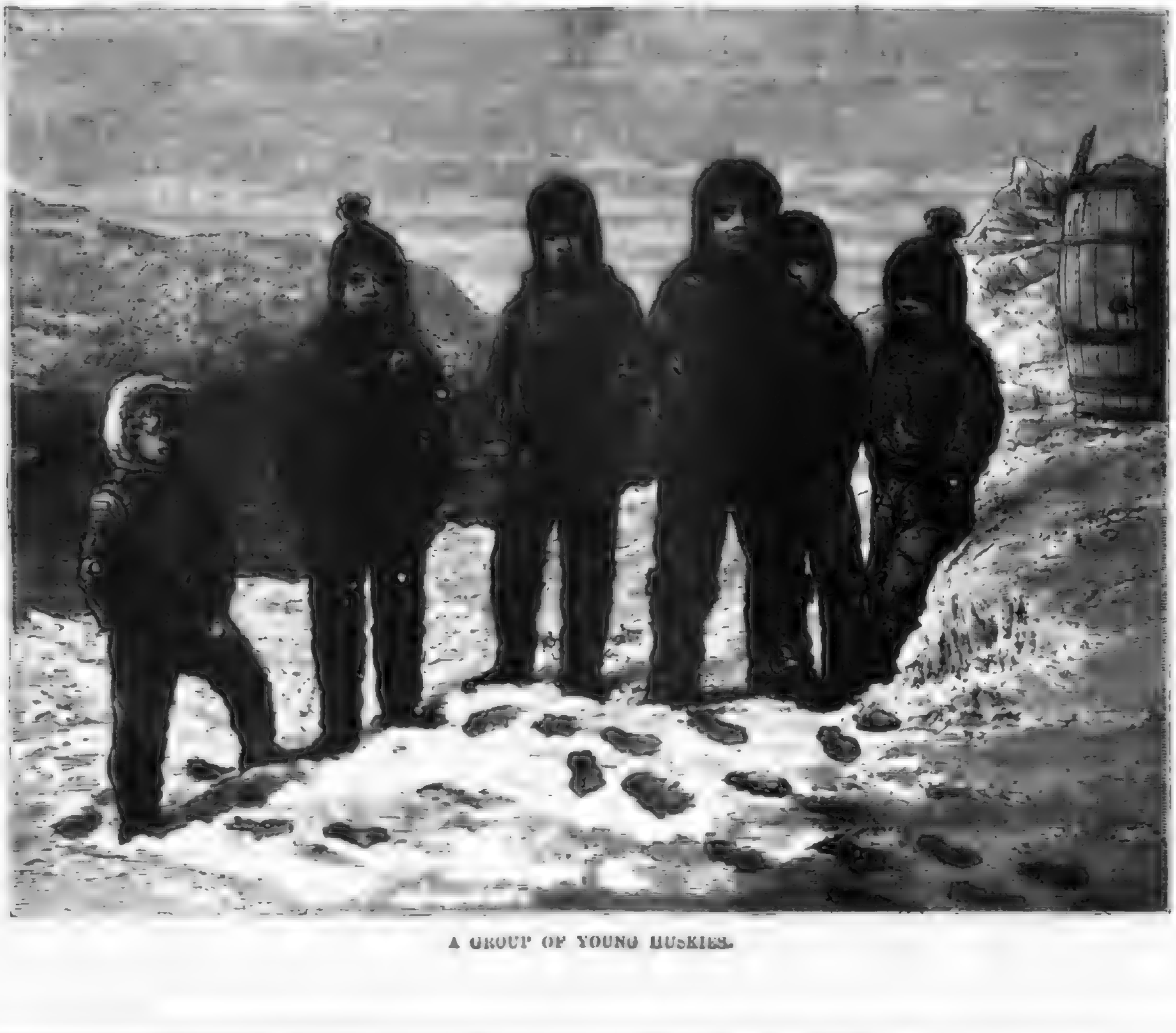


LITTLE HUSKIES.—COOKING THEIR DINNER.

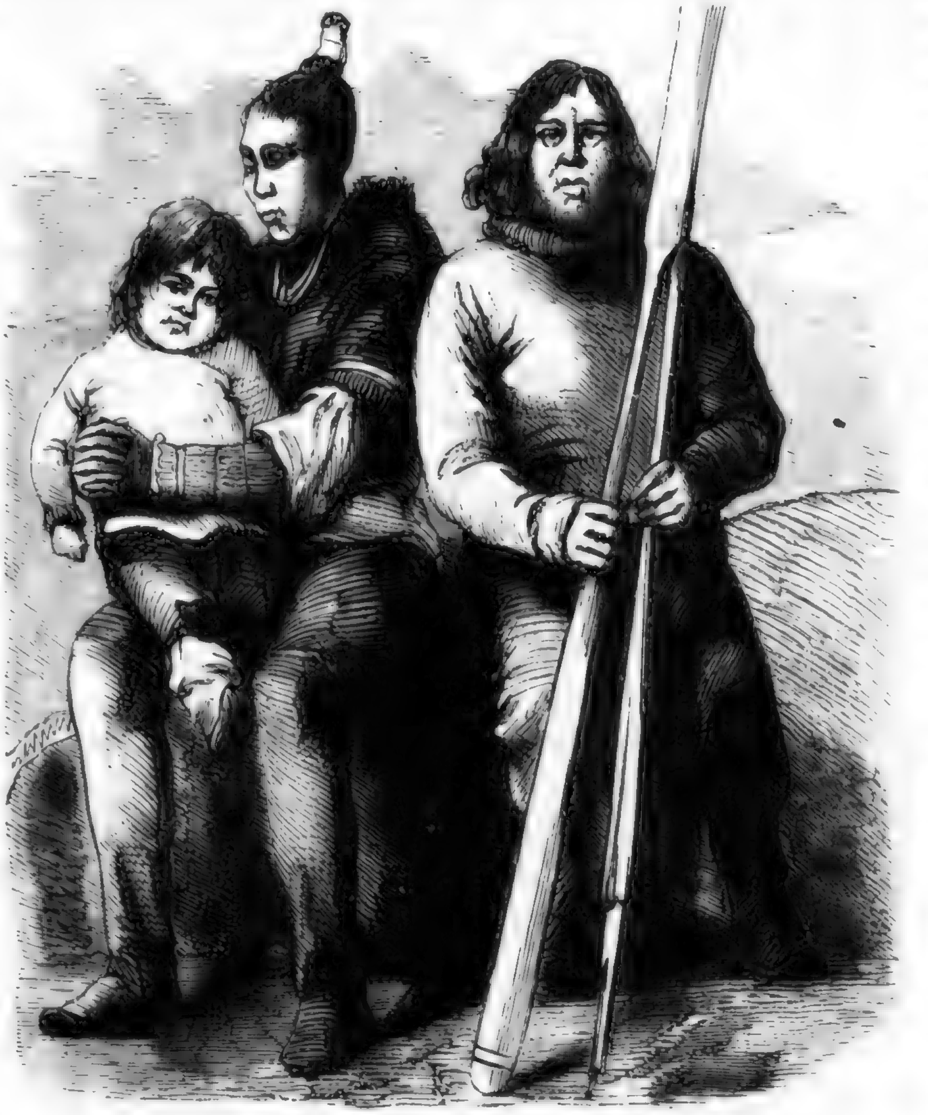
melotáh moingén." At the end all suddenly jump quite around, and saying "Um! um! um!" with a sort of satisfied tone, make three of the most laughable gestures, that cause the audience to scream with delight and retire. Mr. Hooper could not quite make out the chant, but thought it meant "Ermine catch rabbit by tail; ermine catch rabbit by tail," and that the little grunt and funny gestures at the end showed that poor rabbit was caught, and was struggling to get free.

Most of the natives of Greenland are now converts to the Lutheran or Moravian faith. So, on Christmas morning, the young people, headed by their teacher, go about the settlement and sing a psalm before each house. A christening or birthday is often celebrated by a coffee-party. Thus there, and also in Labrador, many new sources of pleasure are introduced to the little Huskies' homes by the good missionaries.

It is an old custom among the Eskimo to *rub noses* together when friends or strangers meet, and this is still kept up in petting the little ones. Indeed, their general word for "kiss" is "nose-rubbing." No scolding is allowed in their huts to young or old, for they are crowded



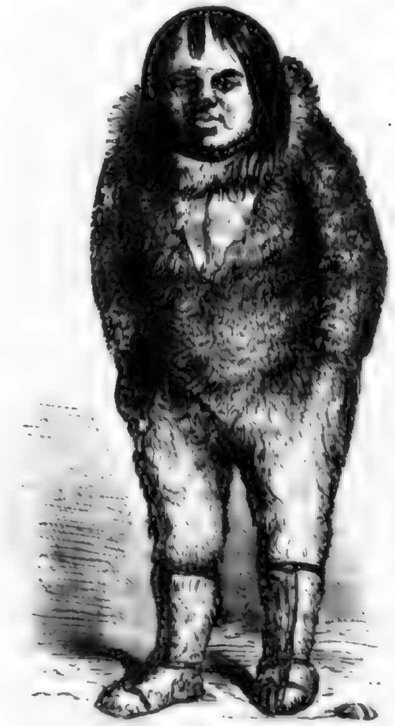
A GROUP OF YOUNG HUSKIES.



LITTLE HUSKIES.— AN ESKIMO FAMILY.

so thickly together for the sake of warmth and economy that high words might bring on at any time fatal quarrels.

On the death of the father the tent and kayak were left to the eldest son, and he was expected to care for the family. No pretty burial-grounds could be found in all Inuitland. The people are very superstitious, and in some places leave the dead in the poor hut where they died. At best, they only put the body away wrapped in furs in some cleft among the rocks, or make a very shallow grave and heap large stones over it. The ground, frozen like a stone, cannot be dug to form a proper grave. Near Point Barrow the dead are placed in rude timber chests, raised a little from the ground. In the case of a child, its favorite playthings are placed with its remains, that its spirit may still enjoy their use. Hannah, a fine Inuit woman, who lived some years among us, and lost her baby boy, was almost broken-hearted when she found that some one had removed a small toy-pail from his grave where she had placed it. Some amulets are so valued that they are not buried with the owner. Thus, Mr. Kumlien saw one worn by a young girl that had long been in the family. A bit of flint and iron were sewed up in a case, and the grandmother asserted that no one had died while wearing that charm. She said they first belonged to one of her ancestors, who had accidentally struck fire with them, and so held them invaluable.

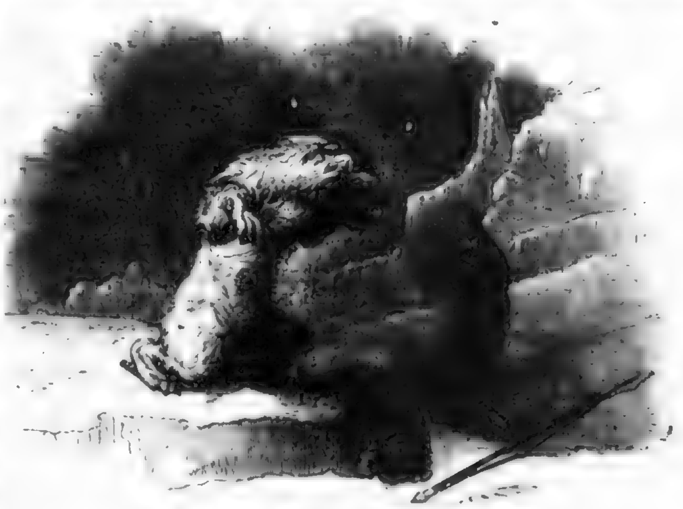


A LITTLE HUSKY EQUIPPED FOR OUT-DOOR WORK.

And now, like many another tale, this part of our story must end with a wedding. We will suppose a young Inuit has killed a seal. It has been dragged home in triumph, and a jolly feast has been spread. His friends are all very proud of him, and he is extremely proud of himself, too. He is now a man, and may think of bringing home a bride—if he can find one. If he is a likely fellow —strong and daring, quick with paddle, harpoon, and fists—he will have but little trouble. If the reverse — well, he will have to wait probably much longer.

The marriage itself is very simple; arrangements are made with the bride's parents and brothers, and she is taken with some show of force to her new home. Thither she carries her clothing, a woman's knife, and a lamp, and sets up housekeeping in regular form. As long as she lives it will be her portion to use her knife in preparing hides and furs and making garments, and also to trim and watch the smoky lamp through the tedious Winter nights. Of course where missionaries are settled there is a formal wedding ceremony.

Such are some of the scenes and incidents in the lives



A SEAL-HUNTER SURPRISED BY A BEAR.

of little Huskies from birth to manhood and womanhood.

We will now give a few of the many stories, such as they hear told over and over again in their close and crowded homes.

The Young Swimmer.

A poor woman, who lived far from neighbors, had only a fine family of children to comfort her. But she had many enemies, and these wicked men, fearing that, as the boys grew up, they themselves would be punished for their evil deeds, used to come in their kayaks and kill the children one by one. At last all were put to death except one infant son. The mother loved him very much, and wished to save his life. How to do this she did not know. Finally she thought she would teach him to swim. Now, the waters there are icy cold, and, as you may guess, Eskimo men or women never take a bath if they can help it. So this was a new idea. But the mother—who was something of a sorceress—had a plan in her head, and every day she had her boy wade out from the beach and try to swim. This was continued a long time, till he could live in the water almost like a seal. By this time the bad men thought it best to kill the lad before he grew larger. So, one day, they came in their boats, landed, and tried to seize him. The mother was in terror. However, the little swimmer plunged into the sea, and swam swiftly off, diving and rising like a duck. The powerful men gave chase, thinking to harpoon him from their boats. When he had got them far away from shore, his mother suddenly began uttering magic words, and lashing the sea with a string. This raised great waves; a terrible storm came on; the kayaks were dashed in pieces, and the wicked men drowned; but the seal-boy swam to land, and lived long and securely with his loving witch-mother.

A Sad Story.

When it is the season for catching seals through the ice, the men go out with their harpoons, and standing or sitting, watch beside a breathing-hole till the seal comes to the surface. Upon hearing the puffing noise the hunter quickly thrusts his harpoon down through the snow, and very likely it pierces the skull of the animal. It is necessary to keep perfectly still till the time to strike, or the prey would be lost.

Now, one day, as the tale runs—and the story is a very ancient one—an old man was watching an opening in the ice near the shore. He did not stir nor make the least noise. He was very hungry, and had been there a long time. At last he hears a seal. He scarcely dares to breathe. He raises the long, slender, sharp-pointed weapon, and is just about to thrust it down with all his strength, when a shout on shore frightens the seal, and in an instant it is gone.

The old man was very angry at losing his dinner. He looked up, and there, among the rocks on the beach, were some girls playing. They had come down to this sheltered place to have some nice games. Some of them were carrying their infant brothers and sisters at their backs, in the large hoods. They were ruddy-cheeked little nurses, and they were having a splendid time. In their glee—not noticing the fisherman near at hand—their merry laughter rang out loud and clear in the frosty air. At once they are hushed; for the old man, who is in a great passion, turns toward them and shouts out as loud as he can, "Close up, mountain-cleft!"

The children were all together in a sort of chasm between high cliffs. Instantly the great black rocks begin to close around them, and, before one can escape, they are prisoners. The rocks are ajar enough to let in the light, but not so that even the smallest of the little ones can squeeze through. The older ones are terrified, but keep up good heart. The babies soon begin to cry from hunger. The motherly sisters give them their fingers to hush them, saying:

"When mother has finished soling the boots she will come and give you food."

The mothers came at length, only to find their darlings in a rocky tomb. They tried to reach them, but in vain. The stony doors would not yield an inch. They poured water through the cleft, and, as it trickled down the sides, the little girls licked it off. Soon they all died of hunger. The old man's curse was good and powerful.

The Floating Island.

Pretty well up the coast of Greenland we see a large island. The story is that once—long, long ago—it lay much more to the south. The people there did not like it, because its lofty peak shut them off from the open sea. So two old men thought they would tow it away. This aroused the opposition of another fiery old fellow, and he said, "We will see if they can get the island away." So he chose his stoutest sealskin rope, and tied the rocky island tight to the mainland. However, the other men dealt in magic, and they cared very little for the excitable old gentleman. And one fine morning they got into their kayaks, and fastened a single hair from the head of a child to the peak, as if towing islands were the easiest thing in the world; and headed straight north, paddling leisurely, and singing with great glee a magic song, as if towing islands were also the pleasantest piece of work under the sun. Soon the tough skin-thong strains and snaps; the slender, shining hair holds like a cable, and the rock sails far north and is anchored—and is now known as Disco Island.

The Unmusical Bachelor.

Once there was an old bachelor who could not bear to hear people sing. It made him cross at once, and he went off out of the way as soon as possible. One day, when out hunting, he heard beautiful music; and, as he listened, he was charmed by it. As he looked about in wonder, there came floating by, part of the time in the water and part in the air, while the rowers rested upon their oars, a fairy boat; and sweeter and clearer rose the song:

"Aloft! aloft! Let us rise aloft!"

He greeted the happy crew, and begged to accompany them. They fastened his kayak to their boat, and all went sailing through the air over the highest peaks. By this time the unmusical old bachelor's soul was ravished with the harmony, and he also learned and joined the chorus. They reached their dwellings—houses filled with meat and delicacies—and the guest was feasted royally.

At last home-sickness came over him, and he longed to depart. His generous hosts loaded his boat with food; and, raising the familiar chant, he rose aloft. Unfortunately, when he had reached a steep and lofty peak, he wished to rest a while on its summit. It was very narrow and slippery; and, becoming alarmed, he began to fall. He tried to recall the magic words that would cause him to float in mid-air; but he was confused, and the wrong words would come. Down and down he plunged over the ragged rocks, and was just about to be dashed in pieces, when the old song came to mind, and he rose into the air and darted homeward. He did not stop till his kayak crashed against the side of the hut, and landed him safely on the sleeping-ledge, to the delight and wonder of his housemates. From that time he had a better opinion of music.

THE POOR WIDOW AND HER FOSTER-DAUGHTER.

A woman, who had no brother nor sister living, found a home for herself and little girl in the house of a skillful seal-catcher. This is often done in such cases; and usually the Eskimo are very kind to the helpless, and give them food while it lasts. But in time this hunter became tired of his charge, and planned a very cruel way of ridding himself of it. One morning he suddenly said to his family: "Pack up your things; we must be ready to start." The woman and her daughter worked very hard to get ready to change quarters. They soon made up their little bundles of clothing and put them into the boat, and the mother ran back to the hut to get the ledge-cover that formed her bed. Before she could return, the heartless hunter stepped aboard, pushed off, and left her and her daughter on the beach. Their house-fellows then taunted them with being drones—only fit for eating other people's food; and so left them utterly helpless.

The deserted ones at first cried as if their hearts would break. Soon, however, the mother said, cheerfully, but more to soothe her little girl:

"Never mind, my dear; we must just do without them."

So they fitted up one corner of a hut for a home, and began to look about for something to eat. For a few days they picked up scraps and refuse, and then despair took the place of hope. It seemed that they must starve. Just as the last bit was gone, the mother said:

"Child, thou art more strong and active than I: thou must go and dig a hole over yonder beneath the window-ledge."

The daughter wondered, but promptly obeyed. Then the mother said again:

"Thou art more brisk and active than I: run away and fill the hole with water."

So all day long water was brought from the sea till the hole was filled. Then they lay down to rest.

Early in the morning the widow said, "I may not succeed, but I will try." With this she recited her incantations over and over, and the girl listened, and wondered what would happen. The next instant a splash is heard, and she runs to the little pond to see. Sure enough, there is a frog-fish swimming about. It is a fine one. They kill and cook it, and have abundance on that day. The next morning there is another fish in the lake, ready to be killed and eaten. And so each day—now a seal, now a dolphin, an eider-duck, a white whale, or a narwhal—food more than they can eat. So they set to work and cut the flesh in strips, and dry it, against a time of need; and the rocks around are all red with the blood.

While living in this generous fashion, a distant relative, hearing of their desertion, comes to seek them, and is amazed at the wealth of food in which they revel. They fill his kayak with the choicest bits, and he goes home promising to come soon and take them away. From that moment not another bird or fish could be found in the lake. The good fairies, who had provided for the lone ones, were displeased that any other should taste their gifts, and so sent them no more. The mother and daughter spent the rest of their lives in the hut of the aged relative.

THE POOR WIDOW AND HER FOSTER-SON.

This story is well known in Greenland and Labrador, and is very popular. It runs thus: A miserable old woman, with her adopted son, lived on the bounty of some richer, but very cruel, families. They had a little shed to themselves that opened into the house-passage, but were never allowed to enter the main hut. The boy often slept among the dogs for the sake of warmth. Only the poorest scraps were thrown to this miserable pair, frozen meat being given them, with no knives to cut it, and they were told to use their teeth for knives. Now and then the wicked men pulled out a tooth belonging to the wretched boy, saying that he ate too much. Still, even in their misery, the mother loved her adopted child, and made him a pair of boots—women are the shoemakers and tailors among that people—and a small bird-spear, that he might play with the other children, and forget hunger and cold. But even here he had no peace. For his mates, instead of pitying him, tormented him; threw him down, rolled him in the snow, and the girls covered him with mud. Altogether, they treated him as did their elders, most shamefully.

So the lad, who was dwarfed and ugly in body, gave up playing with other children, and went off daily by himself among the lonely hills. He wanted, above all things, to grow large and very strong. Now his foster-mother had told him how to do this. Therefore, one day, as he was standing between the high mountains, he cried aloud:

"Lord of strength, come forth! Lord of strength, come to me!"

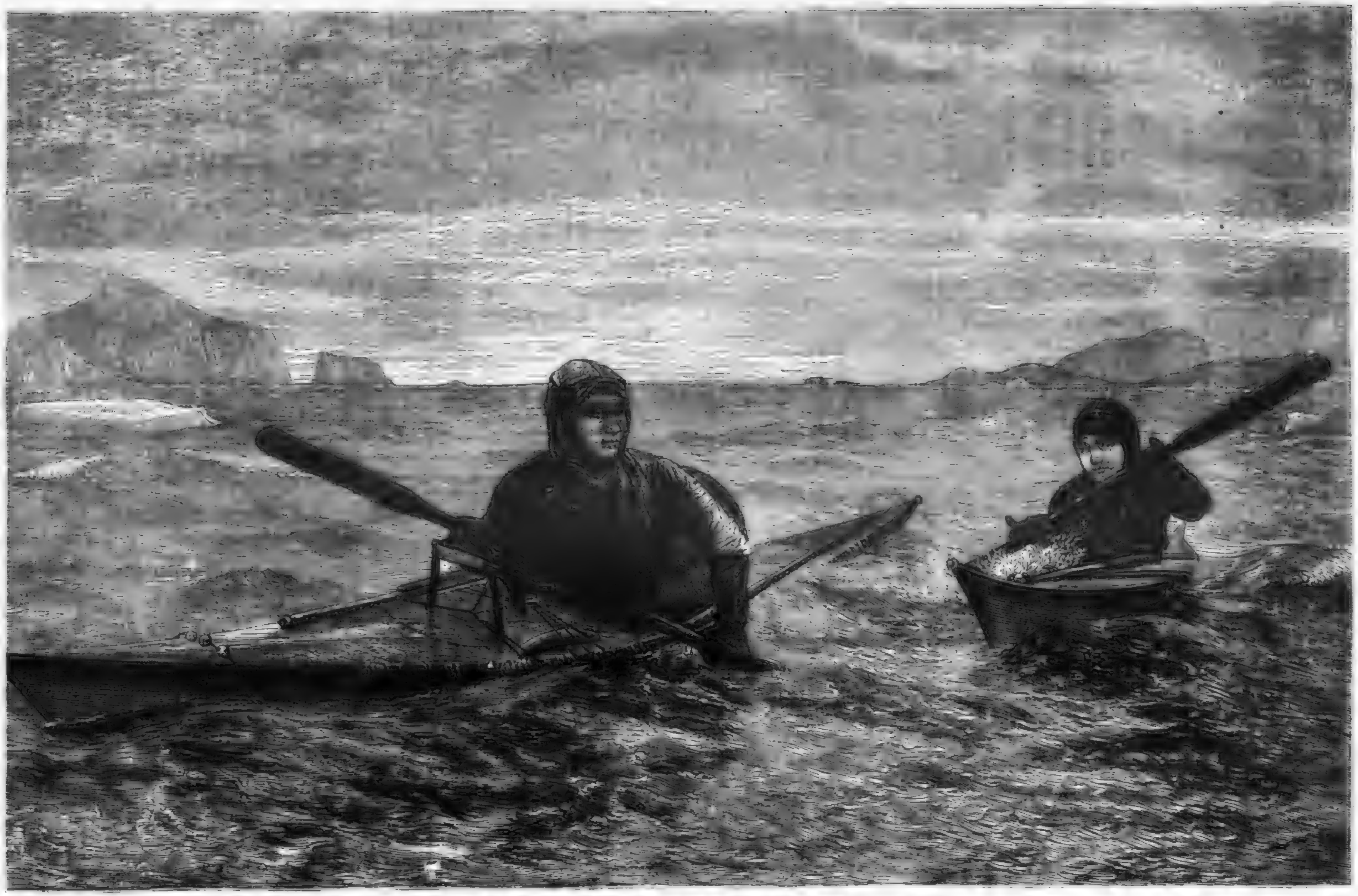
At once a huge animal, an Amarok, appeared and stood beside him. He was greatly frightened, and started to run. The beast was very swift, and catching him, twisted its tail about him and threw him to the ground. Then he heard a rattling, as of bones. Again and again he was thrown down. Each time small seal-bones seemed to fall from him. The Amarok said:

"These bones have stopped thy growth. If thou wishest to become strong, come here every day."

As the dwarf ran home he felt lighter in body than ever before. He met his mates, and, as usual, they pelted him with mud, and he went to sleep among the dogs. He said not a word of what had happened; bore kicks and blows patiently, but each day crept away to visit the friendly monster. And each day he felt new life. He ran, and hurled the rocks right and left, and rejoiced in coming strength. Finally the beast could not overpower him, and thereupon told him he was able to conquer any man living. He was very happy, but still kept the secret safe.

In the Autumn an enormous piece of drift-wood was towed in, and left on the beach. None could remove it. During the night the lad stole down and bore it on his shoulders to the village. In the morning all were amazed at the deed, but none could guess who did it. All this time the quiet boy endured every hardship from the people. When Winter set in none could go out hunting. By-and-by they were in danger of starving. One day word came that three bears were in sight on an iceberg. All wished the flesh, but none dared be the first in the attack. Then the ragged Kagsagsuk put on his mother's boots, ran through the crowd—his heels almost touching his neck—and climbed the iceberg easily. The bears raise their powerful paws, but he makes himself "hard" by magic, and one by one kills them and throws them among the astonished bystanders. The bear-skins he gave to his mother, and ordered the flesh to be cooked.

By this time all were extremely civil to the poor lad. The best of everything was offered him, while the men trembled before him. Each one had some present to make as a peace-offering. After supper he easily seized and crushed or tore in pieces all who had treated him badly, but saved those who had been kind to him. Afterward he sailed far up and down the coasts, and was the



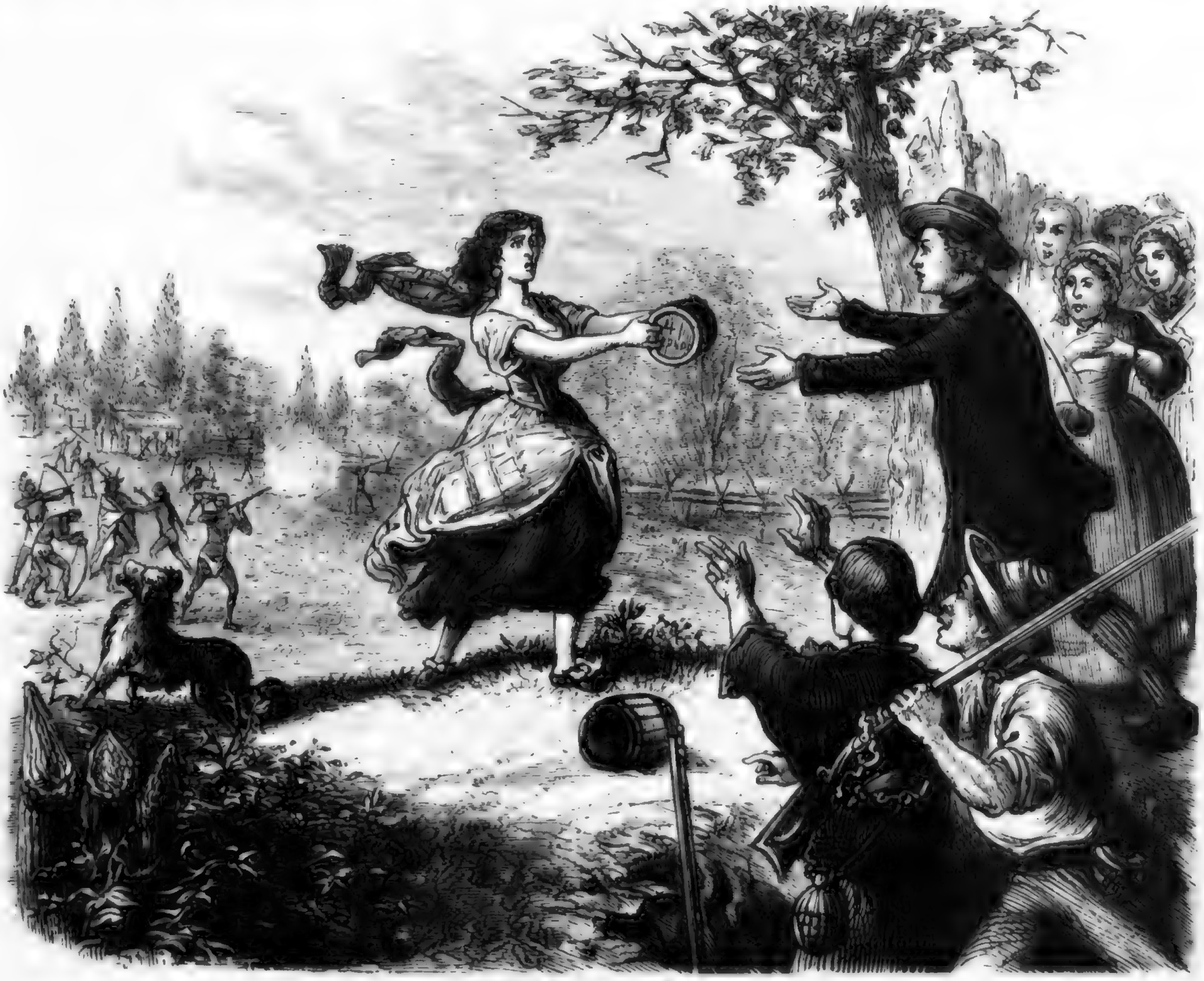
LITTLE HUSKIES.—AN ESKIMO TEACHING HIS SON TO MANAGE A KAYAK.

most famous for strength and daring of any man that ever lived. His revenge was that of a savage; but the story just suits an Inuit's ear, who, above all, likes to see justice done. And we cannot wholly blame him.

What now do you think of the life of the little Huskies and their fairy world?

HEROISM OF ELIZABETH ZANE.

During the hottest part of the Revolutionary War, Fort Henry, situated near the site of the present city of Wheeling, was the stronghold of Northwestern Virginia. It was a simple stockade fort, and its garrison was exceedingly small. Yet it was twice defended against the furious assaults of large Indian armies, headed by bold and skillful white men. The incidents we are about to relate occurred during the second siege of Fort Henry.



HEROISM OF ELIZABETH ZANE.

On the night of the 26th of November, 1782, Captain Joseph Ogle, with a small scouting party, while on his return to the fort from an excursion up the Ohio, descried a faint but constant body of smoke rising in the air to the southward of Wheeling.

Impressed with the conviction that the smoke was caused by the burning of the block-house at Grave Creek, about twelve miles below, he hastened to the fort and mentioned the circumstance to Colonel Shepherd, the commandant, who lost no time in dispatching two men, in a canoe, down the river to ascertain the truth.

In the course of the night all the inhabitants of the village fled to the fort for shelter and safety, and several families residing in the neighborhood were sent for and brought in before the dawn of day.

The garrison numbered only forty-two fighting men. Some of these were far advanced in years, while others were mere boys. A portion of them were skilled in Indian warfare, and all were excellent marksmen. The storehouse was well supplied with small arms, particularly muskets, but was sadly deficient in ammunition.

A party under Mason, sent out to secure some stock, and another sent to its relief under Captain Ogle, were both cut off by the Indians, many falling, and the rest being unable to reach the fort.

At this moment the garrison of Fort Henry numbered no more than twelve men and boys. The fortunes of the day, so far, had been fearfully against them; two of their best officers and more than two-thirds of their original force were missing.

When the enemy's right flank came up, Girty, the notorious renegade, who commanded the Indians, changed his order of attack. Parties of Indians were placed in such of the houses as commanded a view of the block-house. A strong body occupied the yard of Ebenezer Zane, about fifty yards from the fort, using a paling fence as a cover, while the greater part were posted under cover in the edge of the cornfield, to act offensively or serve as a corps of reserve, as occasion might require.

These dispositions having been made, with a white flag in his hand, he appeared at the window of a cabin and demanded the surrender of the garrison in the name of His Britannic Majesty. He read the proclamation of

XUM

Governor Hamilton, and promised them protection if they would lay down their arms, and swear allegiance to the British Crown. He warned them to submit peaceably, and admitted his inability to restrain the passions of his warriors when they once became excited with the strife of battle.

Colonel Shepherd promptly told him in reply that the garrison would never surrender to *him*, and that he could only obtain possession of the fort when there remained no longer an American soldier to defend it.

Girty renewed his propositions, but before he finished his harangue, a thoughtless youth in one of the block-houses fired a gun at the speaker, and brought the conference to an abrupt termination. Girty disappeared, and in about fifteen minutes the Indians opened the siege by a general discharge of rifles.

It was yet quite early in the morning, the sun not having appeared above the summit of Wheeling Hill, and the day is represented to have been one of surpassing beauty. The Indians, not entirely concealed from the view of the garrison, kept up a brisk fire for six hours without intermission.

The little garrison was, with scarcely an exception, composed of sharpshooters. Several of them, whose experience in Indian warfare gave them a remarkable degree of coolness and self-possession in the face of danger, infused confidence into the young; and, as they never fired at random, their bullets, in most cases, took effect.

The Indians, on the contrary, flushed with their previous success, their tomahawks reeking with the blood of Mason's and Ogle's men, and all of them burning with impatience to rush into the fort and complete their work of butchery, discharged their guns against the pickets, the gate, the logs of the block-houses, and every other object that seemed to shelter a white man. Their fire was thus thrown away.

At length some of their most daring warriors rushed up close to the block-houses, and attempted to make more sure work by firing through the logs. But these reckless savages received from the well-directed rifles of the frontiersmen the fearful reward of their temerity.

About one o'clock the Indians discontinued their fire, and fell back against the base of the hill.

The stock of gunpowder in the fort having been nearly exhausted, it was determined to seize the favorable opportunity offered by the suspension of hostilities to send for a keg of powder which was known to be in the house of Ebenezer Zane, about sixty yards from the gate of the fort.

The person executing this service would necessarily expose himself to the danger of being shot down by the Indians, who were yet sufficiently near to observe everything that transpired about the works. The colonel inquired whether any man would volunteer for the service.

Three or four young men promptly stepped forward in obedience to the call. The colonel informed them that the weak state of the garrison would not justify the absence of more than one man, and that it was for themselves to decide who that person should be.

At this moment a young woman came forward as a volunteer upon the perilous service. Elizabeth Zane, the sister of Ebenezer and Silas Zane, a young woman of a calm, determined spirit of heroism, desired that she might be permitted to go for the ammunition.

The proposition seemed so extravagant that it was met with a peremptory refusal. But Elizabeth pleaded earnestly, and all the remonstrances and representations of the colonel and her relatives were of no avail. Her purpose was not to be shaken.

The colonel said that either of the young men, on account of his superior fleetness and familiarity with scenes of danger, would be more likely than herself to do the work successfully. She replied that the danger attending the errand was the identical reason that induced her to offer her services; for, as the garrison was very weak, no soldier's life should be placed in jeopardy needlessly, and if she fell her loss would not be felt.

Heroic, but mistaken woman! The world sustains its heaviest loss when such spirits fall!

At length the petition of Miss Zane was granted, her relatives preparing to see her sacrificed.

The gate was opened for her to pass out. The opening of the gate attracted the attention of some straggling Indians, and they stopped to gaze at the fearless girl, as she advanced toward the house of her brother.

Savages as they were, they stood spellbound by such a display of daring by a woman. They permitted her to enter the house, where she filled her apron with powder.

When she reappeared, the Indians, suspecting the character of her burden, and losing their admiration in the desire to cut off supplies from the garrison, fired a volley at her as she swiftly glided toward the gate. But the balls all flew wide of the mark, and the fearless girl entered the fort, amid the shouts of her friends and relatives.

Such an exhibition of courage and generous devotion was worthy of any heroine of history. Though Elizabeth Zane had no queen's title, she was one of the queens by divine right, to whom all may do homage. The highest effort of heroism is the offer of one's life to save others, and in this kind of nobility Miss Zane was prominent.

Ammunition being secured, the spirits of the garrison revived; and, reinforcements arriving soon after, the assailants were completely baffled and compelled to retreat, which they performed with precipitation.

Fort Henry and the frontiers were saved. All honor to the gallant garrison! All honor to the wives and daughters there collected! and, above all, a fadeless laurel to Elizabeth Zane!

HOW TO HUNT THE TIGER.

Various means are tried, but (says Gordon Cumming) I have found for tigers and panthers, that baiting the country brings more game to the bag than any other plan. This is done by the shikarees, or hunters, who, on arriving on fresh ground, proceed to hunt up the country far and wide for tracks, and by careful examination of the ground, and "pumping" the cowherds, a tolerably good idea of the kind of sport can generally be formed.

The presence of a tiger in the country having been ascertained, young buffaloes must be procured, and these can be bought at from three to six rupees each, according to their size. They are tied up in the afternoon at the meetings of paths and ravines, and near pools which the tigers frequent, being attracted both by the water and the herds of deer and pigs which come down to slake their thirst. They should be tied by a stout cord to some stump or root, so that, if possible, they may not get the rope around their legs. They should, moreover, be tied in an open space, so that they may be seen from a distance. Sometimes, on the approach of a tiger, they will lie down, and by keeping still escape observation.

The tiger will, however, generally kill the buffalo and devour half of him, always beginning at the point of the buttock or inside the thigh. If the rope is not very strong he will break it, and drag off the carcase to some covert; but in either case, if he is not disturbed, and eats well, he will lie up in the nearest spot where he can get good shade, or shade and water combined.

By the first streak of dawn the shikarees will be out examining the country, and looking after the baits. All the buffaloes found alive should be taken to a cool spot for the day, and they should be well fed and watered. If one has been killed the shikarees will quietly approach the spot, and endeavor to find out where the footprints lead to. Especial care is required at this early hour, as in the cool of the morning the tiger, unless very lazy and much gorged, is apt to move if disturbed, and there may be great difficulty in again marking him down that day.

Toward seven or eight o'clock the sun will be powerful, and the shikarees may advance nearer. Should the tracks lead into a thick covert or mass of rocks, or other spot where the tiger may be supposed to have lain up, the shikarees will proceed to ring the game by carefully examining the ground for footprints, at some distance all round the covert. If no footprints are to be seen, and the place is, in their opinion, a good one, they will quietly mount trees commanding a good view of the ground.

The tiger will probably change his position, and, if there be a pool of water, will come out to drink and roll in it; or some inquisitive crow will perch over him, and drawing attention by cawing, will indicate his position to the shikarees, who, on being certain of his presence, will send off one of their number to camp to bring up the hunters.

The shikarees are sometimes assisted by the vultures, who, as shown in our illustration, are not slow to offer their unbidden presence at the banquet.

KARL.

CHAPTER I.

"By all that's glorious, what a beauty! Lord Byron should be sued for scandalizing the female sex when he says that woman's beauty vanishes when she is eating! Here, waiter!"

Karl St. Julian made a ball of a napkin, and throwing it at the head of a waiter, brought that dignitary in double-quick time to receive his order.

The place was a breakfast-room in one of Boston's largest hotels. It was seven o'clock in the morning, and the tables were totally neglected save two—the one at which St. Julian was sitting, and another in the diagonal corner appropriated to the use of a young lady.

She had entered while St. Julian was deep in the columns of the morning paper, and his eye happened to fall on her only when he lowered the paper. After one glance at the stranger, the paper slid unheeded from his fingers. He hastily gave his order for breakfast, and resumed his study of the lady's face. She was sitting near the wall, the dark-blue color of which was a fitting background for her rare and perfect beauty.

"I vow," continued the rapt spectator, "she is the most beautiful woman I ever saw! Raphael's pictures are daubs compared to the perfect outline and delicate coloring of yonder face. And how varying is each expression! She is absolutely incomparable, peerless, as she sits there, giving such envied attention to her breakfast! I declare that—pshaw! I guess that's some relation coming now! No, no! Joy! He is the clerk of the hotel!"

St. Julian's breakfast was set before him, but he paid no attention to it. He was watching the lady's face. She was engaged in a discussion with the porter, for such it was, and not the clerk, as St. Julian had supposed.

Some of her words caught his ear. She was in a difficulty. Perhaps he could aid her. He was not timid nor bashful, and always acted with promptness when he made a resolution. Crossing the room, he stood before his enchantress.

"Pray pardon this intrusion," he began, quickly, drawing from his pocket a card, "but, having overheard your conversation with the porter, I judge you are slightly embarrassed by some difficulty which I may obviate. Pray command my services."

She gave a hasty glance at the card, and a smile overspread her features. She looked up with frank cordiality into his face.

"Sir, you are most kind. The difficulty is slight to any save a woman. I wish to send a telegram, and can find no one to attend to it. Will you execute my commission?"

"With all imaginary agreeableness. Does it require immediate attention?"

"No; half an hour from now will do as well; and, besides, you have not finished breakfast."

"That does not matter. I am at your command."

He watched her face closely as she wrote. She finished, and handed him the message, with a slight inclination of her queenly head.

"Many thanks, Mr. St. Julian. I can only return your kind politeness by my card. Miss Lisle—Caroline Lisle," said she, passing him a snowy card, on which she had written her name.

"Is there nothing further, Miss Lisle? This, I presume, is not your stopping-place. Are you traveling alone?"

"No. I have a companion with me. She is sick, however, and I am totally ignorant of the business of traveling by my own efforts, which accounts for your present disturbance."

"I would that all my 'disturbances' were as light and pleasing," he said, wondering why all women were not so beautiful and honest as this one was. "You say you are going to New York. Let me hope, Miss Lisle, if I can be of any service to you, that you will not hesitate to let me know."

The lady smiled her thanks, and St. Julian went to attend to the telegram with a happier, lighter heart than he had known for months.

CHAPTER II.

MISS LISLE and her nurse, Mrs. Berton, are in a room in a New Haven hotel.

"Bertie, how fortunate for your dear rheumatism that we are detained here! But it promises to be gloomy if the road is not passable in four days. Auntie, too, will be disappointed, and our trip to Saratoga will be so delayed. Well, never mind, Bertie," she continued, still standing before the mirror, as she arranged her hair for tea. "Mr. St. Julian is very handsome; don't you think so? He is handsomer even than his picture."

"Yes, dear; but you must beware."

"Flirt with Mr. St. Julian!" the girl cried, in surprise. "Now, Bertie, how can you talk so unreasonably! You know I can't help it if men—a——"

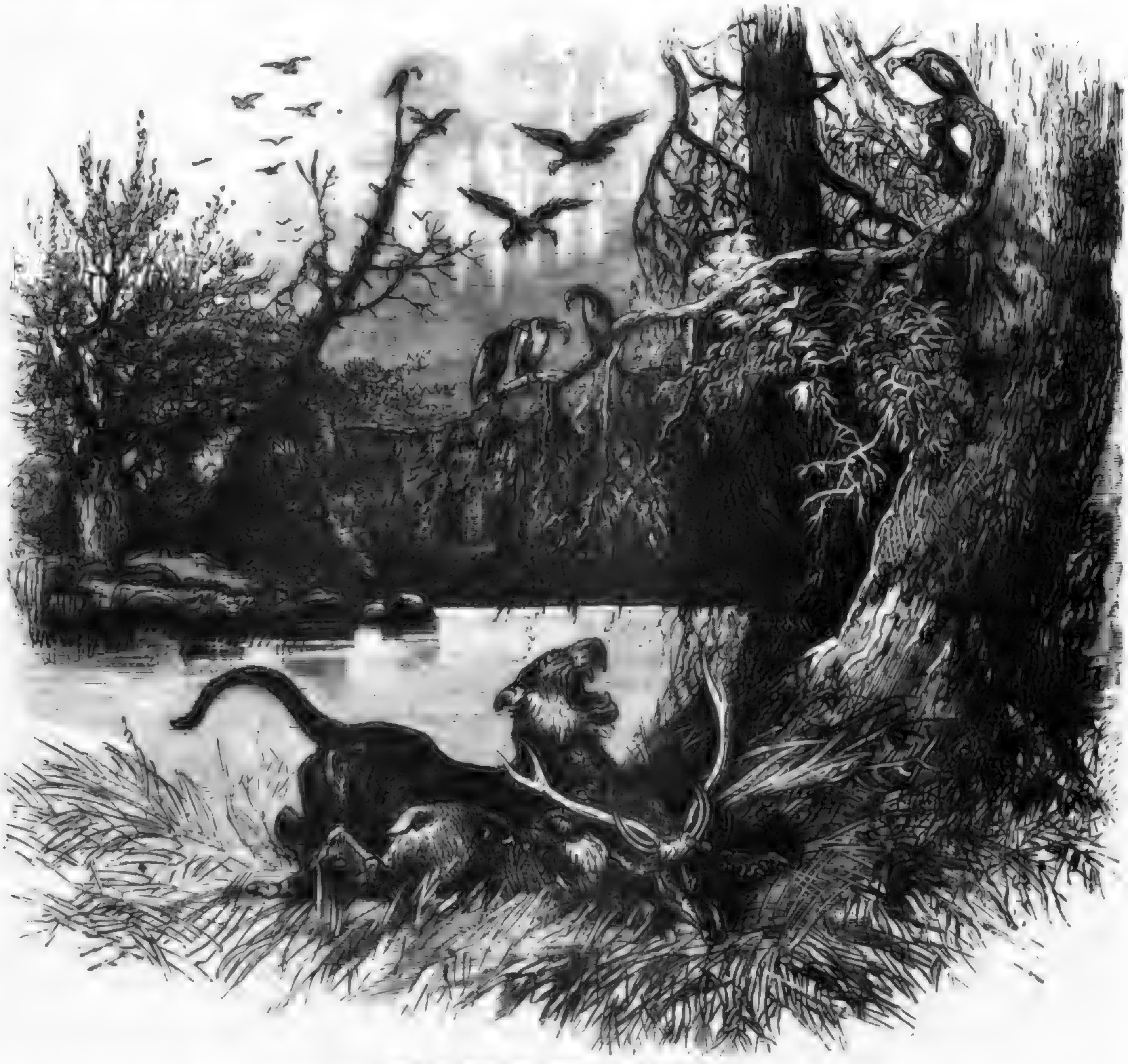
"Fall in love with you. There, darling child, do not feel hurt. I shall not retire till you do, dear. It would be cruel to have you shut in your room, and it is not proper that you should be down-stairs alone. Now, there goes that wayward head. Don't shake it so coquettishly. Everybody is not so innocent as you, my dear. People have long tongues."

"My dear nurse, what difference would it make if Mr. St. Julian did happen to like me very much more than he would a sister? I like him extremely. From my earliest years he has been my ideal hero; and now, when he has returned as a German student—what perfection! He is fairly shrouded in chivalrous romance! Now, Bertie, I am going to tea. Make yourself comfortable, and I'll bring you a beautiful supper; and then you shall witness my exemplary conduct in the parlor. I am going now. If my hero should express a desire to sup with me, my consent will not be withheld."

"Yes. I can never forgive my sister for not mentioning her friend to me in her letters. How could she have done it? I am ashamed to confess, Miss Lisle, that I have never heard your name before," he said, lowering his eyes. "But I know no young ladies except Miss Algernon."

"What about her?"

"Nothing. I have never seen the lady but once, and then she was a mere child—a most beautiful child, too. I have been in Europe six years, and in personal appearance she has outgrown my memory of her. You know her, I presume; what is she like?"



HOW TO HUNT THE TIGER.—SEE PAGE 606.

As she expected, Mr. St. Julian met her on the stairs, and they went in to supper together.

"You have recently returned from abroad, have you not?" she asked, when they were seated at the table.

"Yes. I landed in New York only three weeks since. But, really, I am highly flattered at your knowledge of me."

"I recognized your face as soon as you looked up from your paper this morning," she said, looking frankly into his face.

"You mystify me!" he exclaimed. "Tell me when and where you ever heard of me?"

"Your sister, Annie, I count my most intimate friend. Is the mystery explained?"

"Yes, I know her well. You do not seem to have been favorably impressed with her?"

"Well, yes—no. Tell me what she is like. I have heard that she was very beautiful."

"Her style is very much like mine, and she was—I was I—— No, I mean, she was taken for me once."

"Is she tall?"

"Yes; my height exactly. Her hair is blue-black and her eyes are blue like mine, while her complexion is a trifle fairer than mine, since I am burned by traveling."

"Pardon me, you said your eyes were blue; I thought they were black."

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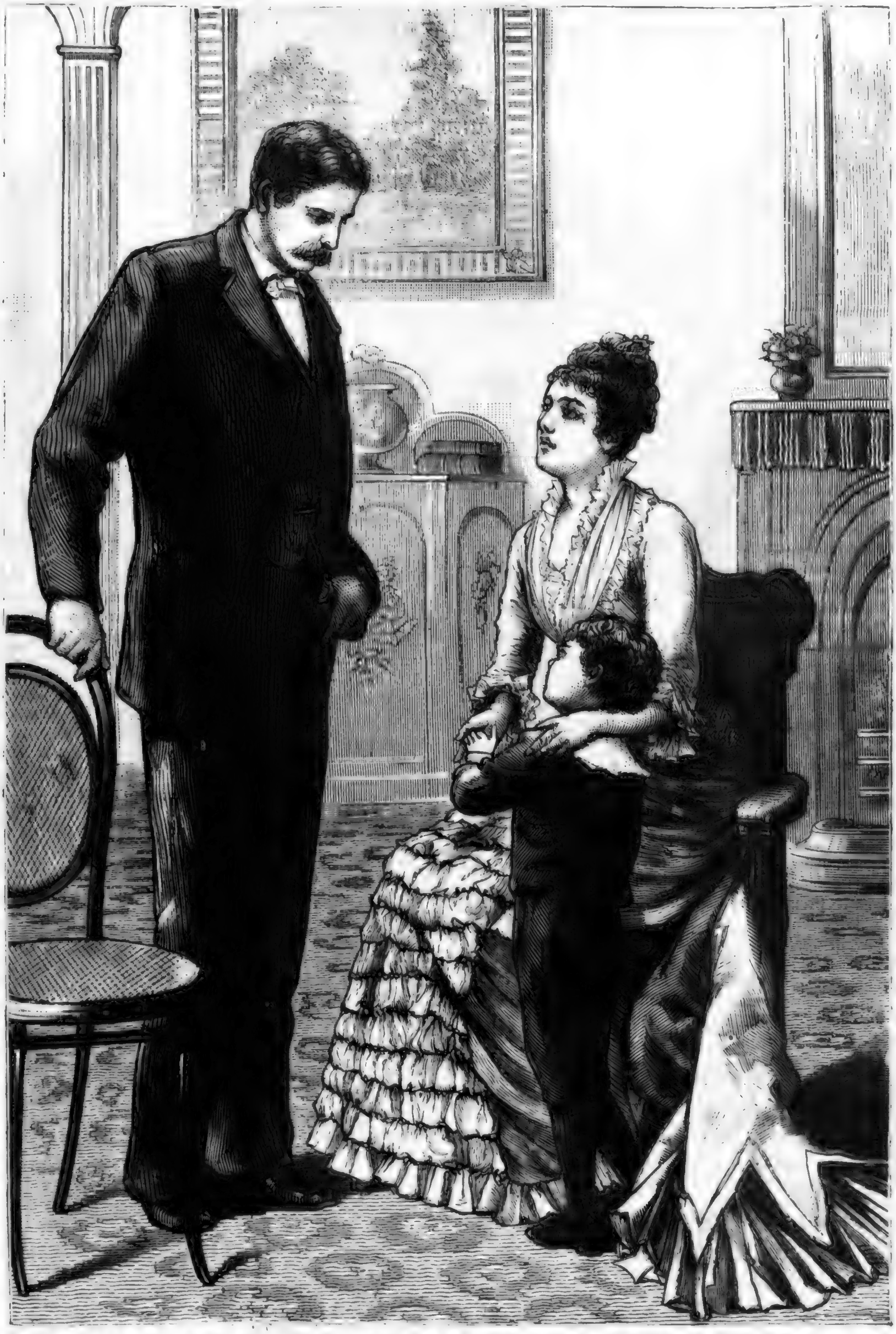


KARL.—"I SHALL BE CHARMED TO HEAR A STORY ABOUT DEAR GERMANY, ESPECIALLY WHEN TOLD BY FAIRY LIPS.' SHE BLUSHED. 'MR. ST. JULIAN, HARRY DOESN'T UNDERSTAND FLATTERY, AND HE IS TOO YOUNG TO BE INITIATED INTO ITS SUBTLETIES.'"

XUM

"But they are not," she replied, giving him a glance from violet depths, which set his heart on fire.

"Well, we'll say that Miss Algernon is very beautiful. Is she a flirt?"

"Have you heard that she was?"

"Yes. Since my return I have heard her repeatedly called Scylla or Circe."

"I am surprised that such liberties are taken with her name."

"How you women fight for each other! It is not meant as a liberty, but only a tribute to her enchantments."

"I breathe more freely."

"I have heard from many sources that her voice and eyes are her chief weapons. They say no one can resist her tones, and gentlemen say that *no* from her lips is sweeter far than *yes* from other lips. For pity's sake, Miss Lisle, don't imagine that I have heard anything derogatory to Miss Algernon's character—quite the reverse. She is everywhere spoken of with highest respect, and her only imputed fault is her tendency to flirt. Never having seen her, I cannot judge; but from what I have heard, I have no desire to meet her. I dislike coquettes greatly. Speaking of the lady's voice, I remember that it was very musical. I never saw her but once, but I can never forget the accent of her voice when she called me 'Karl—pretty Karl.' Excuse me, Miss Lisle; I always get wrought up on this subject. I cannot imagine how so beautiful and pure a child could have so deteriorated. A flirt! What a——"

"She has been misrepresented," Miss Lisle said.

"I scarcely think so. Annie, who is devoted to her, says that she wore at one time six diamond solitaires, and each an engagement-ring. I could never forgive that!"

"And, pray, why is your forgiveness called into question—may I ask?"

"Ah! Miss Lisle, for the sake of the love you bear Annie, overlook this seemingly strange conduct in her brother, and advise him in his dilemma. I am without sympathy everywhere, and have only my stupid head to consult in the matter. Women are unrivaled in diplomacy; lend your aid to my cause, and try to forget that a stranger asks it. Without my consent a marriage has been arranged between Miss Algernon and me. In fact, my parents command it! My maiden aunt, too, has gone so far as to promise me one million dollars on my wedding-day!"

"Well, what of it?" she asked, with interest.

"How am I to deliver myself and Miss Algernon from the entanglement? How can I retreat with honor? Tell me! Women are more delicate in such matters!"

"Perhaps, Mr. St. Julian, you may like the lady when you see her. You judge by hearsay."

"My liking her is out of the question," he said, with decisive deliberation. "I could not tolerate a woman devoid of conscience!"

"Your way is clear, then. Say positively that you will not consent, and promote some chosen favorite to the rank of Mrs. St. Julian!" she said, with no attempt to disguise the sarcasm.

"Pray, forgive me; I did not mean to be rude. Your way is the right one. Thank you for your kindness, Miss Lisle!"

"But you'll lose the million!"

"Oh, the money to the dogs! When I marry I shall marry my wife—not a bank-account!"

"You are a model young man," she said, laughing. "But perhaps you are prejudiced in this sentiment by some flaxen-haired, rosy-cheeked *fräulein*."

"You are mistaken. I have never seen the woman to whom I could truthfully say, '*I love thee*'; and I think it dishonest to say it in any other spirit."

"A pity it is that German delicacy of sentiment is not more common."

"Thank you. May I see you to the parlor?" he asked, as they rose from the table.

"I shall not be down for some time. Mrs. Berton is not well, and I shall attend to her tea. By-the-way, Mr. St. Julian, did you never see a picture of Miss Algernon?"

He flushed deeply, and said:

"Annie sent me quite a handsome case containing one of her pictures, but I have never opened it. Indeed, I have been so unhappy because of Miss Algernon, that I have never had the heart to look at it."

"It is fortunate that you are a man, or your tale would appear incredible!" she said, as they parted.

"Were there ever so many perfections concentrated in one creature?" he thought, as he watched with wistful gaze her receding figure.

She came down to the parlor in the course of an hour, accompanied by her nurse. Having seen that Mrs. Berton was comfortable, she became absorbed in amusing a little boy of five or six years, who had become hopelessly fascinated by the "bootiful lady."

"Harry, my dear," his mother said, "I am afraid you will tease the lady."

"No, no, mamma; I love her. She has lovely eyes," the little fellow said.

Miss Lisle took her youthful admirer to a divan, and began to tell him tales. She was occasionally interrupted by his peals of laughter and smothering caresses.

Mr. St. Julian and Mrs. Berton were watching the pair.

"That is her way," Mrs. Berton said. "She is so gay and beautiful—so like a butterfly. She flirts with everything that comes along. It is natural—she can't help it. Her innocent, unsuspecting disposition is a source of much unhappiness to her. She is cruelly misjudged."

"I wish that little fellow would get sleepy. I want Miss Lisle to talk to us."

"Ah, a vain wish, sir. She will keep the little fellow laughing for the next three hours."

"Don't you suppose she would let the little boy go to bed, and come and talk to me?"

"She is too devoted to children for that. I have seen her break an engagement with an English earl to play with a child."

"She is greatly admired in society, is she not?" he asked, with great interest.

"Yes; she has been the acknowledged belle for three years, ever since her *début*."

"I am going to talk to her, anyhow," he said, rising and going to where she was sitting. "Let me share Harry's monopoly?" he pleaded.

"Certainly, if you can content yourself with listening to a fairy tale—a fairy tale, Mr. St. Julian, about your dear Germany," she replied, with an artless smile.

"I shall be charmed to hear a story about 'dear Germany,' especially when told by fairy lips."

She blushed.

"Mr. St. Julian, Harry doesn't understand flattery, and he is too young to be initiated into its subtleness."

She continued the tale, and it would be hard to tell which of her listeners was most attentive. Perhaps Harry was, for he kept up with the thread of the story.

St. Julian heard the gentle, musical voice, and watched the moving of the perfect lips without heeding what they were saying. He was listening to the dictates of his heart, which whispered: "I love thee! I love thee!"

Chapter III.

Our travelers did not murmur at the long delay at New Haven. Indeed, St. Julian's joy knew no bounds. He was continually by the side of his enchantress, and drank each time deeper "draughts of love" from the glorious, haunting violet eyes.

Saturday evening, the next after their arrival, came. He had supper with her, as usual, and his usual after-conversation in her private parlor. But most that he enjoyed was the anticipation of being her escort to church on the morrow. Sunday came, and the two set out to church.

"You are an exemplary young gentleman to have had your own way so long—at college, I mean," she remarked.

"Oh, not at all," he replied. "I try never to forget my religious duty."

He must have laid aside his scruples, when, some minutes later, he found his eyes and thoughts centred on the face before him instead of on his God. He was so preoccupied that he heard not a word of the sermon.

The next afternoon, after much persuasive eloquence, Mrs. Berton was prevailed upon to give her consent for Miss Lisle to go boating with Mr. St. Julian. The air was calm and delightful, and the water was blue and motionless save the small rippling waves which caressed the sides of the boat. The *Nymph* glided gracefully through the waters. Few were the words of the occupants, and even the few took a poetic, delicate tinge, naturally prompted by the beauty of the scene.

They reached a place in the river where the banks grew steep, and hung over the water in great gray cliffs, with here and there a wild-flower growing.

"Oh, Mr. St. Julian! See those magnificent lilies! What a pity they are so inaccesible."

"Oh, there'll be no difficulty in getting them!" he exclaimed, transported with the thought of seeing one of the lilies, now waving so gloriously in the evening breeze, nestling in the depths of her beautiful hair.

"Please don't try it," said she. "The cliff is very dangerous to climb."

"I like the danger!"

He leaped ashore, secured the boat, and began the ascent. The stones were treacherous, and he slipped twice. The lilies waved defiantly as he approached, but he succeeded in capturing them. When he had them firmly in his hand, he walked to the edge of the cliff, and looked down into the blue water.

The little boat was gently rocking from side to side, while she for whom he had risked his safety was reclining idly, and looking indifferently in the opposite direction.

"Great God! She is as cold and as enchanting as the Loreley of the Rhine!" he thought to himself, as he stood for a moment watching her.

He reached the boat and pushed off.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, as she received the three lilies, "you are very kind. I shall press one in remembrance of my boat-ride."

"And not in remembrance of me?" he asked, raising his dark hazel eyes.

"Oh, you are included in remembrance of the ride," she answered, naïvely.

"Oh! It is a matter of indifference, Loreley," he said, with a curl of his lip.

"You call me Loreley—the name of the Sorceress of the Rhine, isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes; a woman who enchants, and leads her victims on to destruction."

"Am I leading you to destruction?" she asked, turning her violet eyes upon him.

He sank into silence, while she played with her lilies, and sang snatches of songs.

The sun was setting, and all nature seemed beautiful in repose. The bird-like voice of the girl was all that broke the stillness, save the plash of the oars which kept time to the song.

"Do you know any German songs?" he asked, finally.

"No. My knowledge is confined to only fragments of 'Freischutz'; and you could not wish to hear so beautiful an opera murdered."

"Did you ever study the German language?"

"Only slightly," she replied, looking up quickly.

"Wholly unaccountable, when German is so universally studied!" he exclaimed.

She flushed painfully, and seemed confused, as she replied:

"I took half-a-dozen lessons ten Winters ago, and got far enough into the mystery to have sore-throat from attempting to master the gutturals! I ceased the lessons because I thought I would wait——"

"Wait for what?" he asked, smiling.

"Until some one—a—undertook to teach me who wasn't a cross old German!" she replied, overcoming her painful confusion.

"I should like to hear you say, *Ich liebe dich!*"

"You wouldn't like to be called sentimental, would you?" she asked, coolly.

"What do you think of me, anyhow?" he asked, resting his oars and looking anxiously at her.

"I think you are peculiar—I mean, I have never seen any one like you before."

"Well, would you think anybody else was sentimental if they wished to hear a woman say, I love thee"? he asked, quietly.

"*Cela dépend*," she replied, laughing, and shaking her head coquettishly.

"Is she a coquette?" he asked himself.

She took off her hat and put the lilies in her hair. St. Julian was surprised and charmed by the effective contract which the snowy lilies with yellow centres made with the blue-black hair.

"The lilies are more beautiful now than when they grew in their parent bed," he observed.

"Mr. St. Julian," she began, suddenly, "have you Miss Algernon's picture with you? If so, please let me have it a while."

"Yes; I always keep it in my pocket to remind me that I am mortal," he replied, sadly, producing a medallion-locket. "Please return it soon; I always wear it here," he said, pointing to his heart.

She received the picture, and, opening it, gazed earnestly at it. She broke one of the petals from a lily and put it in the case, and shut it.

"I'll give it to you to-night," she said, as she put the case in her pocket.

He wondered why her face became suddenly so grave and earnest in its expression.

Chapter IV.

When she entered her parlor after tea, she found St. Julian already there.

"Mrs. Berton has retired early, in order to be prepared for her journey to-morrow," she said.

"Oh, yes! I had forgotten that to-morrow we should part," Mr. St. Julian said, sorrowfully. "Miss Lisle, I have been counting the seconds since I last saw you."

"I feel highly flattered," she answered, smiling.

"I dislike very much to bother you, but—but—the

XUM

more I think of Miss Algernon, the more puzzled I become."

"Are you loath to give up the million?"

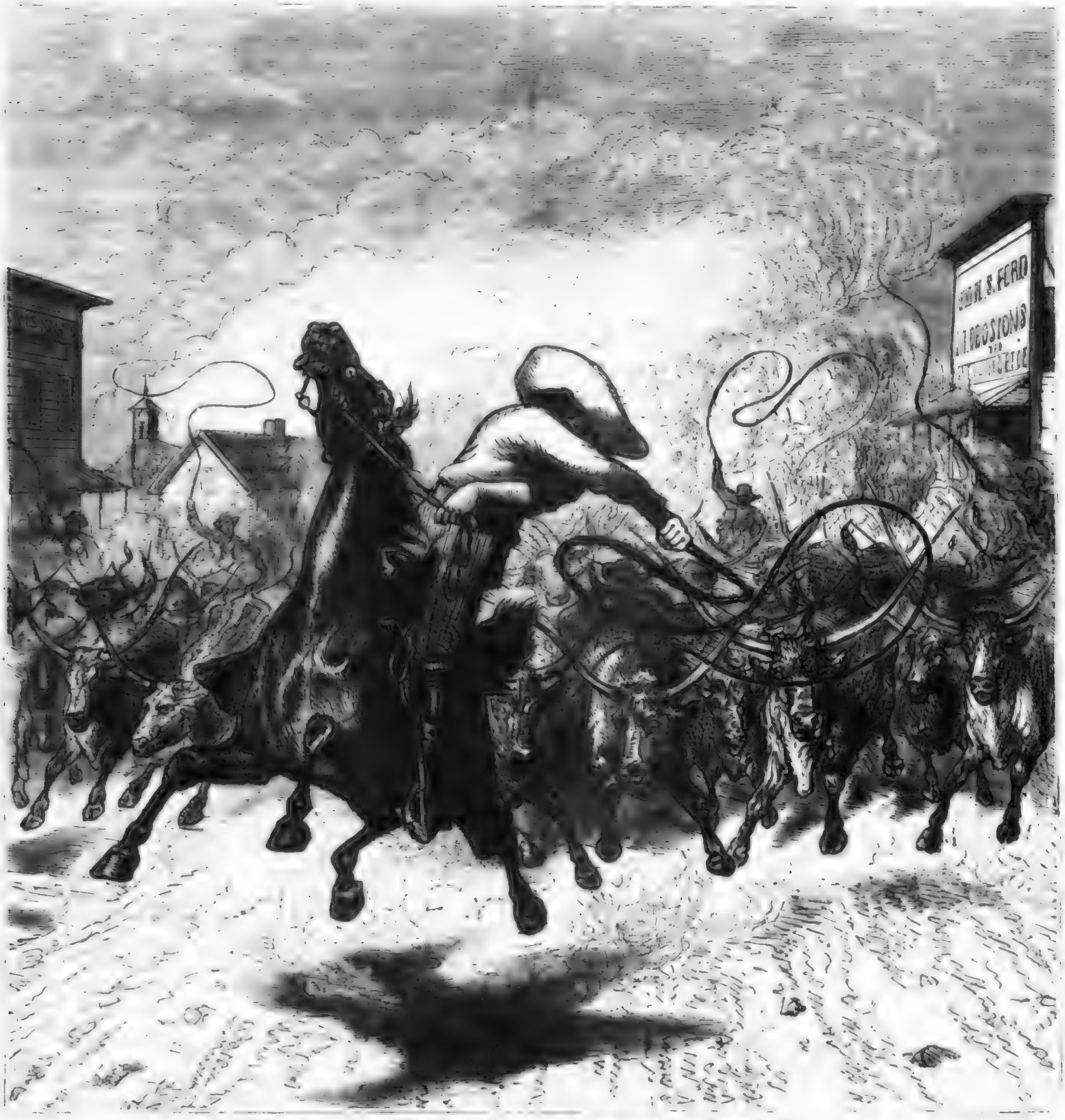
"Why will you misinterpret me?" he exclaimed. "I tell you again that, when I marry, my love and my wife's virtues are all that will be considered."

"But Miss Algernon's fortune is great!"

"I shall not weary you with reiteration. Tell me, please, how to proceed in releasing Miss Algernon from the entanglement. Don't think me presumptuous in asking this of you. But you have somehow made me feel that I might trust and confide in you."

"Mr. St. Julian, you are hasty. You know nothing of the lady—have never seen her picture. Wait a while."

"Wait a while! You know not what you counsel. I see," he continued, in a lower tone, "that I must do without your assistance. I shall write to her father to-night and tell him all."



AMERICAN BEEF.—COWBOYS CHECKING A STAMPEDE.—SEE PAGE 614.

"Your conduct will be unparalleled if you tell her father calmly that the reason of your refusing his daughter's hand is prejudiced dislike. I believe that is your only reason."

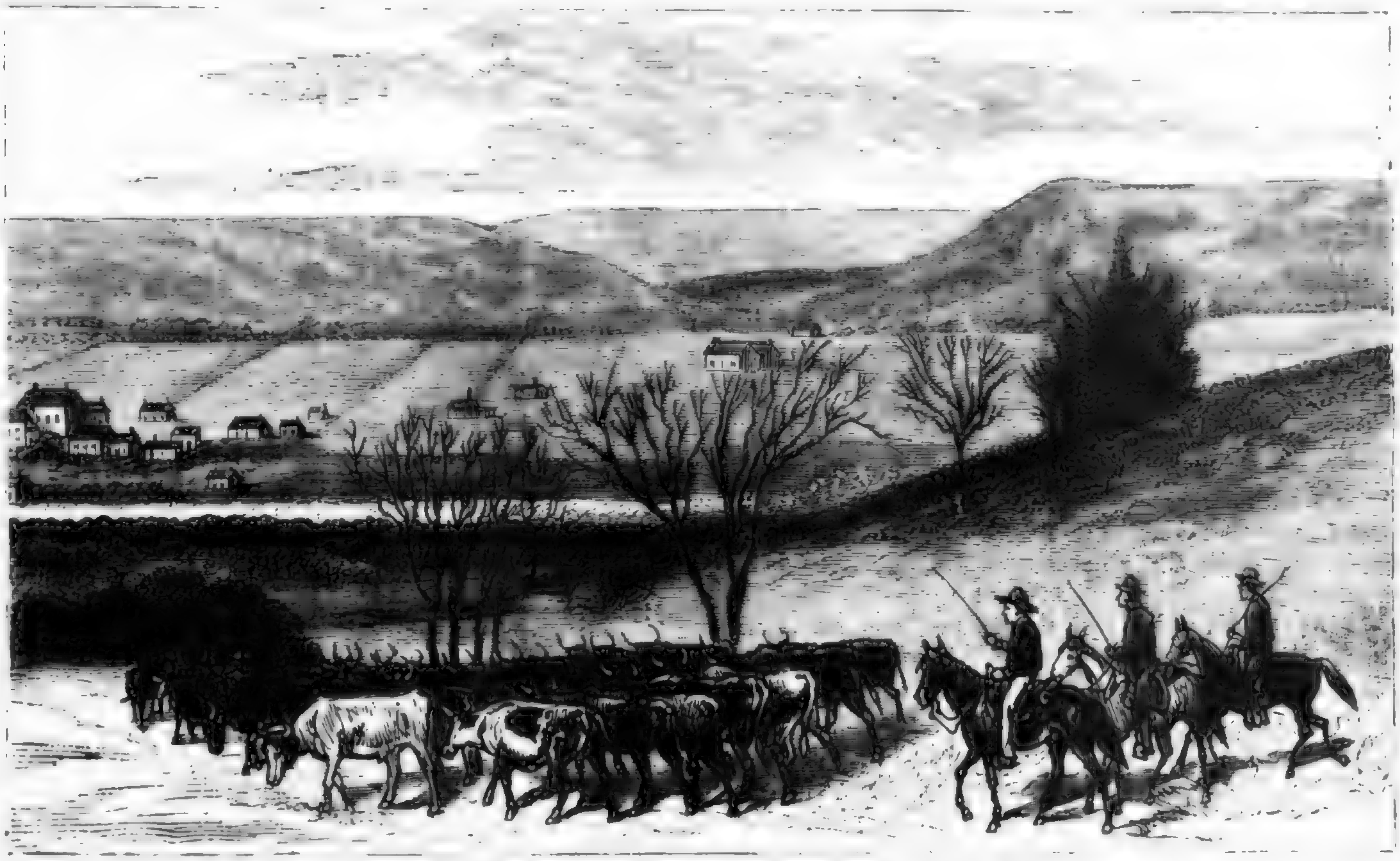
"You are mistaken," he said, rising and standing before her. "Could I honorably continue in my present connection with the lady, when my whole being is swayed by my love for another?"

"You have deceived me, then. You told me that you had never seen the woman——"

"I have found her at last!" he cried, passionately. "Forgive my hastiness. Lady, in these four days I have given you the love of a lifetime; and now I say with passionate truth, I love thee!—I love thee! Here, at your feet, I cast the wealth of my heart. To your hand I commit the thread of my destiny."

The expression of his face pleaded more eloquently than could words.

"Mr. St. Julian——" she began, trying to release her hands from tender captivity.



AMERICAN BEEF.— DRIVING A NEW HERD FROM TEXAS NORTHWARD.

"No! Do not blight my life! Do not send me to another—that other! What is all the world without you? Give me only a hope to encourage me—to make me worthy of you!"

"My dear friend, do not ask me now. I have no right to answer you until you have seen Miss Algernon's picture. Look at it."

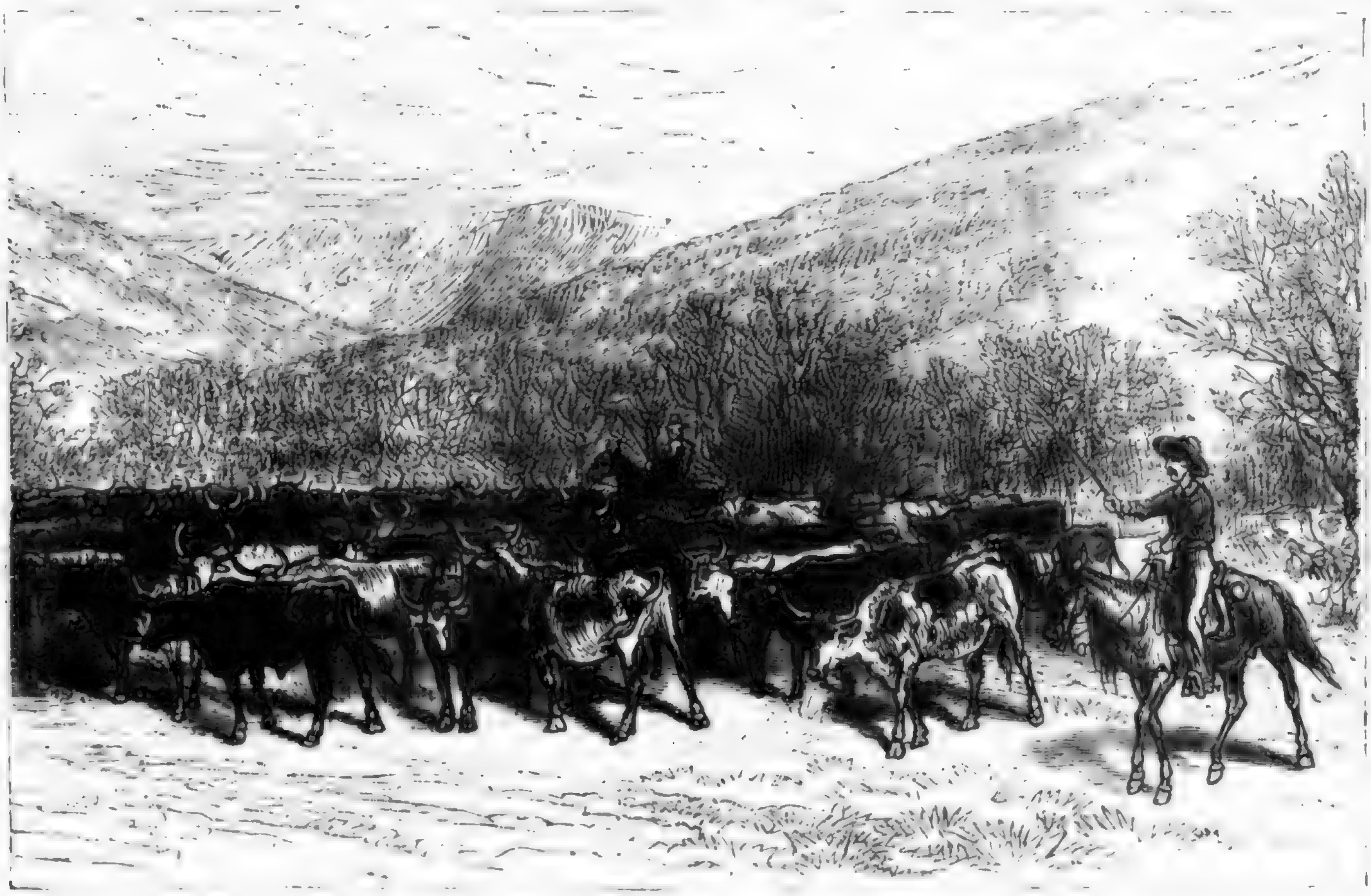
She gave him the locket and walked away to the window.

She turned her head as she heard a low cry from St. Julian's lips.

His head was bowed, while he clasped in his nerveless fingers the open locket.

She approached him, and put her hand on his shoulder. He started up.

"Miss Algernon! Don't crush me! I feel that I am going mad! Don't speak, or you'll kill me! How can



AMERICAN BEEF.—"ROUNDING UP" A DRIVE FOR THE NIGHT.

you—— How could you forgive the wretch who has judged you so cruelly? I cannot ask it. Give me your curse, and I shall feel more blessed than I deserve! Don't look at me with those haunting, glorious eyes. Oh, Loreley, Loreley, you have destroyed my life!" he moaned, hiding his face.

She went back to the window, and tears gathered in her eyes as she looked out.

St. Julian rose and went to her side.

"Loreley," he murmured, raising her hand to his lips, "forgive me for not having suspected that Miss Algernon was the only enchantress in the world. Forgive me that I was so benumbed by her spells that I did not suspect the great source."

She turned her head and placed both her hands in his.

"You acted too well for me to penetrate your mask," he said, with an enraptured smile.

"Karl, my pretty Karl! I love you all the more for having shown me that you are worthy of my hero-worship. I could not do otherwise than admire one who recognizes so well woman's worth and woman's sphere. Karl," she continued, "I had almost feared that you would yield to the desire of your parents without giving an opportunity of being tested."

"My beautiful, beautiful love! I am more desperately in love with you as Pauline Algernon, than I was with your personation of Miss Lisle! But come, sweetheart, let's write a letter to the homefolks. I am too happy to be selfish."

CHAPTER V.

An hour later Pauline added the following postscript to her lover's letter:

> "Karl says I may write a few words to confirm the truth of his statement that he is absolutely happy! No one is so happy as
> "PAULINE."

Then she wrote to her aunt in New York:

> "NEW HAVEN, *June 28th.*
>
> "DEAR AUNT EMILY:—Excuse a short letter, for I am unable to write longer. I shall merely say that I hope my delay has made no serious disarrangement of your Summer plans. You will excuse my late appearance in New York, when I tell you that I have—— Never mind! I'll see you in two days' time, and shall then endeavor to tell you all that has transpired.
>
> "Lovingly yours, PAULINE."

NINETY YEARS OF WEDDED LIFE.

In Montreal, in January, 1789, Michael Gannue and Melisia Ganier were married. He was seventeen, she was fourteen. In 1801 they removed to Scottsburg, now Scottsville. There they lived together for 78 years. On the 5th of December, 1879, Mrs. Gannue died, at the age of 103 years, after a married life of 89 years. Her husband is still living, 108 years old. He is sound, mentally. With the exception of being a cripple from a fall he had 16 years ago, his physical condition is excellent. He became blind in his 90th year; he was blind six years, when his sight gradually returned. When his wife was dying he stood by her bedside. When she could no longer speak to him, he became so affected that his eyesight failed him again. On the day of her burial he was escorted to her coffin, to take a last look at his venerable consort. He could not see her face. He exclaimed bitterly: "It is hard, after living ninety years with her, that she must be taken away without my being able to see her again!"

He had never been known to weep before.

Mr. Gannue is a basket-maker. He has not worked at his trade since he became a cripple. He is an inveterate user of tobacco, but never drinks intoxicating liquor. His wife bore him sixteen children. Eight—three sons and five daughters—are still living. There are living, besides 38 grandchildren, 23 great-grandchildren, 13 great-great-grandchildren, 8 great-great-great-grandchildren, and 5 great-great-great-great-grandchildren. A few months ago Mr. Gannue's eyesight was again renewed.

AMERICAN BEEF

A REVIEW OF A GREAT NATIONAL INDUSTRY.

Men are sufficiently generous to credit nature with having designed certain places expressly for their own development or profit. Resting at Kansas City, Mo., after a long and somewhat rugged journey, and counting up the number of beef cattle that pass through this mart alone every season, one is convinced that for whatever purpose the great Southwest may be utilized, it has been particularly adapted to the enormous cattle and sheep industries of the United States.

At this point, we have arrivals from Kansas, Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Nebraska, Western Missouri, Southwestern Iowa, and Wyoming and the Indian Territories. The growth of this live stock interest is well indicated by the facts that, in 1868, when the first organized movement of cattle to this city was made, the total number sent from various ranches aggregated 4,200; four years later the receipts were 236,802; and in 1880 they were 244,709; while from January 1st of this year to August 11th, nearly 113,000 were counted.

The long journey which ended at Kansas City was begun, practically, at Galveston, the gateway to the great ranches of Texas. To the traveler, cattle-raising appears to be the main industry of the State. I was considerably surprised to learn that many large operators do not own an acre of land. They brand and otherwise mark their cattle, and turn them loose upon the unoccupied prairies to multiply and grow fat. In the southwest part of the State, however, the business is undergoing a radical change in this respect, and factors are buying largely of State lands and fencing their ranges. It is this section that possesses the greatest interest for a stranger.

All along what is called the "West Country"—from the Colorado River to the mouth of the Rio Grande, a distance of over 300 miles, and inland from 50 to 100 miles—the land is devoted almost exclusively to stock ranching. The ranges are generally inclosed by a post and rail and wire fence. They are in tracts that for size would appear almost incomprehensible to the New England and Northern farmer—for I noted that several pastures are larger than the entire State of Rhode Island. Some of these pastures are owned by companies, and others by individuals. The residences of the majority of these stockmen I found to be quite palatial in extent, ornamentation and creature comforts, resembling the country estates of some well-to-do or retired city merchants.

Cattle-raising is not the only marked industry in this section, for there are evidences on every hand that vast wealth is being acquired from wool-growing. These evidences are the most noticeable south and southeast of San Antonio, on the Rio Grande.

Practically speaking, the grazing region may be said to embrace the southern portion of the State west of the Brazos, and the whole western portion beyond the Guadalupe, except the extreme patch of the western section, which is

XUM

too arid to produce sufficient grass to suit an experienced ranchman. A better idea of the vastness of this grand pasture-land may be had when it is stated that the good grazing country, at present not used for agricultural purposes, is about as large as the entire State of New York; while there are countless thousands of acres that are being gradually adapted to the cattle business, as capitalists are attracted to the State.

There is one section called the "Pan-handle" of Texas, which, commonly speaking, is something like 130 miles deep by 160 miles wide. The Canadian River runs through it from west to east, and into the Canadian from either side run many lesser streams. A splendid quality of grass grows here, and, accordingly, the section is richly prized by cattle men. The number of cattle whose ranges front on the Canadian River often reaches, and sometimes exceeds, 200,000 head. In fact, I find that in the majority of cases the ranches in this section are quite huge affairs, averaging from 5,000 to 50,000 head, and possessing a goodly quantity of highly bred stock from the old country.

Men who profess a knowledge of beef-cattle invariably express surprise at the improvement that has been made in Texas of late in the character of this species of stock. The efforts of the leading stockmen to increase the commercial value of their cattle by a mixture with the large Durham stock, have resulted in considerable importations of fine young bulls from Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Illinois, beside Canada and England itself. In the neighborhood of Fort Worth, yearling bulls from well-known herds have been sold at from $50 to $150 per head; and the importation would be greater still, if the changes of climate did not prove so disastrous to "short-horns." From these bulls bred to the native cows a far superior class of stock is produced. The horns of the half-breeds I have examined are considerably shorter, but the animals are better shaped than the natives and carry more meat; so that, when taken to the great stockyards of St. Louis and Chicago, they bring higher prices.

On a high hill between the Santa Gertrudes and San Fernando Creeks, and from a tower on the roof of a large brick warehouse, I have scanned with absolute amazement the famous Santa Gertrudes ranch. It seems exceedingly risky for me to put down in cold ink the figures by which this vast tract is described, and I am sure imagination will be considerably stretched to regard with any degree of credence my totals. First, let me tell you, the tract, which was an old Spanish grant with a title from the Government running back ever so many years, contains 78,225 acres. An almost impenetrable belt of timber borders both sides of the Santa Gertrudes Creek within the pasture, extending for a distance of twelve or fifteen miles. Of this tract over four-fifths are under fence; a grazing land that is not equaled for fertility by any in the country. The fence, of wire and lumber, is forty miles in length. This immense pasture has six gates: one on the road leading to the city, one on that leading to Brownsville, one at the Esconidas, one at the Borregas, one at Las Conchas, and one at Los Indios. In addition to his landed interest embraced in the Santa Gertrudes Tract, Captain King has become possessed of other ranges, aggregating over 77,000 acres, besides a piece of 25 leagues, out of an original Spanish grant of 106 leagues, known as the San Juan de Carricitas.

The methods of buying, branding and driving cattle being almost identical on all the large ranges, I will leave the description of the processes until I have alluded to the principal cattle sections visited during my journey.

With the wonders of Captain King's great ranch in mind, and believing myself proof against further surprise in that direction, I visited the Iliff range in Colorado, which I was informed was the largest in the world. Mr. I. W. Iliff was an Ohio man, born in Zanesville, who began acquiring grazing land some twenty years ago. At the time of his death, four or five years ago, he was individual owner of a tract one hundred miles wide, extending from Greely to Julesburg, on the Union Pacific Railroad. The range was divided into thirteen ranches, and at each ranch were quarters for the men who looked after the stock, the corrals where the cattle were gathered to be branded, and the horses. At the time of his death Mr. Iliff had 40,000 head of choice cattle on the range. He had taken great pains to improve the breed of his stock, and his brand, which consisted of a monogram of his initials, was well-known in England, whither a large portion of his stock, mainly Herefords, Utahs, and Short-horns, were shipped.

During his ownership of the range he shipped over 200,000 head to the East, and this during the infancy of the industry. To his energy and inventive mind is due the refrigerator cars for the transportation of cattle, although later inventions exhibit but little of his original plan. As an evidence of the extent of the business even in those days, I may state that he deemed it a poor year when he did not ship from 10,000 to 15,000 head a season. At the present time the capabilities of his range are more than triple this amount. His total property, including stock, lands and buildings, was inventoried at $3,000,000. His widow has disposed of half the estate to his former managers, and retains and works the remainder.

It is claimed for cattle raised in Colorado that they have a finer flavor than those that range further eastward. There are two varieties of grass grown in the State, called gamma and buffalo. These grasses are very sweet; they cure on the ground, and never rot. After lying out all Winter they are as fine as hay in the mow in the Spring. They are perfectly indigenous grasses, and in the quality of hardening and fattening are equal to oats.

A large part of the ranches in Colorado are on Government land. Anybody can graze his herds on the public domain, but by an old custom a man who has operated for years in a certain place is not allowed to be driven from it by new-comers. If one chooses, he can preempt 160 acres near a stream, build his house there, and permit his cattle to range around for forty or fifty miles. A favorite and exceedingly rich pasture land is the immense triangle bounded by the mountains, the North and South Platte, and the Arkansas. Very few cattle ever get over the mountains or across the rivers, therefore this range is practically closed by these natural boundaries.

In New Mexico, besides the newly developed gold and silver mines, and the rich coal and iron deposits that are beginning to attract attention, I find there is a very close rivalry between the cattle and wool industries, which are well established. The latter is a double business, one price being realized from the wool of the sheep, and another from the animal itself. In the northern portion, sheep and cattle ranches, owned both by Americans and Englishmen, are very plentiful. The larger ones appear to be hemmed in by the Raton range on the north and the Rocky Mountains on the west, and they have an elevation of about 6,000 feet above the sea level. In fact, the Pan-handle of Texas is almost similar in advantages with this vast basin, and might be called a continuation of it.

These sections are unusually attractive, and no one but an experienced ranchero would undertake to discriminate between them. There are herders, however, who give the preferences to New Mexico, principally on the ground

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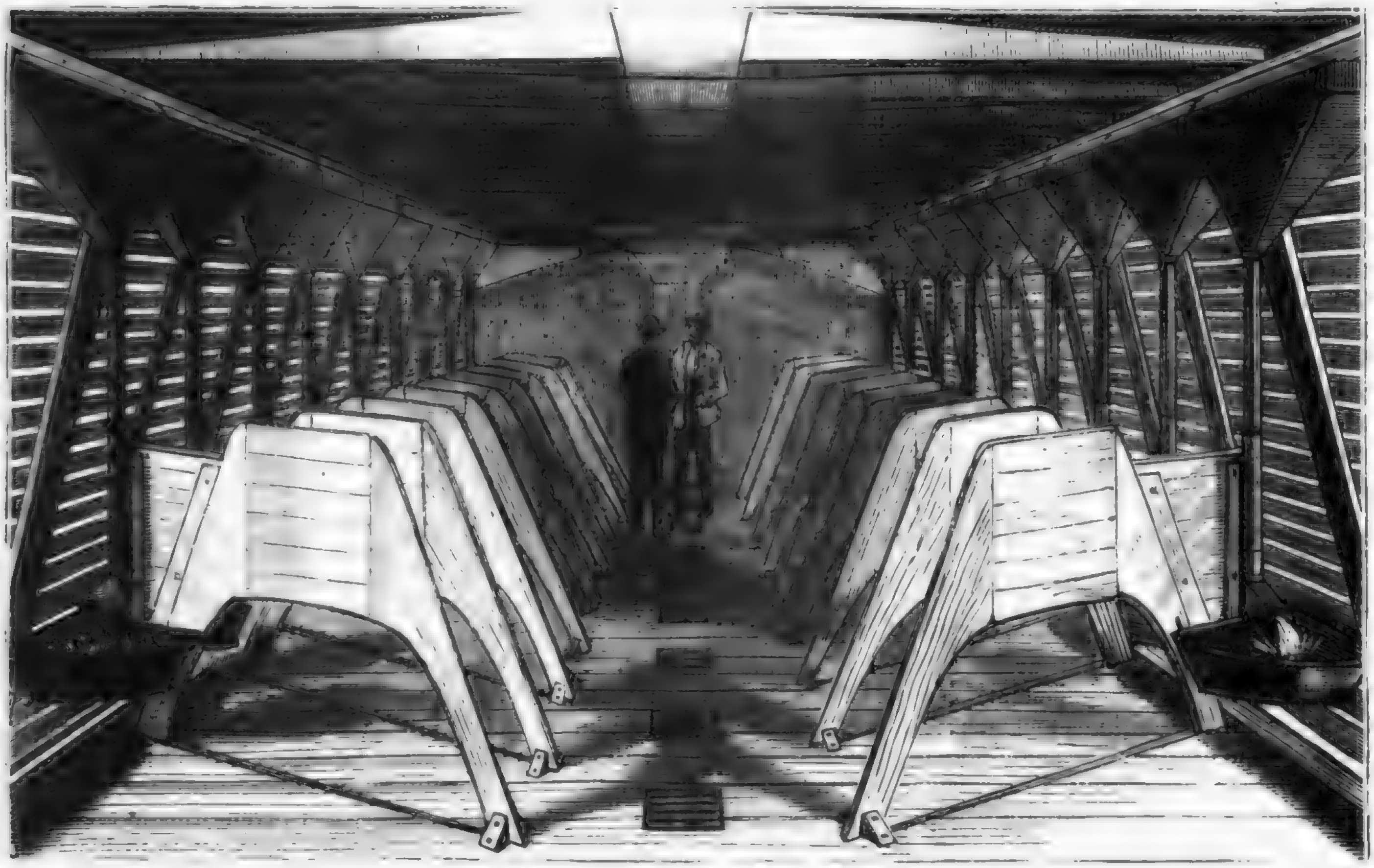
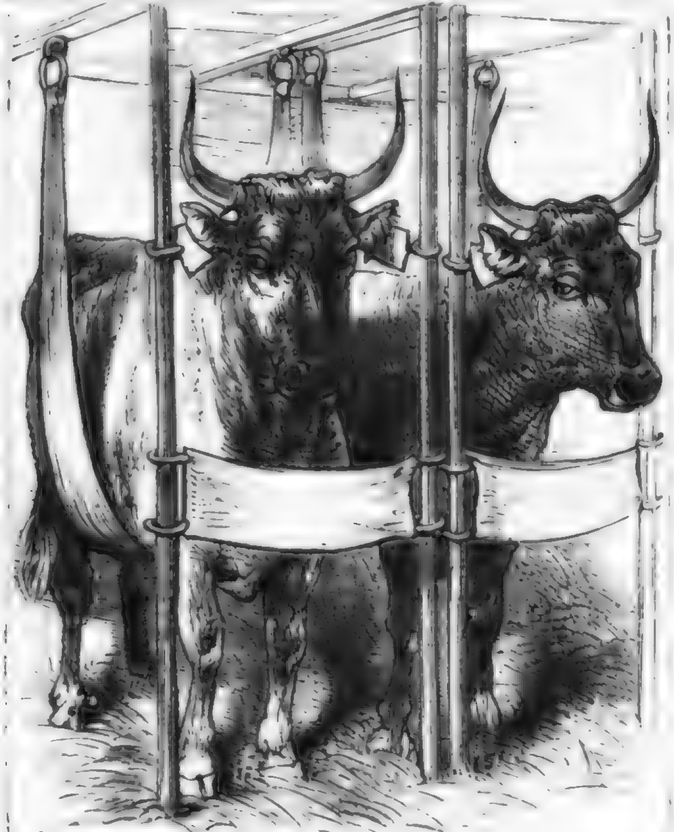


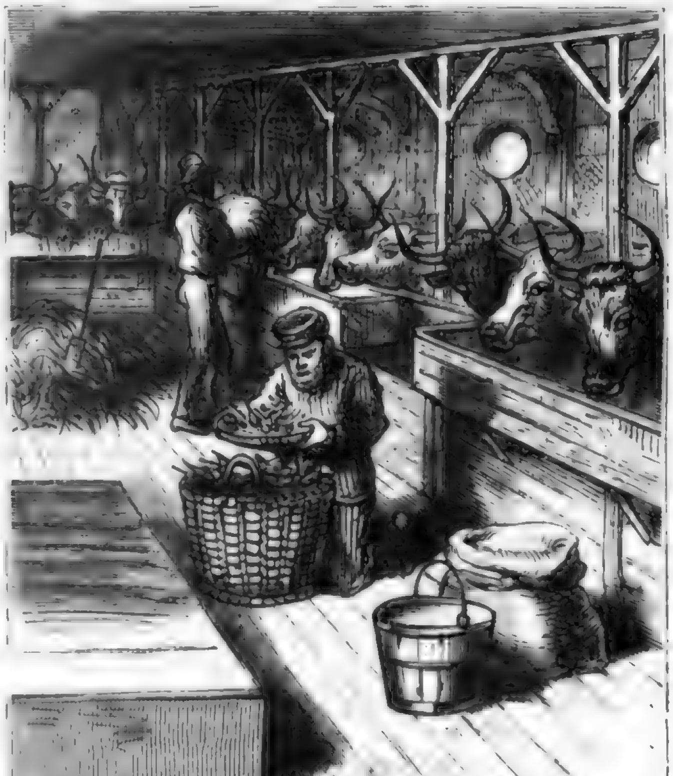
IMPROVED CAR FOR THE TRANSPORTATION OF LIVE CATTLE.

that the Winters are much milder, and the country is better watered. They say that the cow is not a tropical animal, and will not obtain perfection in a warm or oppressive climate. New Mexico, therefore, is held up as the happy mean between tropical Texas and frigid Colorado.

The same advantages pertain to sheep-culture. The remarkable dryness of the atmosphere prevents sheep-rot entirely, and the same material features of locality and climate combine in New Mexico to produce as fine wool as can be raised on the plateaux of Thibet or the hills of Andalusia. The most promising investment of capital can be made in grading up the native stock both of cattle and sheep, and the results so far must be eminently satis-



SAFETY BAND FOR SUPPORTING CATTLE IN ROUGH SEA WEATHER.



DINNER-TIME ON THE OCEAN.

factory, judging from the extent of the business and the rush of new-comers, hailing particularly from England.

New Mexico seems provided by nature with all the essentials of a self-supporting country. The mountainous and undulating land extends over two-thirds the entire Territory, forming large valleys of rich soil, and the remaining third is made up of tablelands, covered with nutritious grasses. When not watered by running streams, these pastural grounds are wet with rains which occur periodically, as in the Eastern States.

Kansas is better adapted to agricultural pursuits than to stock-raising. The growth of the State in the last ten years has been marvelous. There has been a vast increase in the number of acres cultivated, and in the quantity of corn and wheat raised. In the live-stock line more attention has been paid to sheep than to cattle, over 300,000 of the former having been driven from Colorado and New Mexico into the State to remain, during the present year. The old "Great American Desert" has not yet recuperated sufficiently to afford profitable grazing fields for large herds.

When we come to Montana we find that her meadow lands furnish the highest facilities for the growth of cattle, sheep and horses.

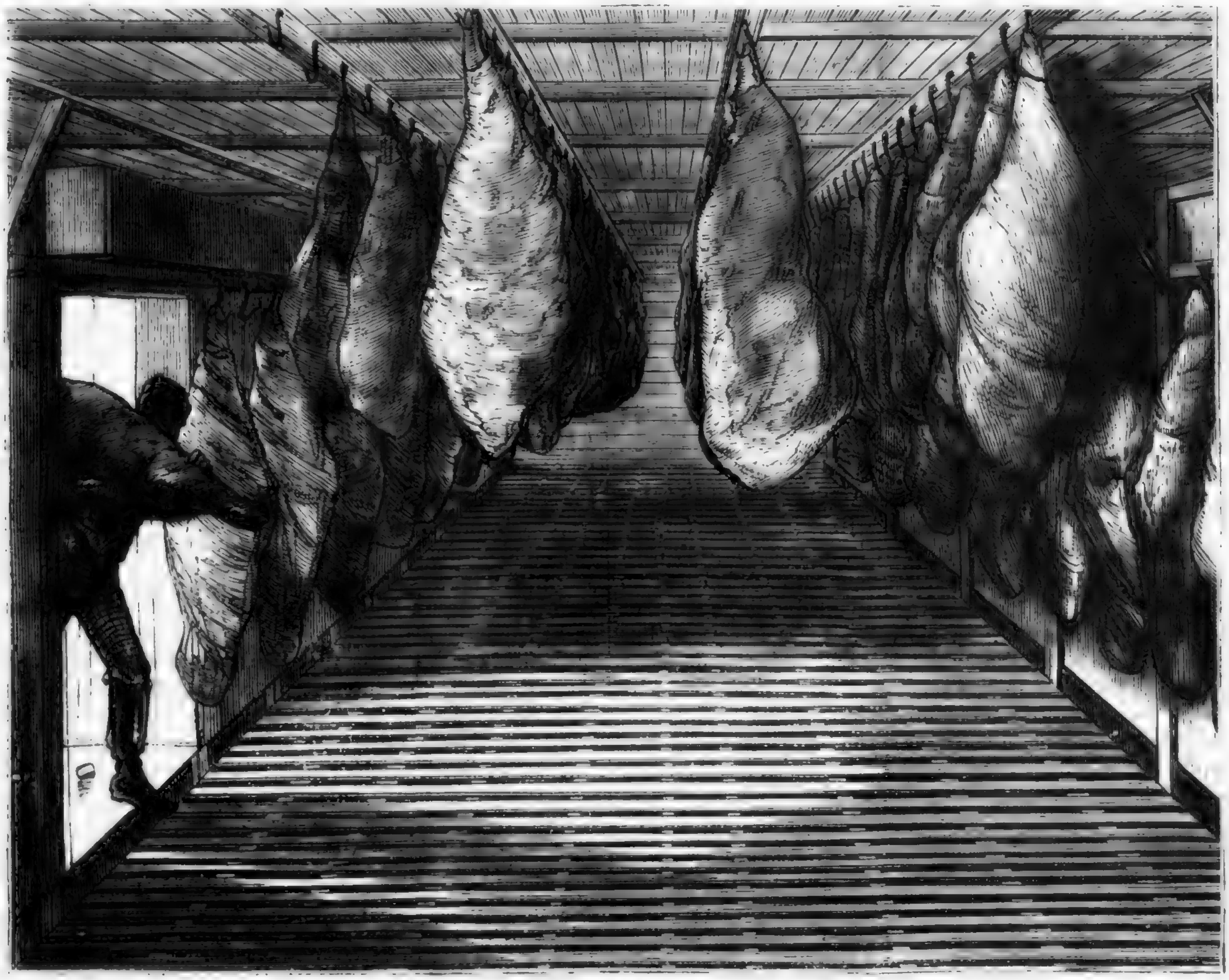
"Why, sir," said an experienced ranchman, in response to my query as to the possible profits of cattle-raising in the Territories, "you can borrow money at two per cent. a month ; invest it in stock, except a small part you may need to live on ; pay the principal and interest in four years, and be possessed of a competence in ten years."

On expressing a doubt as to the accuracy of his statement, he replied :

"Well, if you don't like it that way, just set down that a man who isn't lazy can make 33⅓ per cent. per annum on all the money he is willing to invest."

Montana is well supplied with natural watercourses, such as the Missouri, the Yellowstone, the Madison, the Jefferson, the Dearborn, the Missoula, and many others ; while the plains have the additional advantage of receiving, in the Spring, all the melted snow from the mountain-tops, which in itself is sufficient to create numerous creeks, forming a natural method of irrigation. Then the Territory is well covered with the succulent "bunch" grass, on which cattle keep in good condition without other food. Growing in clusters, as its name indicates, it attains a height of about two feet, and can be seen protruding through the snow. Cattle readily brush the bunches clear, and so procure an abundance of food even in the depth of Winter. This grass does not really dry up, but gradually cures and retains a large amount of nutriment. In this respect, it is quite similar to the buffalo grass, of which there is also an immense store, and said to be fully as nutritious as the more famous blue-grass of Kentucky.

There is a vast range in the Yellowstone Valley belonging to an Anglo-American company, which was started by a drive of 5,000 head from Texas ; but many of the large ranges are managed on the co-operative plan, by which men with money but no experience share equally the profits of the year's product under the management of



A STEAMSHIP REFRIGERATOR-BOX FOR DRESSED CATTLE.

men who understand the country and business, but are lacking in capital.

The entire valley of the Yellowstone, which from its mouth to the National Park is 650 miles long, and on an average ten miles wide, is admirably adapted to this industry, possessing the three great advantages—water, grass and timber. Flowing into the Yellowstone are the Powder, Tongue, Big Horn and other rivers, the valley of each of which is from thirty to one hundred miles long, and all afford the best pasturage. The grazing grounds alone of Montana are in extent nearly three times as large as the six New England States, or in round figures, over 40,000,000 acres.

Another capital section for the ranchman is the western counties of Idaho. From Boise City you may overlook a most productive valley, stretching away westward for fifty miles. The Owyhu range of mountains is plainly seen to the south, forty miles distant, while the Boise range is but three miles off. The arable portion of the territory is put down at 12,000,000 acres, and, of course, is confined chiefly to the valleys. In the Payette valley there are ranges seventy-five miles in length, along the Boise River there is a belt sixty miles long by from two to five miles in width, while on the Snake River there is one compact patch forty miles long and ten miles wide. Last year 30,000 head of cattle were marketed from Idaho, and herds said to aggregate 200,000 have been driven into the territory from California during the past Summer. Cattle, sheep and horses require but little prepared food, and no shelter, on any of these pasture-fields.

Now, having taken a run across some of the most noted ranges in the country, and possibly selected a ranch, you will next want to know how to begin the business.

The expense of starting a ranch is really light: a log cabin, a corral, or inclosure for branding cattle, a few hired cowboys with a pony for each, and some ready cash for buying your first stock. A man with $5,000 can go pretty deeply into the industry without buying an acre of ground. He should herd his cattle for a few years, but when able to afford the expense, it will be better, in some localities, to fence in his ranch. Having prepared your ranch for its future occupants, you set out to buy the stock. In starting a new herd you look out for cows, bulls and yearlings. Many persons prefer to make these purchases in Texas, as cattle are cheaper there than elsewhere, and have them driven to the ranch, no matter how far away it is. It is customary, in the case of stock bought in Texas for the Montana ranges, to start the drives as early as March, so that the herd reaches its destination about the first of September. Arriving at their new ranch in the Fall, the cattle have time to recuperate before Winter sets in.

The price of a new herd varies greatly. Thus, in some sections of Texas you may purchase a cow and calf for $12, a yearling for $4, and a bull for $100; while in other sections of the State, as well as in other cattle regions, you may pay more or less for the same animals. To give a clearer idea of the method and cost of starting a new herd, I will give you the following calculation, supposing you have but $3,500 in ready cash to begin business:

100 cows, at $25 each	$2,500
3 bulls, at $100 each	300
Cash for cabin and corral or fence	200
Cash for first year's provisions	500
Total	$3,500

The rate of increase under favorable conditions will be 90 per cent. of the cows. So at the end of the first year you will have 90 calves, at the second 180, and the third 270. But calves bear when two years old, and assuming that one-half the calves are heifers—the proportion is higher, in fact—forty calves should be added to this, making 310. These are now worth an average of $15 per head, or $4,650. As you will probably have to kill and sell steers to purchase supplies for your second and third years, at the rate of $500 per year, and will most likely put $150 into improvements, it follows that your increase in three years will about equal your original investment. In four years, if you have ordinary luck, you will have, say, 90 three-year-olds, 90 two-year-olds, 130 yearlings, and 170 calves. The three-year-olds could be sold for from $22 to $25 per head, and if you average the others at $15 each, you will have $7,830, from which it would be wise to deduct $1,800 for expenses after the first year. Thenceforward, your increase will run from 30 to 50 per cent.

Another calculation, where the original investment is larger, may also be considered. Supposing you buy land and fence your range, you will want about 3,000 acres for a herd of 1,000 head. This will cost you about $3,000, and the fencing about $1,500. You buy, say 800 cows, each with a calf, costing about $10,000. Then you will want to invest a couple of thousand dollars in Durham bulls, to improve your stock. The tendency among stock-raisers now is to strive for constant improvement in the breed. Your house, stable and pens you can reckon at $1,000, and your outfit of horses, saddles, wagons, supplies, etc., you can put down at about $1,000 more. Here you have a capital of $18,500 invested. You keep your heifer calves, sell some of your steers when a year old, and keep some, and in three years you have a mixed herd of 1,200 head, from which you can sell every year $6,000 or $8,000 worth of cattle, without diminishing in the least the value of your remaining investment. A yearling is worth $4, and every additional year adds from $1 to $2 to the value of the animal. If you herd, instead of fencing, you will need six herdsmen for 1,000 head of cattle, and they will cost you from $20 to $30 a month wages apiece and their board.

They say in Montana that the average cost of raising a steer, not counting interest on capital invested, is from sixty cents to one dollar a year, so that a four-year-old steer raised from a calf and ready for market costs about $4. He is worth on the ranch about $20, and if driven to Fort Benton or to the railroad in Wyoming at least $25.

After locating your new herd on your ranch you will find they remain quite contentedly during the Summer months, if they have an abundance of water. If not, they will wander off, often traveling fifty or sixty miles in search of a river or creek. The storms of Winter also drive them away. Spring herds from different ranches will have become very much mixed and scattered, and it is then that the process known as "rounding up" is attended to. This is simply a separation of Jones's cattle from that of Brown, Smith, and Ferguson. The means of identification consists of some device, figures, letters, or other marks, which are branded on the cattle when the herd is formed or increased. When a large herd is being driven from one point to another, the brand of the owner or owners must be registered in each county through which the drive passes. A new purchaser puts a new brand on the herd, and by the time some animals, particularly valuable bulls, have passed into the possession of several parties, their bodies will be marked as irregularly as a map of the United States.

With a driving herd a round-up is made every night, to keep them together; but the rounding-up to separate herds is generally done at a time designated by law or determined by commissioners chosen in each county for the purpose. In Colorado the commissioners publish in the Spring the places for the round-ups for every day during a period of six weeks, usually beginning in the middle of May. The places are generally a distance of twenty miles from each other. Every ranch or neighborhood then fits out its squad of men to search and separate the cattle. At a given hour the wagons and outfits are seen starting from every ranch in the State or Territory toward a common rendezvous on the unfenced plain. The squads are divided up into various parties, each properly officered, and the exciting work begins. First the horsemen begin at the edges of the pastures, defined by the feet of mountains or banks of rivers, and sweeping around the boundary, startle the cattle toward the rendezvous. It often takes four, five, or six weeks to get the wanderers in. During that time, with driving the cattle by day, and night-herding or keeping them from scattering at night, no man gets over five hours' sleep out of the twenty-four.

After arriving at the rendezvous, the head rounder issues orders to his subordinates, and soon the vast number of cattle are seen moving into distinct bodies all over the plain. These bodies are again subdivided and sorted out, and in time each neighborhood gets its own cattle in one mass. Then each man in the neighborhood squad separates his brand from his fellows', so that by the time the home ranch is reached each man has his own brand under his eye and control, as well as the young calves, which run along with their branded mothers.

After you have secured a goodly number of cattle, your next necessity is that most remarkable product of the prairie — the cowboy. You will need to employ him to drive your herd, either from the purchase place to your ranch, or thence to the shipping point; or to look after your property, if it is large, on the ranch. The cowboy is a distinct genus. He is unlike any other being. He enters upon his business life when he is seven years old, and in nine cases out of ten he dies a cowboy, even should he reach the age of Methuselah. His pet is his horse; his toy a revolver; a source of intense pride, his hat—a broad-brimmed straw or wool affair. Leather leggings are worn over his pantaloons, and heavy top boots, with high heels and enormous spurs, protect his feet. His lariat is composed of eight pliable rawhide thongs, plaited into a rope forty feet long and half an inch thick. With this he can almost lasso a streak of lightning. Where there is no "chute," formed by running parallel lines of fencing, or a corral, where your cattle can be branded, the cowboy is brought into requisition to catch the animals for the branders. Slipping about eight feet of the end of his lariat through the iron ring at the end, and putting a loop at the other end over the pommel of his saddle, he gathers its coils in his bridle hand, holding the noose in his right, and gives his horse the spur. When the cowboy is near enough to the animal he desires, he dexterously throws the loop over the head or forefeet of the scampering cow. The trained horse is checked, and quickly turns to await the shock that comes the moment the cow has run the length of the lariat. In an instant the cow is brought to the ground, where the branders seize her by the head and tail, and press the branding-iron to her skin.

When on the trail, the cowboy is compelled to guard the herd during the night, the force being divided into several reliefs. In case of a stampede he must ride night and day, and "round-up" the fugitives. Stampedes occur frequently during a drive, especially during the first days, before the herd get accustomed to the slow, regular walk. A thunderstorm is sure to scatter a herd, but almost any unusual noise or movement will send them off.

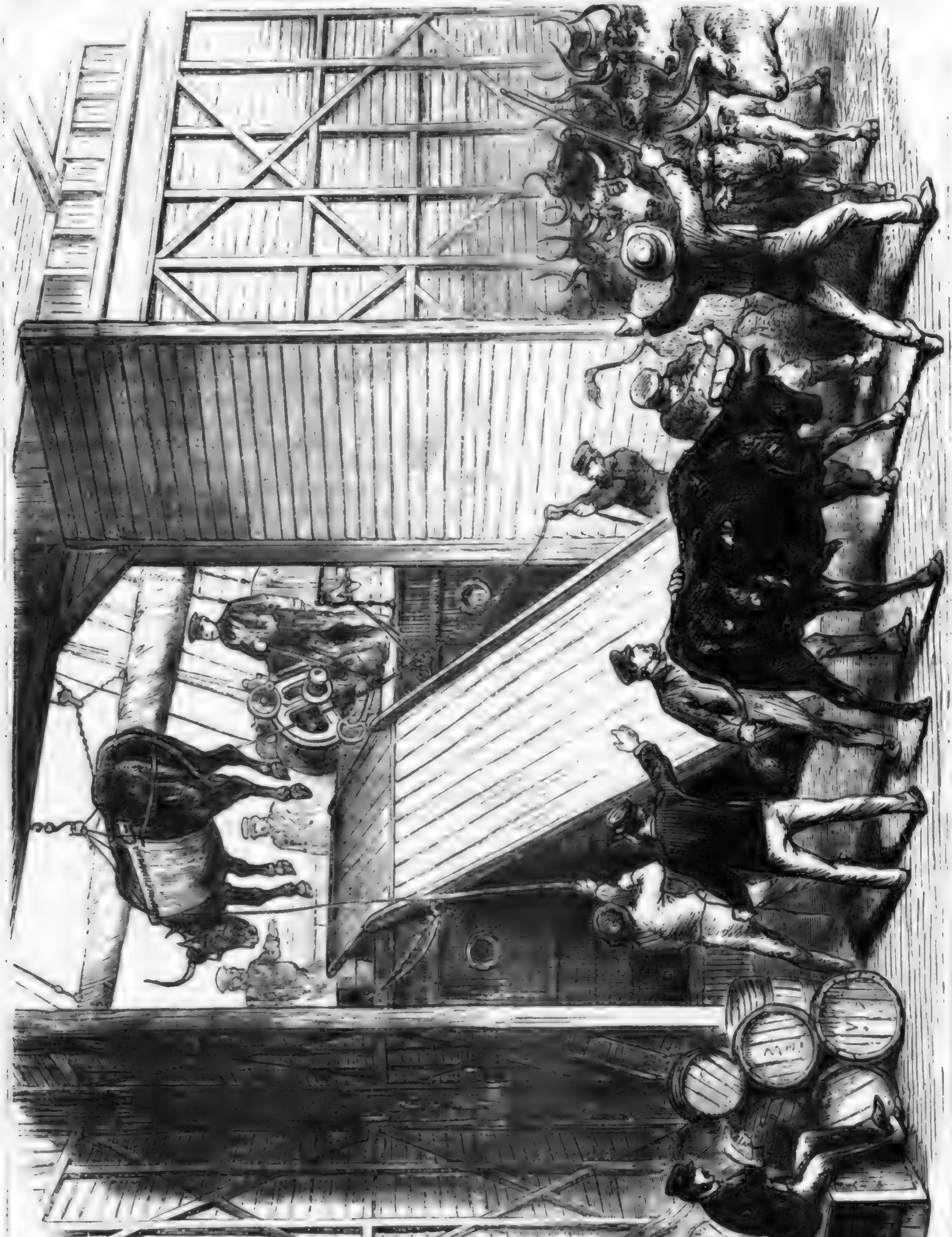
Your next work is to dispose of your surplus stock. Of immense stockyards, the Western States are full, and you have at Jersey City a great establishment where not only cattle are received direct from the West in cars, but where they are fed up, slaughtered, and either sold to local butchers or prepared for shipment to Europe. Large purchasers are always to be found at these stockyards, and many speculators will come directly to your ranch to select their sales.

American cattle are shipped to Liverpool direct from New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, but the freight rates are much higher on live cattle than on beef. As our cattle, dressed in England, bring but little more than refrigerated beef, it is practically cheaper to cut up the meat on this side. There are over twenty vessels fitted expressly with refrigerators for the shipment of beef, some of the largest ones having a capacity of 2,000 quarters. Straw battens are used both on shipboard and on the the railroad cars to prevent bruising. In England the covered railroad vans carry 56 quarters, hanging, and the small uncovered vans take 24. In both vehicles plenty of room is allowed, so that a good current of air may circulate. Dealers go from Cumberland, Yorkshire, and other near counties to Liverpool, and buy from the agents there; while shipments are there made to all points of England.

It will be remembered that there was considerable discussion last Spring touching discrimination against American meat, in various European countries. It was precipitated by reports that many people in Germany had been poisoned by eating pork raised in the United States. It was proven subsequently that the sickness was induced by the victims partaking too freely of sausage made in Germany from German grown pigs. The French Government was the first to issue a decree of prohibition against American pork. This action enlisted Secretary Blaine's sympathy for the American hog, and most thorough investigations were ordered both by inspectors at home and our consuls abroad. The determined stand of the Secretary, supported by strong proof, led to two important results: first, the decree of the Government of Switzerland, which broke the European deadlock on the American hog; and second, the appointment of a Cattle Commission by the Treasury Department. The action of the Swiss Republic was prompt, friendly, and, better still, just. Directly the French prohibition appeared, the Swiss officially ordered a thorough inquiry into the facts concerning trichinosis and other diseases of American meats. Their investigation was conducted by the Federal Sanitary Commission, the local inspectors, and a number of scientists. After considering a large mass of statistics and testimony submitted by the American consuls, the Commission reported and the Government declared that no prohibition or compulsory inspection of American meat was justified, nor were either required in Switzerland.

The American experiment of shipping beef to England has been noted with much interest in various parts of the Old World. Steamers are now engaged in conveying beef and mutton from Australia, Canada, Spain, and Buenos Ayres to England, France, Germany, Scotland, and Belgium. A vast benefit is being conferred on the poor of Europe because enterprising Americans have made a practical application of the knowledge that in a dry atmosphere having a constant temperature of from thirty-six to thirty-eight degrees Fahrenheit, meat may be preserved fresh for a long time.

With reference to the Treasury Cattle Commission, it may be stated briefly that the object is to collect information as to the extent of the pleuro-pneumonia territory, and the condition of our inter-State and international quarantine, and inform the world as to the wholesomeness of our food live stock. It is also expected that these experts will frame a code of regulations for the government of railroads engaged in the transportation of cattle from the West to the seaboard. The motive of the Secretary of the Treasury is to establish to the satisfaction of the world that pleuro-pneumonia does not exist in the West, nor in certain Eastern States; and that cattle can be transported by healthy routes to ports in the healthy Eastern States; and to secure by these facts from England a modification of her restrictions on the importation of American cattle. This Commission is now investigating the subject, and is not expected to complete their report before the opening of Congress.



SHIPMENT OF AMERICAN CATTLE AT NEW YORK FOR GREAT BRITAIN.

He who wants little has always enough.

AS BROAD AS IT IS LONG.

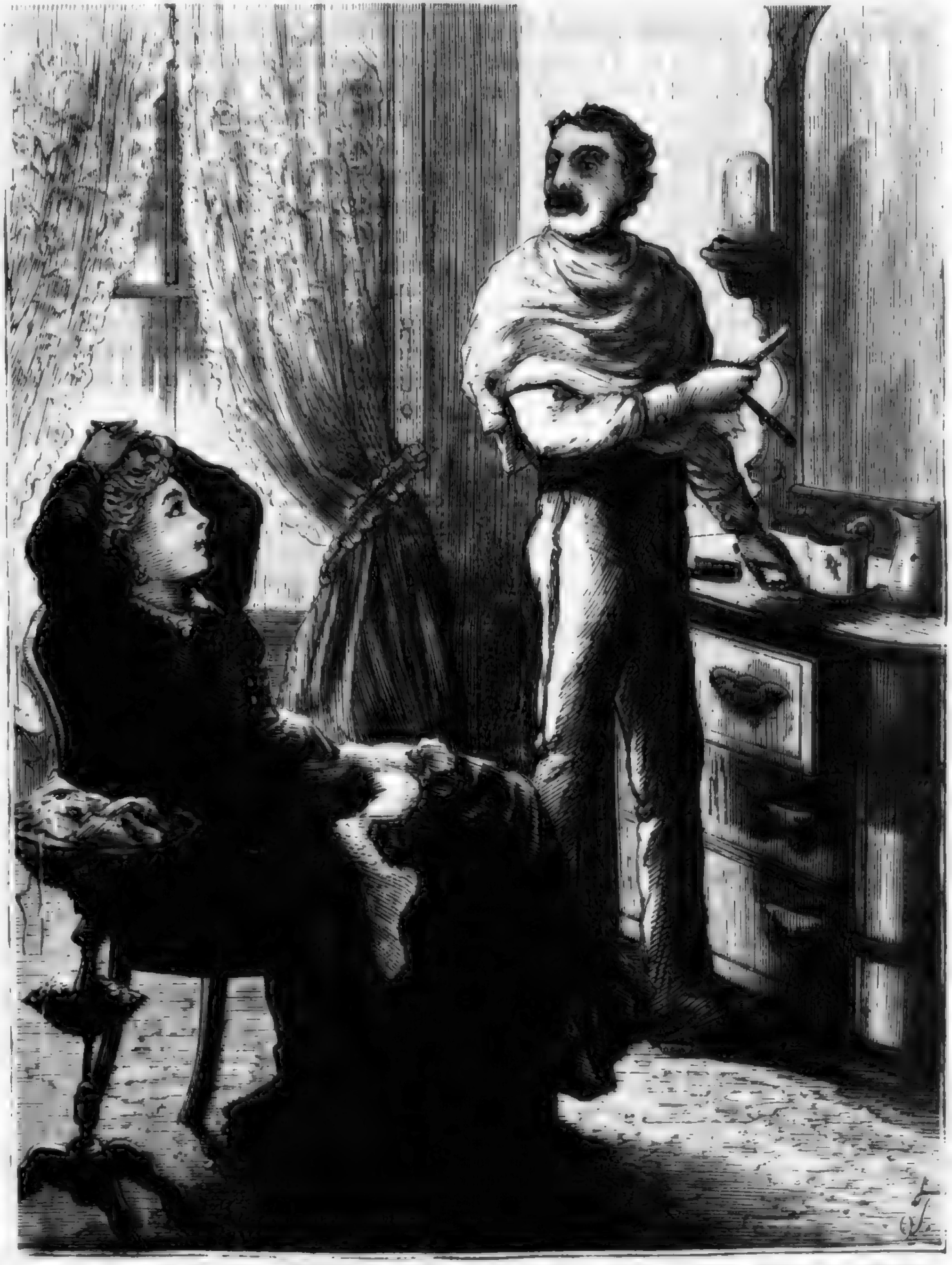
"WHY, I *can't* go, and that's all there is of it, Bessie; I've told you so all along, so where's the use of being in a fret about it?"

The Bessie thus to be silenced, as it were, sat by the window of her great square room, and at the moment of being adjured to be sensible, and not whine after her husband, was engaged in the nerve-wearing task of darning stockings.

"Can't go, indeed!" replied the little dame, throwing her work aside, with something that looked like "spirit." "Haddie Sheldon, you know better—you could go, if you wanted to. Let Springer and Lewis and Garry Phenix stay at the office, and you go. Oh, Haddie"—seeing a look on Haddie's face as if he might relent—"why don't you make an effort for my sake? I don't know why it is I hate so to go without you!"

"Pshaw! Bessie, you act like a baby! You will not be obliged to walk the piazzas all day, nor dance all night, unless you choose. Keep your room if you like, and go to ride all by yourself. Mrs. Le Baum will not mind it, I'm sure."

"Won't mind it? Of course she won't! Isn't Mrs. Le Baum herself, and nobody else, from head to foot; and has Leila an idea beyond 'figures' and her last new gown? Oh, Haddie"—her voice dropping, and her hands clasping over her head—"how is it that you don't seem to cling to me a bit? You're happy when I'm here, but you're just as happy when I'm gone. I wish to goodness I could worry you once, or give you a good big scare! You don't seem to understand that every woman needs one great love in her heart to make it worth her while; but that can't be a lap-sided affair—all give and no get!"



AS BROAD AS IT IS LONG.—"WITH HALF HIS FACE COVERED WITH LATHER AND HALF CLEANLY SHORN, THE YOUNG HUSBAND PUT ON AS SHOCKED A LOOK AS WAS POSSIBLE."

"Bes-sie Shel-don!" exclaimed the individual addressed as Haddie, parting his syllables tragically; and, turning suddenly around, with half his face covered with lather and half cleanly shorn, the young husband put on as shocked a look as was possible to a face so obstructed.

This disyllabic reproof, however, did not end the conversation.

"I don't take back one word, Mr. Harold Sheldon," said the young wife, most earnestly. "I know what the world says of a woman who is found in the ballrooms of watering-place hotels with that horrid offshoot of Parisian style—a *chaperone*—quite likely more indiscreet than herself. I haven't forgotten, either, what happened at Nahant, when pretty Mrs. Van Nott was ruined by the upturned noses of her sex; and I don't think you ought to insist on my going to Saratoga to run the same risk."

"There!" said Mr. Harold Sheldon, somewhat staggered by the plain statement of his wife; "that's quite enough before breakfast—I'll finish with some seltzer; meantime, fiercest of mountain-makers out of mole-hills, I must say you are going out of your way to distress yourself. If you behave at Saratoga as Mrs. Van Nott did at Nahant, you must take your chances of a scrimmage with me, and a public castigation besides. Here, little moral-reform, do you see what's the matter with this button-hole?"

Bessie takes her scissors—the button-hole is a little like herself, not equal to what is expected of it—she cuts it the tiniest bit, and writes on her memorandum-book, "Fix up Haddie before I go."

Meantime, before the conversation can be renewed, a servant at the door says "Breakfast!" and, as everybody knows, coffee and omelets always get the best of arguments between husband and wife. After breakfast it is office-time, and Harold Sheldon, being a devotee to his profession, goes directly to Pine Street, where "Saratoga; propriety; study up Tomkin's case; *chaperones;* silly girl; grand jury, etc.," flit through the mind of the over-busy lawyer, till the light of a waning day sends him home again.

* * * * * * *

The couple at variance, so moderately, were in the third year of their married life, and were supposed to be beyond the full moon surf of their love experience.

Whoever supposed anything of this kind, however, would have been at fault, so far as Bessie Sheldon was concerned, for, at the end of three years of married life, she lived upon every word that proceeded out of the mouth of her husband, as she had not dreamed of doing when she first became Mrs. Sheldon.

Bessie was a round, blue-eyed woman, somewhat silent among strangers, but deep as a well that is hewn among rocks.

She was in no sense superficial; her great clear eyes looked around the angles and across the squares of whatever came before her, and she lived among motives, and learned the world of the people that were in it.

Such experimental life had written itself upon her piquant face, toned down and half shadowed with eager thinking.

Perhaps there was too little of the wildwood violet about such a woman to satisfy Harold Sheldon, who, a man among men, by no means "carried his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at."

Harold Sheldon was a man of extremest self-reliance. He had never, it is true, resolved matrimonial conditions down to the materialities of supply and demand; but if he could have read his own soul, he would have learned that in a wife he looked for the softness, pliability, and, if one may say it, the "kittenish" qualities that had no kind of parallel in himself.

Bessie was all piquancy and freshness, original, and entirely unlike most of the world's women. She absorbed little from other people, and only reflected her surroundings as they might be, lively or depressing.

She was a kind of woman that influenced others, magnetically, however, and one that, in the right groove, was made to kin thousands; and, on the contrary, if deluded, might mislead indefinitely.

The Sheldons are living in what foreigners call "quarters"—that is, they have rooms *en suite* in an elegant house in Fifty —th Street, New York, and surrounding them are all the accessories of wealth and good-breeding.

These things, however, are rather the chance provisions of a first-class private hotel, than selections of concerted and sympathetic ideas, for, though Harold's tastes are artistic and decidedly extravagant, who could be so mistaken in a face as to suppose that Bessie Sheldon would care for ormulu and gilt?

Give her books and her music, and let Haddie's love be deep and undisturbed, and a fig for everything else!

And how is it as to Harold?

He is twelve years the senior of his wife, and is already saying farewell to his thirty-fifth year. That he is of the legal guild, anybody might see by the papers that often disorder the rooms, and by the calf-bound literature that is to be picked up, here and there, about the apartments.

He is ambitious, too, and the world, he thinks, has never done him justice. After a ten years' struggle to come to the surface, put down every year by the big fish that eat the lesser, he has taken up a new *rôle*. He is working himself, he says, into a new place, and is concentrating all his forces and industries into this one groove. He will be the criminal lawyer of the age; but to do this "all must be fish that comes to his net." He will refuse no accused man such defense as he can make out, and with a well-studied profession, an extraordinary command of language, and his magnetic presence, Harold is sanguine of success.

A counsel for estates? Never!

Associate lawyer for big companies and co-partnerships? Never!

He will be the people's lawyer—a defender of the masses. The single-minded wife takes fright, and asks Haddie if in his chosen sphere he can always stand by truth and the right side. Haddie laughs when Bessie asks this, not so much with his mouth, from which protrudes a Partaga, as with his eyes, aided by a strange sniff, and a quick little toss of the head. The eyes say, "Simple little woman!" the sniff says, "What nonsense!" and the quick toss of the head says, "Truth must take its chances!" And, as motes in the air, and red light where all is clear and uncolored, warn one of coming blindness, so sniffs at truth may be taken as symptoms of wavering manhood.

* * * * * * *

The coaxing process is finished, for these are useless appeals to Harold to accompany his wife to Saratoga instead of placing her under the care of Mrs. Le Baum and her daughter.

Imprimis, it is not to Saratoga that Bessie cares to go. She would choose a place among the "Blue-noses" of Nova Scotia, a fisherman's village near Montauk, or a smiling valley among Evangeline's people at Grand-Pré.

But Harold is deep in preparations for the Fall calendar, where, first upon the score, is the trial of a high-bred forger, who has shocked high society. On the result of this case Harold has placed his stake of fame, social standing, and money, and instead of a simple defense, founded on facts, what he will give to the jury, is the subtlest of irrelevant logic, the Fabian policy of delay, and a dramatic coloring wellnigh irresistible in these days of the sensationalist.

Bessie is a perpetual drawback to this kind of progress, for, as the husband toils at night over notes, points to be eliminated, etc., etc., the wife will intrude such unadulterated ideas of truth and justice that Harold is wearied to death of her pellucid notions.

Among the indefinite charms which certain women have for certain men, that of reasoning seems to count for least. Men enjoy arguing with men, they only tolerate it in women; so that with major and minor premises altogether in favor of the feminine side of a theory, a man gives a verdict against her proposition because—well, women never can argue.

Then there is the coaxer—has she any firmer hold? Perhaps while she is young and piquant, a little defiant, and more than half saucy, the coaxer is a success. But how is it in the gray vale that is sometimes picturesque, though oftener melancholy?

And so, looking over the calendar of woman's possibilities in the way of self-defense, one is compelled to believe that real earnestness, true womanliness, and the same self-respect that would protect a woman from being swindled at an auction, are sufficient for the day.

Now, Bessie Sheldon was no coaxer. She lived up to the "more-blessed-to-give-than-to-receive" theory in maintaining that the lover was forever happier than the beloved, and to this end she knew no greater happiness than to give happiness, nor dreamed of a certain basis of operations called "my rights."

The topic of "going to the Springs" was not resumed

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again except incidentally; for, Bessie, finding her objections so utterly ineffectual, conceded the point, and made ready.

This was done, however, in a way so modest and unassuming, that Harold was nearer to being angry with his wife than ever he had been since their marriage.

"Nothing but three-cornered bibs and plaid aprons for Saratoga?" he asked, derisively, time and again, as he observed the moderately dressy costumes, and the simply graceful adornings that his wife provided for her visit.

It happened that Mr. Sheldon was one of those exceptional men who had an intuitive intelligence as to dry-goods in general. Without being in the slightest degree educated as to gros-grains and velvets, his taste was instinctive, and his eye thoroughly correct.

He never failed to recognize a well-dressed woman, and nothing in his wife dissatisfied him so much as her indifference to elaborate toilets, and her lack of social ambition. And now, when he was concentrating every energy upon his struggle for fame and position, it almost galled him to have Bessie so engrossed in books and music, and so oblivious to the share he would fain have her bear in his efforts for worldly *éclat.*

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At last the day arrived for the Le Baum party to start for Saratoga. They met at the depot, not particularly a conspicuous group, except, perhaps, to thoughtful people, who find in everyday situations a way to unravel the social perplexities of the day.

To the cynic, perhaps, or the *blasé* man of the world, there would have been something noticeable in the Le Baums, *mère et fille.* The former was one of those women that the world calls "well-preserved and *distinguée,*" though why the world should expect a healthful woman of forty-five to be a wreck of the past, or a model of reconstructive ingenuity, is not easy to discover. Be that as it may, Mrs. Le Baum had been so profusely complimented upon her eyes, ears, nose, mouth, and "skin like a baby's," that she had at last persuaded herself that it was not easy to tell mother from daughter.

To the cynic, however, the couple might have suggested a frizzy, fuzzy poodle with a solemn-eyed retriever, lean, lank, and in fine condition for the game season; for Madame Le Baum was full of nervous little motions, graceful attitudes, and the thousand little mannerisms never forgotten by the true coquette if she lives for ever; while Leila, cold and passionless, affected spirituality of character, being, in fact, interested by nothing but a *furore* for statuesque figures and classic draperies.

Bessie Sheldon, straightforward, clear-souled, and earnest, seemed entirely out of place with the Le Baums, and was, undeniably, quite as much off orbit as she looked to be.

There is never anything cheerful in partings; though it be but for a day, something reminds one that incident and not accident is sometimes fatal to lovers, while time, change, and a thousand vicissitudes of life cut new channels, wherein we glide whether we will or no.

Forebodings, then, are a certain element of the "farewell," which to Bessie Sheldon had an added grief, in the fact that she was to be plunged into gayety against her will, and in the company of people utterly unsympathetic.

The Le Baums were ladies of position as well as wealth; they were also cultivated, as the society world interprets that very amiable word, so that Bessie, in a worldly sense, risked nothing by being under such chaperonage.

Progress, however, and study, were at a stand-still with the Le Baums; they kept pace with such publications as made a stir in the world, they were well "up" as to pictures, subscribed to galleries and indigent art unions, and were forearmed as to classical music and the newest operas. Here, however, cultivation ceased, for a superficial *aplomb* was acquired without a store of life-long knowledge.

The routine at Saratoga was fully as stupid to Bessie as she had anticipated. The saunter to the springs, the piazza loiterings, the conventional round, became from the first inexpressibly wearisome.

How to fritter the hours away in a society that frittered to such advantage habitually was a perplexing question, decided, as one more accustomed to fashionable life might have foreseen, by meeting old acquaintances and forming new ones, enlarging their circle and varying their pleasures.

A letter written to Harold just at the beginning of Bessie's visit, was a delicate bit of deceitfulness, intended to tell just enough of the truth, and no more:

> "I nearly proved myself the baby you accuse me of being, dearest Haddie, before I had fairly lost sight of your big hat last Monday! Two great tears were just ready to fall, and if Mrs. Le Baum had not engrossed the attention of the whole car as she did, by arranging her parcels, flowers, fan, umbrella, poodle and herself, I should have dropped my head and given way, I'm sure. However, here we are. My room, thanks to your thoughtfulness, is very comfortable and passably convenient. Cool I can't say it is, for the heat is intolerable; and this morning, as I sat at my window and heard the clock strike two, I thought of our great, square room in Fifty —th Street, and pondered on the manifold blessings of first-class plumbing. A little bath would so soon have quieted me, and brought back the truant slumbers.
>
> "Of course you know the routine here as well as I do. 'We eat and drink, for to-morrow we'—do it again. I should be disagreeably homesick but for the fact that the Fraziers of Virginia are here. You recollect the judge? His wife I never knew, but he, you know—— Ah, Haddie, I neither wanted the money nor the man! I never wanted anybody but you, and I'm sorry I've ever teased you. Let's kiss and make up. * * *
>
> "Mrs. F. is a confirmed invalid, and I imagine her elegant husband has a heavy time of it. He is very attentive, however, and has already introduced me to the sufferer, I am sorry to say, not particularly interesting at first sight. But maybe in the midst of all this Punch-and-Judy round of fashion, I may find my happiness in making the days less dreary to another. Who knows? But I must go now. The Le Baums are just starting for 'Moon's,' to eat crisp potatoes, and I am going to read 'Gates Ajar' to Mrs. Frazier. Time's up. So goodby, and don't forget for one moment your foolish baby, BESSIE."

Passing this letter on its way to her husband, there came a few lines from Mr. Sheldon to Bessie, saying his interests in a certain case required his immediate presence at Louisville. He had only time to say a few words. He had learned from Pierre Le Baum that the Fraziers of Virginia were at Saratoga, and he wrote especially to say that Judge F. had it in his power to be of the greatest service to him (Harold), and he did hope Bessie would not be indifferent to their favor. Nobody at Saratoga could possibly know that the judge had ever been a suitor for her hand, and——

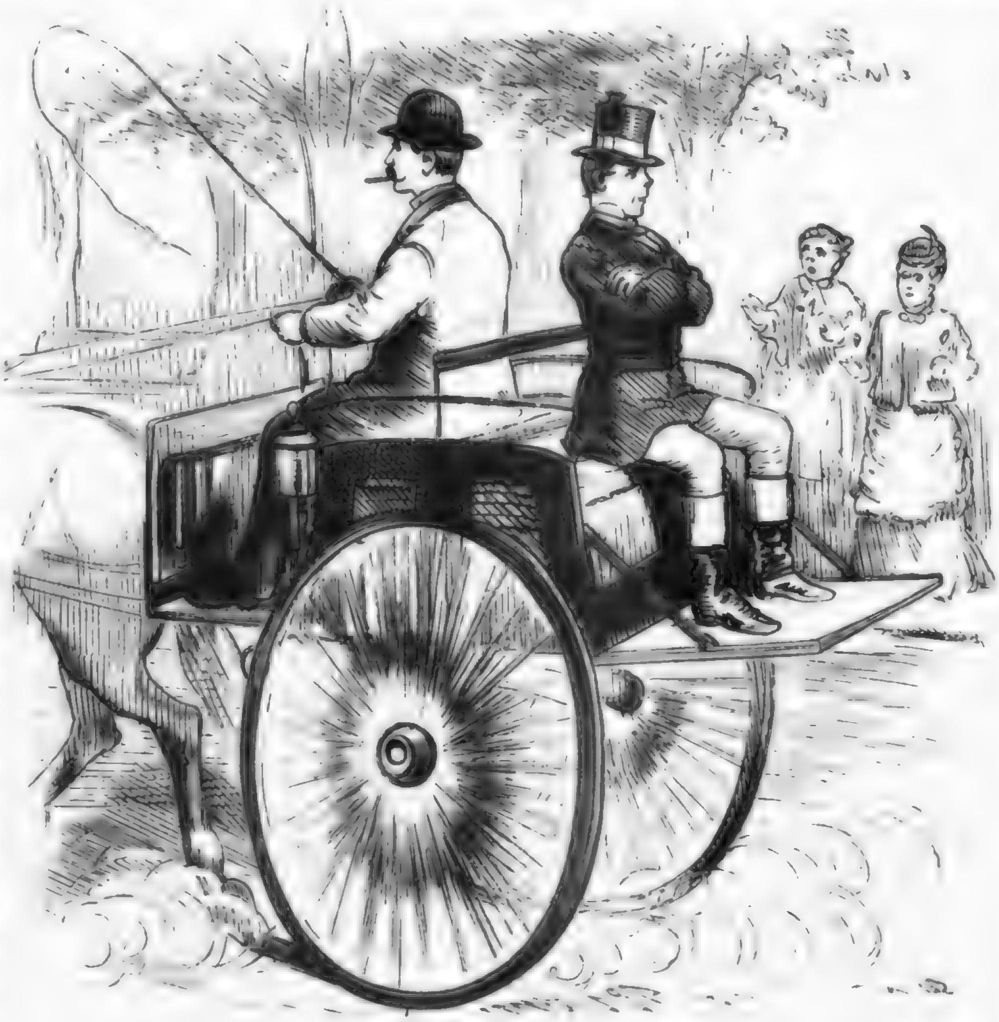
The rest of her husband's letter was entirely lost sight of in Bessie's surprise and perplexity. That her husband should express a direct wish that she should "cultivate" the Fraziers for a purpose, was not in the least pleasing to the wife. Such a thing as making an advantageous friendship in cold blood was utterly repugnant. Sensitive, however, as to her duty to Harold, and always ready to blame herself and justify him, Bessie determined to do for this once what her husband had often and often expressed a wish to have her do—viz., obey him blindly, and trust him for the rest.

Well-balanced women may never be inclined to provoke the criticisms of society, but they are often in a measure indifferent, and still more frequently may be willing, in the prominent purposes of life, to let lesser matters take their chances.

In this case Bessie scarcely reflected or weighed her position after her first surprise had abated. She took Harold, as he had so often wished she would, by the hand of confidence, and thus buried her intuitions out of sight.

Upon further acquaintance with Mrs. Frazier, Bessie wondered how she ever could have thought so strong and natural a character unattractive. The poor woman was weary of a life that she knew was an obstacle to her husband's advancement, jealous of honors that she never could share, and worn out with a disease that was utterly incurable.

Strongly sympathetic, and glad to be in the cheery, roomy apartments so unlike the regulation parlors of a watering-place hotel, Bessie soon came to pass most of her time with the Fraziers. When the wife could ride, Bessie accompanied her, and when the invalid was housed, Bessie rode with the judge, until gradually she became as one of their party, and then, explaining affairs to the Le Baums, Bessie accepted the cordial urging of Mrs. Frazier to locate herself in their corridor, and take her meals in their private *salon*.



HAVING A SOFT THING OF IT.

MRS. MULCAHEY.—"*Will ye look at Mick, takin' it as aisy as you plaze, wid his arms folded, an' his boss dhrivin' him 'round the park.*"

Only a very brief time elapsed before visitors at the hotel associated Mrs. Sheldon's name with that of Judge Frazier, and even Mrs. Le Baum jested among her clique concerning her recreant *protégée*.

Ill-feeling grows apace, and that of the Le Baum coterie was fed by the fact that the Fraziers were the *crème de la crème*, and "dreadfully" exclusive.

Bessie fulfilled the requirements of politeness, and presented her chaperone and daughter to the Fraziers; but the invalid was in no situation to offer civilities to any one, and Bessie did not feel at liberty to demand Judge Frazier's courtesies when he did not seem to think they should be expected.

And so a coolness grew up between the chaperone and the chaperoned, of which Bessie did not write Harold, for the thoroughly honest reason that she did not wish to vex him, and was so well provided for, that the indifference of Mrs. Le Baum was not of the slightest consequence.

It takes but a dust-bearing zephyr anywhere to sully the fairest lily, and the exclusive attentions paid to the lovely and brilliant Mrs. Sheldon by a man so elegant, so courtly, and so situated as Judge Frazier was, proved sufficient for the great babble of tongues that can kill both soul and body.

Bessie, entirely innocent and unconscious of the wretched *on dits* that are more cruel than pestilence, famine, or the naked sword, was happy with friends who appreciated her devotion, while she, lingering by the side of one who was soon to pass "within the vale," received every day spiritual influences never to be forgotten.

Not a word of "sentiment" ever passed Judge Frazier's lips to the woman he had once loved, and still admired and respected.

He read Bessie's soul too intelligently to be mistaken, and knew that to his unswerving attitude of deference he owed all he had of Bessie Sheldon's friendship.

One word of a passion, that might have overwhelmed him at the first lapse of self-control, would have sent Bessie to her husband, not so much outraged as crushed and wounded.

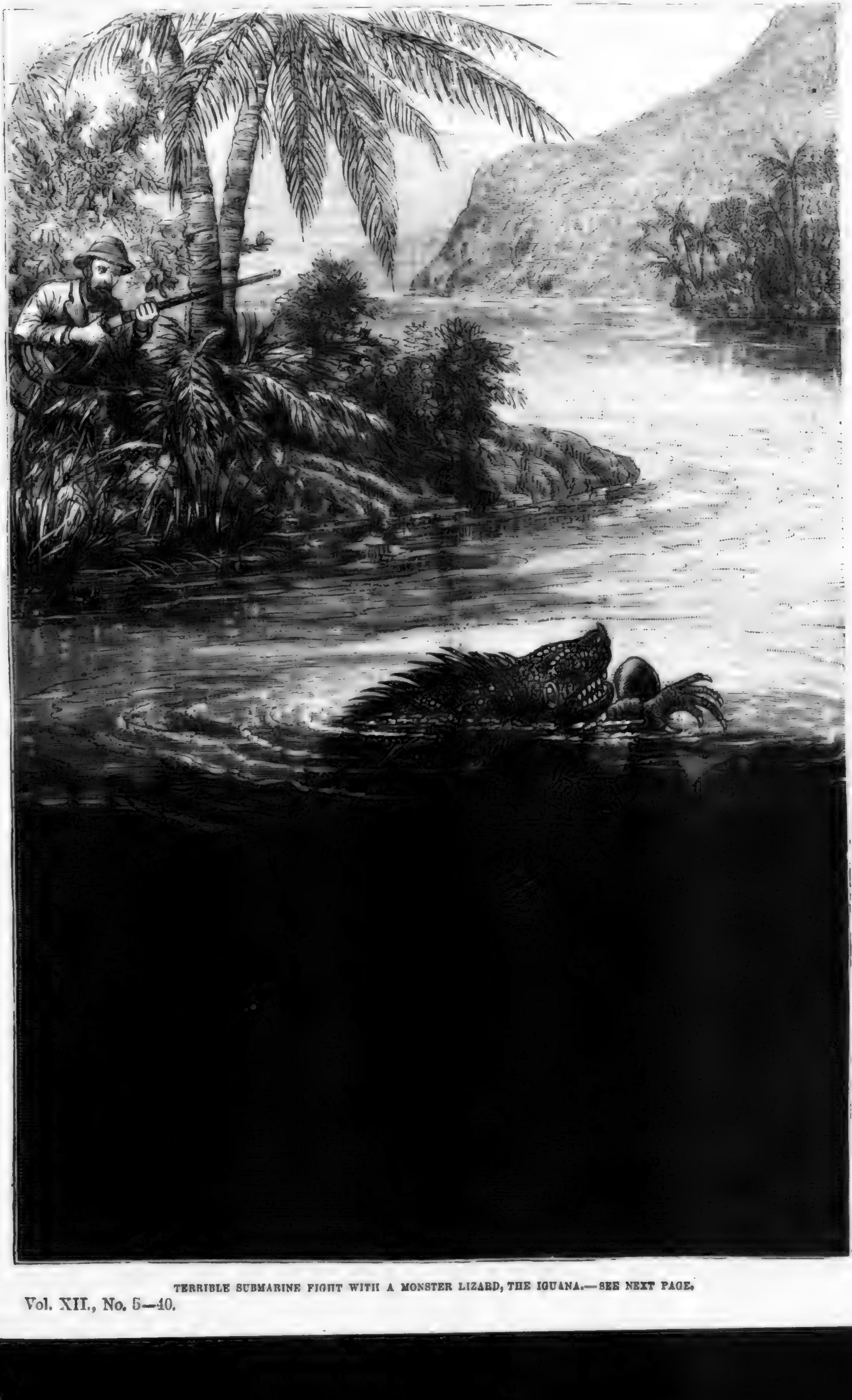
There is nothing, perhaps, so difficult for a pure-hearted, self-reliant woman to admit, as the fact that she has been misunderstood, and it could only be by grievously misapprehending such a woman as Bessie that a man might venture upon unpardonable and illegitimate love-making.

The philosophy of likes and dislikes, and the theories of sympathetic tastes, Bessie had studied many a time and oft.

She now held her head like the lily of the Annunciation, pure and self-respecting, for sacred to her was the double friendship nurtured in the atmosphere of death and immortality.

Meantime, the thousand tongues of venom were busy.

Judge Frazier knew that that conglomerate body called "society" was assailing the fairest name that ever was called. To tell his wife was impossible; her sufferings



TERRIBLE SUBMARINE FIGHT WITH A MONSTER LIZARD, THE IGUANA.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

had long secured her against a thousand sorrows that "take no shape, and have no name." To look Bessie Sheldon in her great clear eyes, and tell her what they said, to whom temptation was the gauge of virtue, was equally impossible. He could neither hurt nor outrage.

The situation was full of perplexities; for the time was coming when accident might expose the state of affairs to Bessie, or Harold might hear some distorted gossip, and then who could count on the entanglements if he should be a fiery, unreasoning creature, or a man to whom the cruel handling of his wife's honor was maddening?

The traditionary skeleton, ghost or family trouble, is never hidden from servants. They come upon the unguarded word, the ill-concealed tear, the hours of wrestling with fire, and happy for the sufferer if, under the crust which a life of servitude forms, there lies the fruit of sorrow—pure sympathy.

The Fraziers had a Scotch servant, an elderly woman, as tall as Absalom, and as grim as a spectre. If her sympathies had been like her backbone, she would not have mellowed in a century; and if her heart had been as leathery as her epidermis, no sorrows could have ever pierced its well-tanned integuments.

Kibby McLaren despised the weak ones of the human family; but she bore in her bosom the stricken lambs of adversity and injustice.

Fortunately the grim and indestructible old lady had a memory, for somebody dear to her had gone to her grave crushed by the "blunt monster with uncounted heads."

A discussion from that pawnshop of secrets, the servants' table, reached her ears one day, at the Fraziers' hotel, and proved to be the key to a realm of mysteries.

Without an hour's delay, Kibby McLaren sought her master, and, making no apologies for what, in her honest soul, she believed to be her duty, she gave the advice that spared more hearts than one.

Judge Frazier went at once in search of Bessie's husband—found him far from home, overwhelmed with work, and distracted with professional disappointments.

Not an hour passed before all was known to the husband of a woman whose name, delicacy and pride must now be shielded at all costs.

Well might the husband recall his share in the unhappy matter, his influence in creating the intimacy so harshly censured by gossiping tongues, and his unpardonable absorption in business to the injury of a beautiful and brilliant wife.

Harold Sheldon returned with Judge Frazier to the Springs, and the length of the journey gave him opportunity to clear his head of several fallacies and negative assumptions that were unworthy of a husband. His first experiment resulted in the decision that, having promised to cherish and protect his wife, the contract did not express a limitation as to whether wild asses, tigers, anacondas, or gossips, were the assailing creatures.

"And what," said the catechist, "do you understand by 'cherish'?"

The catechumen got the dictionary.

"To hold as dear; to foster and encourage; protection and attendance."

"And what," said the catechist, "does the Bible say of cherishing?"

The catechumen got the Bible, and in a fragmentary bit of St. Paul's Epistle to the Thessalonians, he found: "And we were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children."

"I am a fool!" exclaimed Harold, with great enthusiasm. "Wouldn't I make a fine 'cherisher' of a handsome wife among the free-lovers of modern society?"

"I hope ye see yersel' as others see ye!" said scraggy Kibby McLaren, when Harold undertook to thank her for her good works—"for, to my mind, ministers that marry pulpits, and lawyers that marry convicts, have nae business to be tying up."

* * * * * * *

Years have passed since Bessie Sheldon went to Saratoga under the Le Baum chaperonage, and what was everybody's business on that miserable Summer she has never heard.

She often laughs, however, when the idling time of year comes round, because Harold always goes where she goes, and frequently the handsome blue-eyed matron is heard telling about the lesson her husband learned when he sent her to Saratoga, and so nearly died of his dreariness that he could never be induced to repeat the experiment.

As for Harold, when he took Bessie from the Hotel de Babel, at Saratoga, and with a day's notice sailed for Europe—"to get acquainted with his wife," as he said—he had time to study the great mystery of his marriage; and he came to the conclusion that when a woman gives a man all she has, is, or ever will be, he may as well offer her a receipt *pro rata*.

TERRIBLE SUBMARINE FIGHT WITH A MONSTER LIZARD, THE IGUANA.

THE great country lying south of Mexico is rich in tropical verdure and animals. Winter is never known except in the shape of cold winds called northers, that, during the so-called Winter, come rushing down from the North, as if to tell the natives that it is not continual Summer everywhere.

The land flows with milk and honey, indeed; palms and other tropical trees grow in rich confusion; bunches of bananas and cocoanuts await the hand to pick them; a thick underbrush of tangled vines, wound around each other in the growth of ages, forms a jungle that few care to penetrate. For miles the land is covered with this carpet of vegetation, and the swamps and rivers are inhabited only by strange reptiles, birds and insects who prey upon one another in their struggle for existence.

The birds are the most beautiful in the world, and many of the insects have curious lights upon their backs that shine like gas-burners in the night. History tells us that when the Spaniards first saw them they became alarmed, and thought they were the lights of a moving army. Poisonous snakes lurk under the broad leaves, and huge lizards creep upon the overhanging boughs of trees. One of these lizards—the iguana, as it is called—is the subject of our sketch.

They are a hideous-looking object at best; the largest attain a length of ten or twelve feet; the skin is very tight, and covered with knobs or scales; under the mouth hangs a large pouch, over which the green, diamond-like eyes appear, shaded by a ridge of bone. Along the back, from the tip end of the nose to the tail, is a continuous line of spurs or sharp spines; these, with a powerful mouth, five sharp teeth, long, cat-like claws and enormous strength to use them, constitutes the make-up of this giant among lizards. Disgusting as they are, the natives use them for food.

Near the head of the River Chagres is a favorite place for them; very few white people ever venture there, and the first who did was witness to a terrible fight between a native and a lizard.

The man had been engaged as a guide, and, after a successful day's hunt, they were returning to their camp near the river, when the black man stopped suddenly and pointed to a fallen tree. His companion looked, and soon saw an iguana's head peeping over the edge of a log that led into the river. His body was concealed, and he was evidently taking a *siesta* over the cool water.

The guide laid down his gun, and, taking a club, crept cautiously to him, and, aiming a blow, brought the club down on the—lizard? No, indeed; the creature was too quick for him; but in its fright it missed its footing and fell into the water.

Without thinking, Quito—for such was the Indian's name—sprang after it, and the two together sank out of sight, and for a moment the splashing and spray hid them from view. A moment more and Quito's head came to the surface, and the tail of the iguana, thrashing the water in a fierce way, and now they were out of sight again.

It was evident Quito had no idea the lizard was so large, for when they came up again he was engaged in a fierce struggle, the water being dyed with blood, from which of them the white man, who was watching for a chance to shoot, could not tell. At last, creeping out on the log and looking down into the water, he beheld a fearful sight. The lizard, a perfect monster of about twelve feet in length, had fastened its claws into poor Quito, and was writhing and tearing him in a terrible manner.

The plucky negro had caught him by the tail and throat, and was trying to hold him off. It seemed only a matter of time who should drown first, when Quito struck bottom, and, giving himself a push, he rose to the surface again, still holding the lizard at arm's length.

As it came to the surface it buried its five knife-like claws in the man's face, slitting it in a terrible manner; but even then he held on with the tenacity of a bulldog. The observer on the bank crept out now as far as he could on the log, and called to Quito to catch the stick he held out, and he would pull him in.

After several trials he managed to reach it, and, still holding the struggling monster, was hauled, bleeding and cut, ashore, where, with a terrible blow from the gun, the reptile was killed. Quito was so weak from his exertions and loss of blood that he could not move. The creature had bitten him several times, and scarcely a spot on his body but had received a cut like that of a knife, telling the power of the terrible claws.

The monster was dragged to the camp, its skin taken off, and after Quito's recovery, and they had gone down to the coast, it was stuffed, and now adorns the collection of a well-known scientific institution.

ANCIENT PERFUMERY.

Jules Simon traces back the origin of perfumes to the early times of the Chinese Empire, and mentions a curious fact which prevailed among the fine ladies of the Celestial Empire of rubbing in their hands a round ball made of a mixture of amber, musk, and sweet-scented flowers. The Jews, who were also devoted to sweet scents, used them in their sacrifices, and also to anoint themselves before their repasts. The Scythian women went a step further, and, after pounding on a stone cedar, cypress, and incense, made up the ingredients thus obtained into a thick paste, with which they smeared their faces and their limbs. The composition emitted for a time a pleasant odor, and on the following day gave to the skin a soft and shining appearance.

The Greeks carried sachets of scent in their dresses, and filled their dining-rooms with fumes of incense. Even their wines were often impregnated with decoctions of flowers, or with sweet-scented flowers themselves, such as roses and violets. There were also appropriate scents for each limb and each feature; and the elegants of Athens resorted to such effeminate refinements of luxury, anointing pigeons with a liquid perfume, and causing them to fly loose about a room, scattering the drops from their feathers over the heads and garments of those who were feasting beneath.

THE LILY.

By W. C. Bennett.

Oh, lustrous virgin, flower of light,
  Chaste maiden, cold and pure as snows,
How your white beauty glads my sight,
  And ranks you with the queenly rose.

It seems as if the dewy morn
  Cold splendor threw, and you had birth;
Of night's white lustres were you born,
  To dazzle with calm light the earth?

To see you 'neath the golden moon
  Across the green of Summer lawns,
Gives dreams of ancient haunts of Juno,
  Tall Artemis amongst her fawns.

Innumerous beauty Nature gives;
  Yet, stately one, you gleam to view
With loveliness that only lives
  In the grand glory that is you.

MADGE.

I WISH I could! Oh, Jack, for your sake *I wish* I could!"

"And *why* can't you, Madge?"

"Because fate wills otherwise, my friend, I suppose," was the answer, spoken with just a shade of weariness, as though the answer were only a repetition of many to the same question.

"I am sure, Madge, everything a man *could* do for the woman he loves, *I* would do for your happiness; don't you know that?"

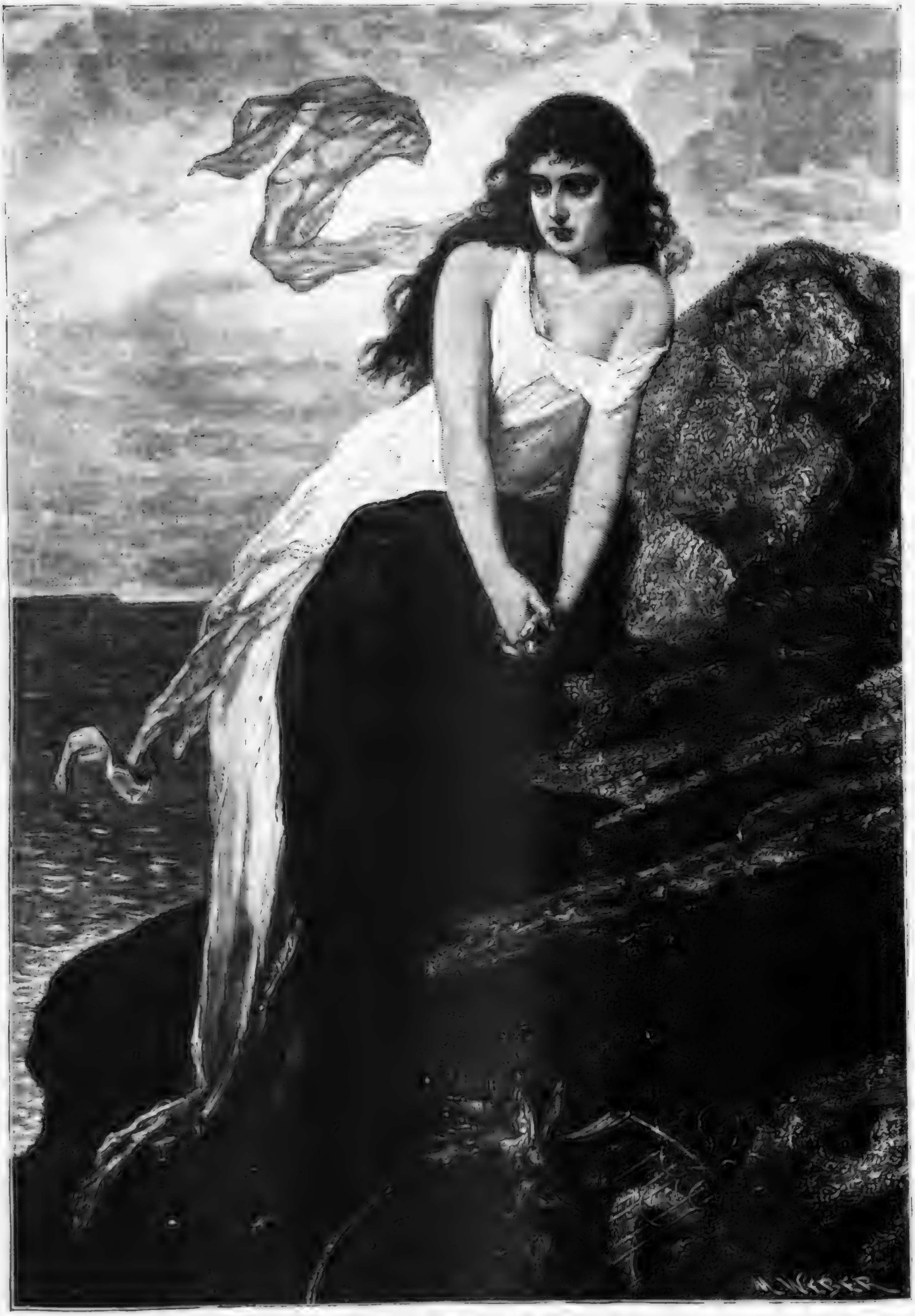
Madge Eliot looked down at the handsome face raised to hers (she was on the upper step of the broad piazza, and he a little below), and patted her small foot rather impatiently upon the boards.

"I do believe you *would* to make me happy, Jack, were I to do as you ask; but, don't you see, you foolish boy, I do not love you enough to marry you? and without that our marriage would never be a happy one."

"But I love you enough to wait a while for your love to grow," persisted Jack, with a scowl which, despite her annoyance, caused Madge to laugh.

"You would wait a long while, then," she carelessly replied, fastening a stray vine in its place, and quite indifferent to the fact that her companion was growing very much out of sorts at last. "Yes, sir," she continued, "a very long while, for I don't ever expect to love you as you desire. Now listen, Jack," turning from the vine and laying her hand upon Jack's broad shoulder; "you and I have known each other ever since we first stepped out of childhood. As Bob's friend, of course you became mine, and you always have been contented enough with the sisterly affection I have given you. Why in the world must you take it into your head of late to rob me of my dear second brother, and offer me instead a lover whom, *as* a lover, I don't want?"

XUM



SAPPHO.— FROM THE PAINTING BY W. AMBERG.

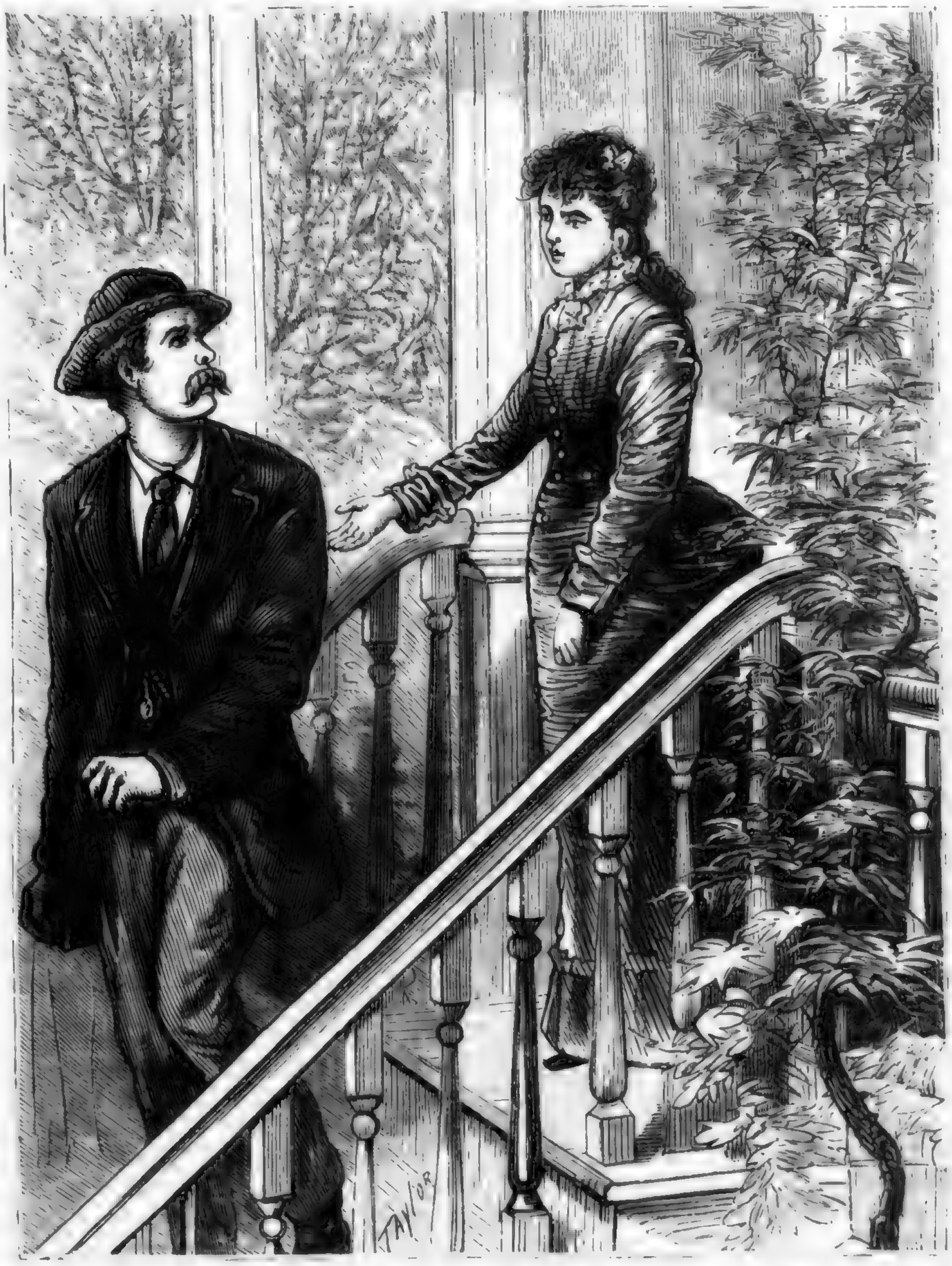
XUM

"Jack's brows lifted a little.

"You've known me so long, I should think you would know whether or not I should make you a trustworthy husband, Madge Eliot. It isn't likely my character will change. I shall still be Jack Howland."

Madge shrugged, just the least little bit in the world, her pretty shoulders as she answered:

"H'm! that's just the trouble, my dear Jack. I have known you long enough to be very sure, as you say, that you will always remain the same Jack Howland. A handsome fellow enough. Oh, I don't mean a mere compliment, Jack: you needn't begin to feel flattered. You are good-looking enough, and are possessed of many talents which, more shame to you, are lying idle. You seem to think all a woman desires of your sex is devotion, an abundant supply of small-talk, empty compliments, your escorts for walks or drives, and—nothing more sensible or valuable. Wait; I'm not quite through with my lecture—listen, please! I've never known you to be particularly brave or heroic, or particularly noble. Oh, Jack, Jack, what a lot of rusty talents you will have rolled up in a napkin to answer for some day!"



MADGE.—"'NOW, DON'T BE FOOLISH ANY LONGER, AND, ABOVE ALL, PLEASE DON'T BE CROSS, JACK; YOU LOOK LIKE A TIGER AT PRESENT. SHAKE HANDS AND BE FRIENDS.'"

"And pray, Miss Eliot, if I may be pardoned the question, what have *you* done during your life to be particularly worthy of notice?"

"Tit for tat; eh, Jack? I am ashamed to say that I am merely an insignificant individual, so unworthy of anybody's liking that I am really quite surprised at your taking a fancy to me. Still, although *I* am of no account, I yet aspire to win the love and respect of those who are. And, Jack, listen! In the first place, I don't think I shall ever fall in love, but if I do, the man of my choice must be as different as possible from my lazy, listless, yet, I acknowledge, very *lovable* old Jack. Now don't be foolish any longer, and, above all, please don't be cross, Jack; you look quite like a tiger at present. Shake hands and be friends," holding toward him the softest, whitest little hand a man might ask to press. "You won't?" she added, with a little gleam of amusement, as Jack, choosing to be "cross," pulled his hat over his eyes and turned to go down the steps. "Oh, by-the-by," called Madge, as he opened the gate, "what about the drive this afternoon? Shall we go?"

"Oh, I don't care *what* we do," came the ungallant reply. "I wonder you dare trust yourself with so great a mistake in life as I am—such a nonentity, you know."

"You are rude, Mr. Howland. In your present state of mind, I most assuredly should *not* be willing to trust myself with you. Good-morning"—with a sudden, forgiving smile—"brother Jack."

Out through the gate strode the discarded Jack, slamming it after him in his rage, and nowise comforted by the merry laugh Madge was quite unable to restrain ere he was gone beyond hearing.

"Poor old Jack! Dear, silly fellow," she thought. "He makes the best and most lovable brother in the world; but *marry* him? Never—never!"

She might have pitied herself more sincerely, for between her brother Robert's espousal of his friend's cause, and the entreaties of that friend himself, the poor girl was driven frantic. As for Auntie Eliot—fat, good-natured, and sole guardian to the early orphaned brother and sister—she could only feel sorry for poor Jack, and wonder "who Madge got her obstinate nature from."

So Jack, fairly angry, at last disappeared from his native town, and Madge missed him, of course. It was very quiet for her at home now. Robert was studying abroad, and Jack didn't even condescend to write to her. There were wooers, of course—plenty of them—for Madge was pretty, bright, and well off in this world's goods, beside. But she—

> "Turned from them all with a smiling 'nay,'
> And hurried them speedily out of her way."

In vain Auntie Eliot remonstrated, until one day she retired from the field, defeated for ever.

"You will surely be an old maid, child alive," she had exclaimed, as the last unsuccessful wooer left the house. "A disagreeable, sour old maid! there now, that's what you will be!" and Madge had demurely replied:

"Not necessarily sour and disagreeable, auntie. It is just possible that I may be as nice and clever a little maiden lady as yourself, you know."

Miss Eliot, senior, who, strange to say, had in her wrath quite forgotten her own spinsterhood, could not conceal, by any show of indignation, the smile her saucy niece brought about, and peace was straightway declared between them.

Auntie Eliot didn't know everything, however. She didn't know that the reason that Madge turned so indifferently from the hearts lately offered her was because her own little heart was busily engaged with a business affair of its own.

In the spirit of fun, Robert had introduced, by the inclosure of a tiny note in one of his early letters, a friend of his to Madge, who, with her own appreciation of fun and frolic, and caring little whether it were prudent or not, immediately responded with some bright, saucy lines, that, so Rob afterward wrote—enchanted his friend, John Landhowe, beyond measure, and the gentleman begged permission to write again.

"He's a talented young fellow," added Robert; "an author, who will one day make his mark in the world. If you should see him, and hear him talk, Madge, you wouldn't feel like reading *him* the lecture upon idleness and wasted talents which poor old Jack suffered at your hands. Tell you what, sis, mind, this dignified John would never stand being 'Jacked.' You'll have to mind your p's and q's when you meet."

"Poor old Jack!" Madge couldn't help a tear or two as she remembered him, with his coaxing blue eyes, and his fair, curly hair *never* in order, but always in the state of confusion his own fingers carelessly running through were apt to leave it.

When Madge last heard of Jack, and quite accidentally, too, he was flirting with a party of young folks in the mountains. She had laughed to think how easily he had overcome his grief at her plain speaking that last morning, and then, beyond mere friendly thoughts of him occasionally, let him pass. But now that nearly three years had gone by, Madge was so happy with the new feeling which had long been silently growing in her heart, the key to which her brother's friend held in his own hands, she really longed to find Jack and be friends with him again. Her happiness made her long to make poor Jack happy with at least kinder words than those last spoken to him.

The correspondence between her brother's friend and herself, began in fun only, had somehow—Madge couldn't possibly explain how—increased and taken, after a season, so intimate a tone, that the friends were suddenly changed into lovers, and Madge was at last safely caught in love's net.

The one question had been asked and answered across the wide Atlantic, and then only did Auntie Eliot learn the whys and wherefores of Madge's cruel and numerous rejections.

"How do you know you'll like him?" questioned the lady, not quite sure whether she ought not to forbid the engagement under the peculiar circumstances.

But second thoughts reminded her of the fact that her niece was of age, and that settled her doubts.

"Oh, auntie, dear, such letters as he has written could only be born of noble, true thoughts, and John's heart is, Robert says, the noblest ever could be!" Then, with a glad light all over her pretty face, she added, "At any rate, we do love each other, and if he is the plainest-featured man on earth, I shall love him just the same. And oh, auntie, just think, I shall, after all, avoid being—*you* know what, auntie!"

"My child," is the reply, "old maidism is no disgrace to our sex. Pray, don't think I never had plenty of chances to marry. H'm! I *needn't* have been a maiden lady, I can tell you!"

Madge wrote to Robert:

> "Bring John right to our house when you arrive, dear Rob. And, oh! *do* find old Jack somewhere, if you can. If he's in Europe anywhere, advertise for him—for he must come home to us, Robert, dear. I want my adopted brother more than I can tell. You say you'll leave in the next steamer. Good, good, good! Three years since we were together! And you scolded me dreadfully just before you left home for hurting Jack's feelings—do you remember? Aunt's and I are going with friends to the Lakes for a few days; will be back before you get here, and ready to receive you both, dear ones."

The close of the letter made it belong quite as much to John as to Robert, it would seem; and, as Rob handed it to his friend, he said, with a laugh:

"Wants Jack, does she? Well, old boy, I'll find him, no doubt, if you'll assist me in the search for your rival!"

And John promised.

* * * * * * *

"An accident, due to the carelessness of the engineer," said the papers, the morning after Madge and her aunt had left home in full health and happiness. "No great damage except to the boiler, but a tremendous scare!"

So quoted one paper from another, while the boat, which had scarcely left the wharf before being towed, in a disabled condition, back again, was awaiting repairs.

Well, the papers were right. There had been no great damage done, except to the boiler, that *they* knew of; but Madge Eliot was lying, white and suffering, on her bed, with bandaged eyes.

"It was the steam," said her weeping aunt. "She was close beside the boiler, and—and—oh! don't talk of it any longer! I don't know *how* it happened! I only know that the doctors say it will be months before she can use her poor eyes again. Thank God! her sight is not gone for ever. But she will be blind until those swollen lids are lifted. Oh, dear! poor, poor Madge!"

"You will see him now, Madge?"

Madge clasps her brother's hand closely. She is very weak yet, and the bandaged eyes are yet in darkness; but the brave, strong little heart must throb and flutter when it knows that somebody who has fairly won it is waiting to claim his property.

No longer miles of ocean between them, but only a door or two at last. And at one word of hers he will stand beside the Madge who has been for days preparing the little sentence which will release her lover from the encumbrance of a blind wife.

Madge has learned to believe with calmness that she will never see again. She has looked her past years over carefully, and has decided, sadly enough, that this is punishment deserved.

XUM

Dear, sweet Madge! Her brother has heard from her pale lips all her resolves, and, although the tears gather in his own eyes, yet he knows—for the surgeon told him only a little while ago—that Madge will one day see again, only it will require patient waiting for the sufferer.

Robert has gently combatted her decision concerning his friend, and, but John will plead his own case better, this brother would plead longer for him. As it is, he simply says:

"You will see him, Madge?"

And she whispers, "Yes."

Presently there is a quick yet gentle tread at the door. Some one comes quickly to Madge, and, without one word, has put his arms around her and kissed the trembling lips, which have no chance to speak.

"John, is it you, dear?" she asks.

Madge is bolder in her blindness than she would be were her eyes wide open, and this is why it is "John," rather than "Mr. Landhowe."

In low, suppressed tones, John answers:

"It is I, my darling Madge!"

She passed her hand over his brow, as though to see what style of face he had. But Madge had not yet learned the art which belongs to a blind person, and she said, wearily:

"Oh, I wish I could see you! I *wish* I could only see you once!"

"Oh, Madge, Madge!" came the quick answer, and Madge started at the changed voice. "You *have* seen me! I am Jack—only Jack!"

* * * * * * *

"Didn't mean to cheat you at first, Madge," explains Rob; "but Jack was so determined to be a changed man, and win your love by hook or by crook, that, when he came to me and pleaded for secrecy, how the deuce could I help it, particularly when I knew he had the *making* of a splendid fellow in him? Why, I tell you I was amazed when he showed himself really a fine writer!"

And Jack Howland (or John Landhowe—whichever you please, meekly added, as he kissed Madge's face into smiles:

"No more 'lazy and listless Jack,' but a strong, and, I hope, sensible fellow, thanks to your lecture, my Madge; and the happiest fellow alive, because Madge Eliot has chosen *me* for her husband!"

BARTHOLOMEW DE LAS CASAS.

THERE are few more attractive figures in the early annals of America than that of Bartholomew de las Casas, friend and companion of Columbus, the life-long advocate and defender of the Indians against the oppression of his own countrymen. Zeal, enthusiasm, indignation, gave his eloquence a tongue of fire, and Spain, for centuries, winced under the charges of Las Casas, which her enemies never failed to revive and heighten.

He was born at Seville, in 1474, and his father accompanied Columbus on his first voyage, in 1492. Bartholomew had the same good fortune on the second, having left his studies at Salamanca to brave the perils of ocean. After making two more voyages with the great discoverer he resolved to enter the Order of St. Dominic, and devote himself to the conversion of the Indians.

He was sent to Santo Domingo in 1502, and was the first Catholic priest ordained in the New World. The cruelty with which the Indians were treated roused his indignation. He went to Spain to lay the matter before the Court. Intrigues thwarted his beneficent exertions, and though he was appointed "Universal Protector of the Indies," he failed to save the natives of the Antilles from almost total destruction. He labored personally, not only in Santo Domingo and Cuba, but also in Nicaragua, Guatemala, Mexico and Peru. His writings were widely copied and translated into various languages, till they made Spanish synonymous with cruel. They produced some effect even in America, and from his impulse the whole Dominican Order arrayed itself on the side of human freedom, slavery being denounced from their pulpits with a freedom and energy that would suit our modern reformers.

Las Casas refused rich preferments in the Church, but finally accepted the see of Chiapas, in Mexico. There he endeavored to carry on his great work, but in 1551, finding his efforts fruitless, resigned, and returned to Spain.

His "General History of the Indies," one of the earliest and most authentic works on American history, remained unprinted until within a few years, when the Royal Society of History in Spain gave it to the world. This good and noble man died at Madrid in July, 1566.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CURTAIN.

BY JOVE! I beg pardon, I didn't expect to find any one in here."

Hal Hamilton stands open-mouthed and rather fierce-looking in the door of his dressing-room at the Varieties Theatre. An unaccustomed sight meets his wide-staring eyes. Before the ten-by-twelve mirror a girl is standing, clad in the proverbial costume of a stage-fairy, but, contrary to the proverbial custom of those beings, this one is rather more than pretty. Her eyes are wondrously soft and black, her parted lips—scarlet and full—match the color of her round cheeks, and the glorious black hair is hanging in two half-loosened braids to her knees.

"Oh, beg pardon, Hamilton," she says, with deepening color. "I—I—the green-room glass always has twenty people in front of it, and I thought you would not mind if I just came in here a minute or two to do up my hair."

"Certainly not, that's all right," returns the leading man of the Varieties, with a sufficiently ill-pleased expression on his thoroughbred and flushed face. "I'll just step out in the lobby, and when you've finished you can let me know."

"No, no, Hamilton. I'm all through. I'm going."

"Oh, very well, then."

Mr. Hamilton advances within the apartment—a sorry enough little den. The walls are hung with a variety of garments pertaining to all nations, climes and countries. There are suits of plate-armor and ring-mail, helmets and plumed hats. The laced frills of the courtier and the shield of Macduff are in close proximity on the table.

"I say, Hamilton," the girl says, taking a very pretty *pose* and looking, not straight ahead of her, as she would have done had the footlights been there, but gazing with shy eyes at the dirty carpet, and fingering one of her dusky-looking braids.

"Well?" replies that gentleman, making another backward movement toward the door. "I thought you said you had completed your toilet and were going?"

"Am I so hateful to you," she cries, bitterly, "that you can't bear the sight of me for five minutes? Hal, you've never said a kind word to me in your life."

A woman's tears were one among a number of things

XUM

that Hal Hamilton could not stand, and with a most piteous expression he darted over to the little *coryphée.*

"Nina, Nina, for God's sake! What is the matter, what have I done?"

"Done! You've done nothing, that's just it. I—oh, I'm a fool, and, worse than that, I'm only Nina Varêt, a *coryphée* on eight dollars a week, in the theatre where Mr. Hal Hamilton"—through all her broken English the sorrowful sneer sounds out—"is leading man. I have eyes, though," she says, flashing their dark splendor up into his, "and I can see. You think I do not know, perhaps. I do. I know who has golden hair and cold blue eyes. I know where the forget-me-nots come from that she wears on her bosom each night that she *condescends* to occupy the box he sent to her. I know more, Hal," she cries, seizing his arm in her nervous little fingers. "Do not trust in her! Do you suppose she is going to stoop to——"

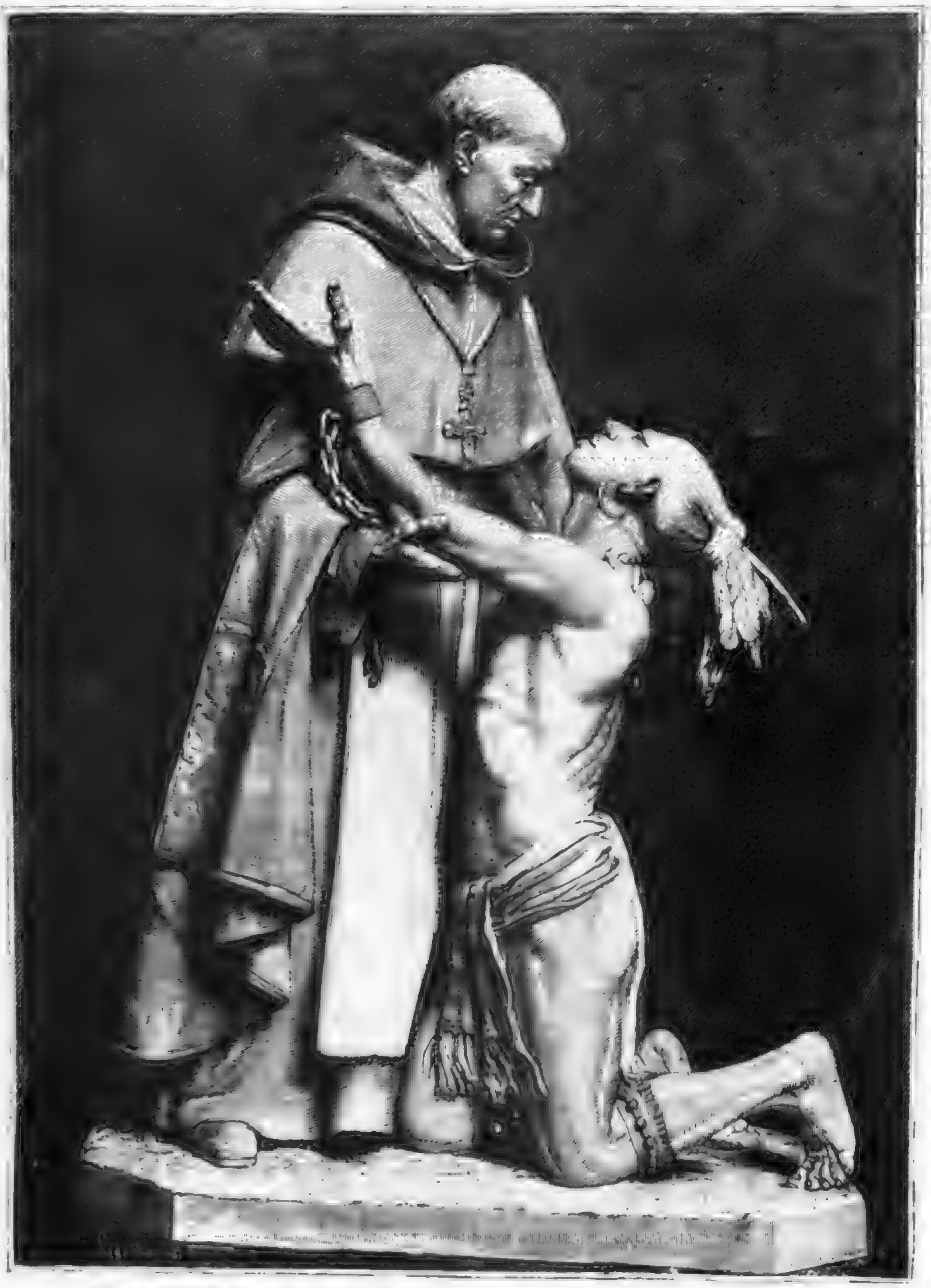
"Hush!" he cries. "Not another word. Are you mad? Never let that name pass your lips again, or by ——I'll——"

"Name," repeats the girl, scornfully. "I don't know her name; but whatever it is, she'll never exchange it for yours."

"I tell you to hush," he says, sternly; "and when you are ready to leave this room, have the kindness to let me know it."

"Hal, Hal, have you no pity on me? Are you made of stone?" she says, throwing herself on her knees before his path, and catching hold of one of his hands.

"My God! Nina, no! Of the most earthly clay. What is the matter with you, child?" this man asks, wonderingly, unconscious as a baby, of the thing that is staring him in the face.



BARTHOLOMEW DE LAS CASAS, DEFENDER OF THE INDIANS. FROM THE STATUE BY ANTONIO MOLTO Y SUCH.—SEE PAGE 631.

"The matter with me! Oh, nothing, nothing, nothing—only—Hal," coming close to him and whispering, "Hal, I love you ten thousand times better than *she* ever could."

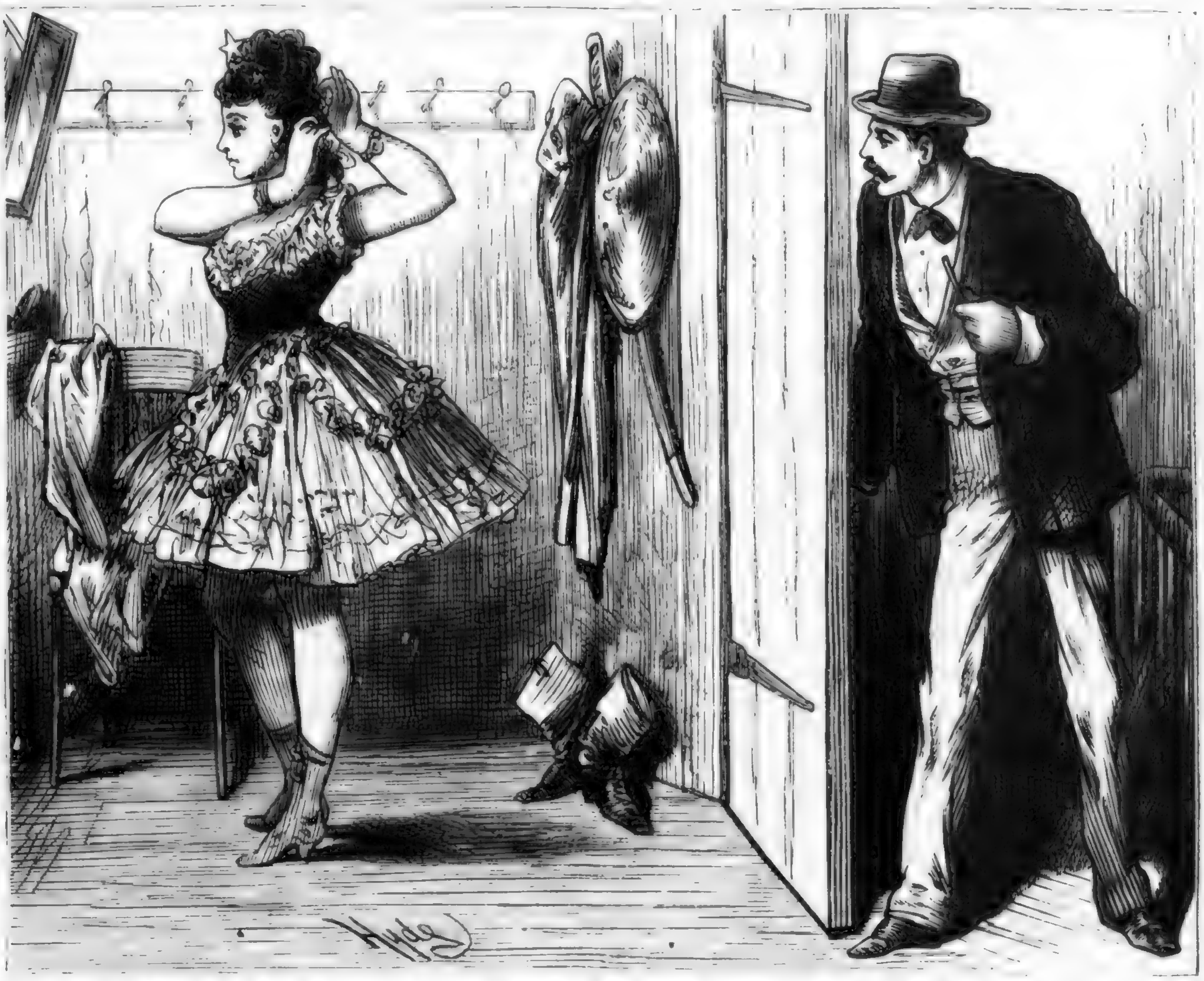
"My God! My poor child, I—Nina, this is absurd."

Mr. Hamilton is one of those men who possess none of that theoretical knowledge of women induced by a lifelong study of the sex. Each individual woman is a species of automatic conundrum to him, to which he finally confesses he cannot give the key. He is a soft-hearted, tender fellow, to whom the sight of a woman's tears, as I said before, was unbearable, and to whom the glimpse of a woman's heart, bared for him, was incomprehensible. He smooths the dark hair softly, and brushes the tears from her eyes, while a wistful, pitying look creeps into his blue eyes.

"Absurd! Is that all you have to say to me? I suppose it is absurd, and—and wrong, and all that, but I cannot help it. I can't help it," she cries, wildly. "Speak to me, say something, anything, only speak! Don't you see you're freezing my heart inside of me with your dumb eyes? Pity me, Hal, but don't tell me it is absurd."

She stands before him, beautiful, transcendently beautiful, in her desperation and her love. Most men would have sweeter looks and words for her than Hal Hamilton. He had now nothing but an unutterable sorrow, and a strange shame was written upon his face.

"Nina, you must not talk so. Next week you'll forget all about me. This is—is only a foolish fancy. You're only a baby—only seventeen or eighteen at most—and, my child, you know nothing of love. Wait a few years; it will come to you then, and this will—why, you will



THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CURTAIN.—"AN UNACCUSTOMED SIGHT MET HIS WIDE-STARING EYES. BEFORE THE MIRROR A GIRL IS STANDING, CLAD IN THE PROVERBIAL COSTUME OF A STAGE FAIRY."—SEE PAGE 631.

have forgotten my very existence. There, the curtain-bell will ring in a minute. You go and powder your face and——"

Mr. Hamilton is destined never to complete that sentence.

"Forget!" she echoes. "I not know how to love! I, who come in here every night and leave my kisses and my scalding tears on the hilt of the sword you carry! I, who live in the smile of your lips, even when they smile on another! I, who hunger for a glance from your eyes! Hal Hamilton, you are crushing my heart in your hand. Not love!" she says, bitterly. "I wonder if *her* love will seem to you any more real?"

Nina Varêt rushes from the room, leaving Mr. Hamilton in a very perplexed state of mind. He worries over the little *coryphée* all the time he is dressing, bestows an incredulous smile upon his jeweled sword-hilt as he buckles it on, and then, *sic transit.* Nina Varêt is forgotten by the leading man of the Varieties as he fastens a bunch of forget-me-nots in his breast, and flushes, boy fashion, as he remembers the golden-haired proud face that he knows awaits his coming in the right-hand proscenium.

Maud Richmond has the forget-me-nots among the curls of her bright hair. There is a quick smile and a faint—very faint—pink tinge on her face, as the hero of "Danger" takes the stage. She lies back, half hidden by the satin curtain, as the ballet interlude comes on. Two are watching her: Hal Hamilton, with a hard look out of his blue eyes, and a fierce compression of his aggressively scarlet mouth, as he notes her, listening to the whispered talk of a rather small-looking old gentleman beside her; and Nina Varêt, who stares with wide-circled eyes at this blonde fair woman, this darling of another world, this darling of Hal Hamilton's heart.

"Danger" has grown innocuous. It has been withdrawn from the boards of the Varieties for several weeks. The company have been rehearsing the new "sensation," which, it is confidently expected, will take the town by storm. It is the regular "sensation" drama, not a whit more intelligible than that article is apt to be, no less ballet, no more brain. Little Nina Varêt, who has long had aspirations—poor child, there was more vague idea that, perhaps, Mr. Hamilton would take more notice of her if she rose, than any very definite notion of histrionic excellence—was given a speaking part; to be sure, the part consisted of but nine words:

"There, take my life—you have taken my heart!" This to be declaimed in a loud voice as she should hand a pistol to Mr. Hamilton, who personated, *pro tem.*, a robber chieftain of captivating qualities among the fair sex. The rest of Miss Varêt's *rôle* was pantomime, in which she was extremely good. The rehearsals progressed finely. Stage-manager Sedley averred that "Nina was a surprise to him—quite deucedly good—spoke her words with a meaning, and looked deucedly pretty."

Mr. Hamilton did not praise her—in fact, he never looked at her when he could help it, and when they were rehearsing the last act, she, in a dingy waterproof, with her great eyes staring haggardly out of her pale, small, wistful face; he, in a semi-shabby tweed suit, brandishing

XUM

the pistol which she had just given him—the leading man always appeared anxious to get through with the performance as fast as possible, and of late he seemed to walk through his work in an abstracted fashion that was queer—there was a new, faintly happy, strongly hoping look in his blue eyes. He always had forget-me-nots in his buttonhole nowadays, and Maud Richmond never refused to use the stage-box when a pass was sent her for it. Hal Hamilton was as near to happiness as he ever came in this world, but Nina Varêt thought he was yet to come down closer to the lips that should hold dominion over his soul.

"The Bandit of Naples" was announced to open on Monday evening. The last rehearsal took place on the morning of that day, and Mr. Hamilton, after his two o'clock dinner, in a new gray tweed suit, with a flushed, handsome face, and forget-me-nots in his buttonhole and grasped in his lavender-kid hands, awaited Miss Maud Richmond's appearance in her papa's parlor.

"Charmed to see you, Mr. Hamilton," in a silvery voice, with a little start of surprise as the great cluster of flowers is placed in her hands. "For me? Oh, how kind you are. Thank you, very, very much."

"Pshaw! You have nothing to thank me for."

He gazes down into the beautiful patrician face before him, and as he gazes, all Hal Hamilton's soul flashes into his blue eyes—all the passion and the sweetness, all the want and craving, all the hunger and starvation that were so near—so near to being satisfied at the gate of that rosy, smiling mouth of Maud Richmond.

"Everybody is so good to me."

"What wonder?"

"I wonder," innocently.

"You shouldn't. How can any one help being good to you and giving you the best he has? Maud, you know your own power too well to wonder at anything—to wonder at a man, even if he should lay his soul at your beautiful little feet," taking her small jeweled fingers between his strong white palms.

"Don't touch my hand. You mustn't," she says.

"Why not?" fiercely holding it the closer. "Is there any right stronger on earth than mine, my love?"

"Hush! Look here. Do you see that, Mr. Hamilton?" holding up the small left hand. On its forefinger flashes a superb diamond.

"I see it. What of it?" harshly.

"Mr. Leigh put it there, that is all. Let me go, Mr. Hamilton!" as he crushes her to his maddened heart and presses relentless kisses on her lips.

"And *you* are a devil, after all. Like all the rest—all the rest!" he says, in a bitter, broken voice. "I believed in you—you are the first I ever did believe in—and it has come to this. Maud, Maud, women like you have tried me before to-day. Women's beauty has been sweet to me, my darling, before I ever set eyes on you. I'll not deceive you, but none of them ever yet broke my heart. I never thought you would have done that for me, but you have. There, there, no tears; save them. They mock an anguish like mine. I ask your pity when I am out of sight"—(why does Nina's face rise between him and Maud Richmond as he speaks?)—"and when—when your kisses are on that other man's lips, remember, Maud, they will sting him as mine sting you to-day. There."

He flings her from him and rushes from the house. Maud Richmond sees him once more that fourth of March.

It is ten o'clock. The first four acts of the "Bandit of Naples" are finished. The orchestra is playing the overture to "Zampa" in the *entr'acte*, the ballet are rushing wildly about among the "supes," who are occupied in balancing their weapons in a playful style—the same which shall figure in act fifth in the hands of the followers of *Ponti*, the robber chieftain. Meantime, *Ponti* is in his dressing-room, standing beneath the single gas-burner, staring at a picture that he has taken from his breast—at a picture and a few little withered forget-me-nots that were blossoming this afternoon in his button-hole.

"What use?" he whispers. "None to you, Hal, my boy. Don't forget it."

He holds the tiny little cluster of flowers up in the blaze of the gas. They fret a moment and are gone. He pushes the picture through the thin frame, and then, with a sorry, triumphant smile, he snatches it back again to his breast.

"You were not made for such as I, my darling, but the picture of your face will sleep soundly on my heart. It will not, I dare say, as much as cry out in a dream, and I—oh! I can——"

"*Ponti* is called!" screams a shrill voice in the doorway, and Mr. Hamilton looks about for his pistols. They are not to be found.

"Where the devil——"

"I found your pistols, Hamilton, out on the stage just now. You must have dropped them as you went off," Nina speaks.

Nina, in a bewitching gypsy dress, with all her black hair unbound, and her wild eyes shining with unearthly splendor over the round, rouged, babyish cheeks.

"Oh, thank you. Yes, I suppose I did. Come on," he says, carelessly holding the door open for her to pass out. "We're called."

"Hal," touching his shoulder, as they grope through the narrow, winding passage.

"Well?" shortly, shaking his shoulders free of her weight.

"You are—are awfully happy to-night, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes, superbly happy," with an irony the little *coryphée* fails to notice.

"I thought so. *She* is out there in the box."

"She is? My God! To-night!"

"Hal, now that you are so happy, you won't mind—will you kiss me, just once?"

She stops in the darkness and hears his answer.

"Kiss you? Kiss you, did you say? Why, to be sure. Why not? What does it matter if I kiss every woman I meet, so long as *she*—there, there, Nina, I—I'm a little wrong to-night. I guess I've been drinking—yes, ha! ha!—drinking too much—and——"

"Stage waits for *Ponti*," interrupts Mr. Hamilton's speech.

In five minutes more he is standing on a rocky eminence, amid a cohort of bandits, surveying the Bay of Naples, as depicted on the flat before him, and listening to the rush of martial music as it swells up from the orchestra, and across the Bay of Naples, far on the uttermost heights; he sees a haughty face, with such innocent eyes, and the golden hair that might have been the aureole of an angel, but was only a woman's crown.

The act is drawing to a close. Nina's test is close at hand. Her pantomime has been wonderfully good, and as she at last hands the pistol to Mr. Hamilton, she speaks her first speech right well.

"There! Take my life—you *have* taken my heart."

The young, fresh voice has an awful throb in it that thrills through every heart in the house. The gypsy girl stands before the bandit with her face toward the house—toward him. There is a piteous, imploring look in her great eyes that is an excellent augury for future success, and *Ponti* fires with an unerring aim at the beautiful,

XUM

bright little figure. It falls to the ground with a dull thud. One broken, quivering, sobbing cry, and the blood flows out of her young heart on the dirty stage of the Varieties.

"Quite a success," murmurs Miss Richmond, gathering her opera-cloak around her pearly shoulders. "Harassing, though. I wish they would not make stage blood look so very real."

"Very harassing," asserts Mr. Leigh, as he escorts his betrothed to her carriage.

"My God! Have mercy upon me!"

Hal Hamilton is kneeling, bent over the girl's figure that is lying half within his arms.

"Nina, Nina, wake up and speak to me, Nina! Forgive me! Only say you forgive me! I never knew my pistol was loaded. I never had a loaded pistol in this house."

Almost wild with grief and despair, he gathers the slender little figure closer to him.

She opens her eyes in a moment. The surgeon's remedies have given her a bit of fictitious strength.

"I put it in myself. Tell them that I ch—changed the pistols. I—don't you remember you couldn't find them when you were called for the last act, and I told you I found them on the stage? I did it, Hal. I wanted you to kill me as long as you couldn't love me; and, Hal, I was almost—almost as happy as you are to-night, when I saw you lift the revolver and send the ball straight to my heart."

"My darling, my darling, as happy as I am! Nina, she did not love me." He whispers it lowly to her, and a great joy creeps over the pallid face—pallid through all its liquid rouge, with the pallor that never changes to brightness, save in the Kingdom of Our Father.

"I told you she never could love you as I did. I knew it. Women with such cold eyes never can. Take me closer, Hal. She can never care now." And Nina Varêt nestles nearer the arms that forever after shall be empty.

"Hush, hush!" he whispers. "Oh, my God, spare me the one being that loves me! Nina, my little one, tell me again that you care for my kisses. Nobody else does in the world."

"I care," she says. "Take me closer, closer."

A little wearily her head is turned aside upon his breast. Nina can never come any closer in earthly arms than she is—gathered in Hal Hamilton's arms. No kisses can ever smite her mouth warmer than those pressed there on their cold beauty by the passionate, beautiful lips of the man who bends above her—bends above her with the wistful, craving look in his blue eyes that only the sleep of death can crush, and that no woman ever again will call up by her beauty or her smiles.

Boys' Inscriptions in Books.—Formerly boys used to write queer, doggerel lines in their books, like this:

"Steal not this book, my honest friend,
For fear the gallows may be your end."

French boys, mixing French and Latin, wrote, under a figure of a boy hanging on a gallows:

"Aspice *Pierrot pendu*,
Qui hunc librum n'a pas rendu;
Si hunc librum reddidisset,
Pierrot pendu non fuisset."

The passion of acquiring riches in order to support a vain expense corrupts the purest souls.

It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside.

THE PHOTOPHONE.

By William Ackroyd, F.I.C.

The last decade (1870-80) has been a pre-eminently lucky one, so far as scientific revelations are concerned, and to the long list of valuable discoveries made in it we have now to add the new order of facts which has been disclosed to us by means of the photophone, an instrument which enables one to transmit speech by means of sunbeams. The evolution of the instrument has been singularly rapid, as the primary fact which led to its invention was discovered only a few years ago at Valentia Bay.

It happened in this wise: The well-known electrician, Willoughby Smith, required some substance which offered a high resistance to the flow of electricity for use in testing at the shore-end of submarine cables, and for this purpose he employed sticks of the metal selenium in glass cases. The resistance of the material was found, however, to be very variable, from some, up to then, unknown cause, as at one time one of these sticks would be a very bad conductor, and then unaccountably become a comparatively good conductor. Thus if *Se* (Fig. 1) represent the stick of selenium in its glass case, with platinum wires inserted at each end, it presented the remarkable phenomenon of allowing electricity to pass through it with varying amounts of facility. It was now found by Mr. May, Mr. Smith's assistant, that the light falling on the bar of selenium was the cause of this extraordinary variability; a stick which offered a certain resistance to the flow of the current in the dark only offering one-half the resistance in daylight.

FIG. 1.—THE SENSITIVE STICK OF SELENIUM.

When this unique fact was made known, it became the subject of investigation by very many physicists. It occurred to Graham Bell, the famous Scoto-American investigator, that one might possibly use the telephone instead of the galvanometer in showing the action of light on selenium; but it was very apparent that before this could be managed some means would have to be devised for rapidly varying the quantity of light falling on the sensitive substance. The reason is plain. A telephone only emits sound when a rapidly variable current of electricity is passing through it, and consequently no sound would be given out so long as the regular current from a battery (Fig. 2, *b*) passed through the telephone in unvarying strength continuously and steadily. Therefore to make a telephone (*t*) give out sound owing to the action of light on selenium at *Se*, it was plainly necessary to rapidly vary the quantity of light falling on *Se*, so as to produce a rapidly variable current passing through the telephone (*t*). Now this conception seemed to open out extraordinary possibilities. Thus it was apparent that the necessary variation in the quantity of light falling on the selenium

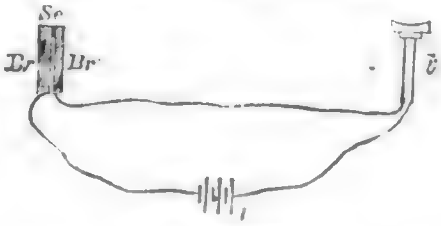


FIG. 2.—A SELENIUM CELL.

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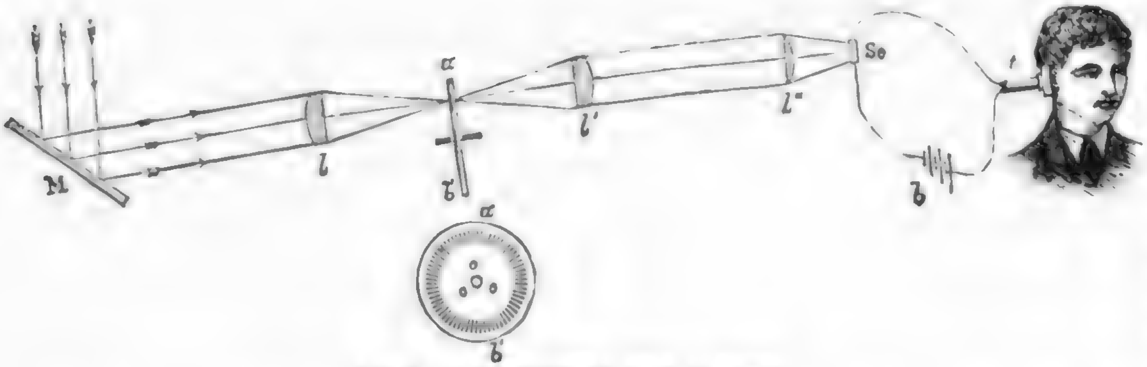


FIG. 3.—A SONORIFEROUS BEAM OF LIGHT.

might be produced a very great distance away; that, in short, various sounds might be impressed on sunbeams traveling with marvelous rapidity, to be re-converted into sound by the selenium receiver, or "cell," a long way off. An arrangement for this purpose, which was successfully worked by Bell and his friend, Sumner-Tainter, is shown in Fig. 3. Sunlight was reflected in the proper direction by a mirror (M), and then converged to a focus by means of an achromatic lens (*l*). At the focus there was placed a revolving disk (*a b'*), perforated with about forty holes, so that when the disk was whirling round there was alternate light and darkness beyond the focus. The rays were now parallelized by means of a second achromatic lens (*l'*), and finally focused by means of a third (*l"*) on to the selenium cell (*Se*). The conductivity of the selenium was thus rapidly varied, there was a regular change from light to darkness on its sensitive surface, and a change produced in it corresponding in frequency to musical vibrations, and a musical note was emitted by the telephone (*t*). There was thus devised a remarkable sound-producer, partaking of the nature of the Siren in its revolving perforated disk, and of the Savart's wheel in the periodic rapping of ether waves against the selenium cell, but differing most markedly from both in that the active agent was a sunbeam, and the sound-effect depended upon the rapid variation of an electrical current.

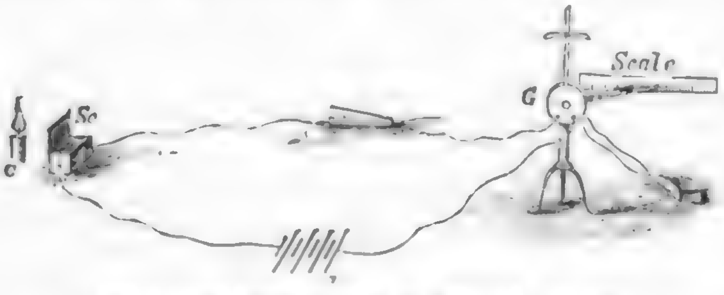


FIG. 4.—THE SENSITIVENESS OF SELENIUM TO LIGHT.

Simple as all this may seem, certain practical discoveries were required to be made before such experiments could be satisfactorily performed. Any one who has worked electrically with selenium is aware of the enormous resistance it offers to the flow of an electric current; he has a vivid recollection of the hours he has spent over the hot-air bath while "cooking" his selenium, to make it crystalline and better conducting, and probably after all, when the selenium has been placed in a dark box (*Se*, Fig. 4.) and joined up to the battery (*b*) and galvanometer (*G*), the beam of light reflected from within the galvanometer on to the scale has been scarcely moved when the light from a candle (*c*) has been allowed to fall on the selenium by lifting up the lid of the dark box. It was necessary, therefore, to have a handier way of cooking the selenium; it was necessary, moreover, to devise more sensitive or better conducting cells than had hitherto been used. Messrs. Bell and Tainter overcame these difficulties, for they managed to prepare their selenium in a few minutes, and by employing brass instead of iron and platinum in making selenium cells, as had been done by previous investigators, they reduced their resistance enormously. We shall not describe these cells minutely here, as it will suffice for our purpose to point out that they consist essentially of arms of brass (*Br*, *Br*, Fig. 2) so arranged that a current of electricity can only flow from one arm to the other through a thin film of intervening selenium (*Se*). Their very sensitive selenium cells were now placed in the focus of a lens or paraboloidal reflector, with such results as we shall presently describe.

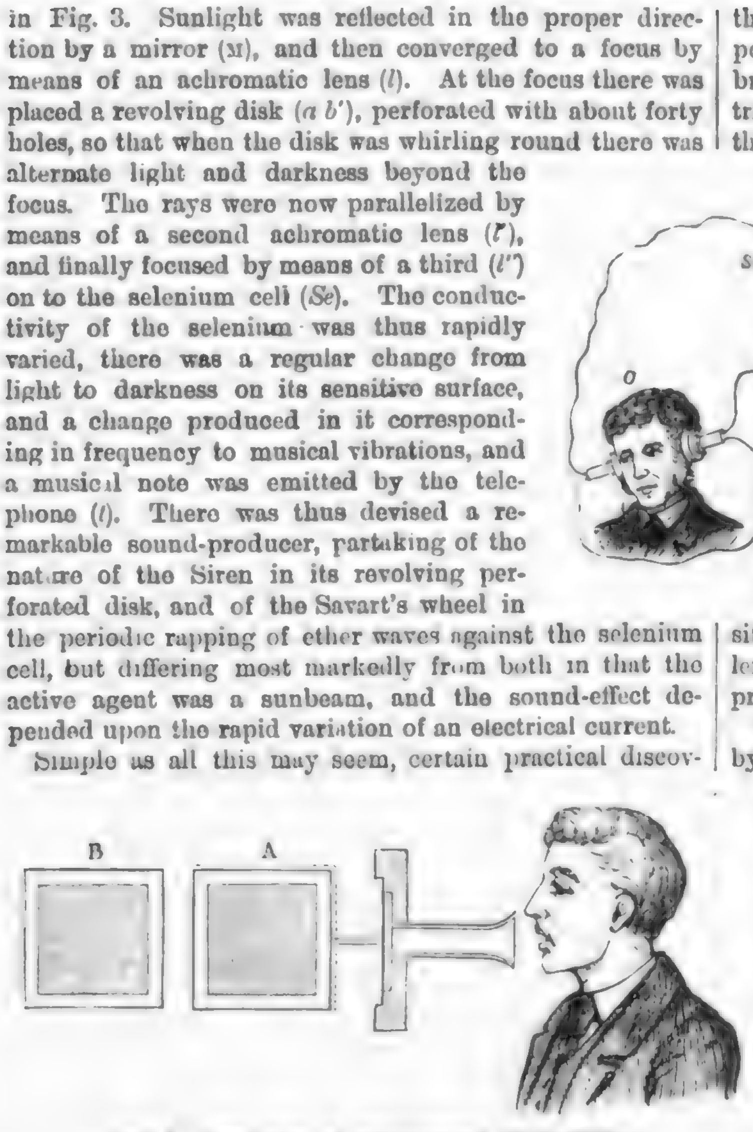


FIG. 5.—ONE FORM OF PHOTOPHONIC TRANSMITTER.

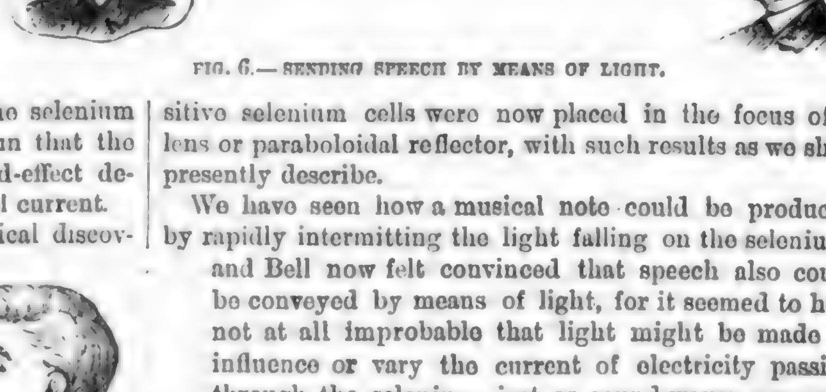


FIG. 6.—SENDING SPEECH BY MEANS OF LIGHT.

We have seen how a musical note could be produced by rapidly intermitting the light falling on the selenium, and Bell now felt convinced that speech also could be conveyed by means of light, for it seemed to him not at all improbable that light might be made to influence or vary the current of electricity passing through the selenium, just as sound-waves are made to influence or vary the current of electricity passing through the carbons in a microphone, and consequently, that just as the telephone reproduces speech in the latter case, so also it might be made to do it in the former. Divination here preceded experiment. The thing required in the first place was a photophone, or instrument which, so speak, could impress upon a sunbeam the manifold peculiarities of uttered speech, so that the selenium receiving the altered beam would in like manner, by its variation in conductivity, impress the current passing through it in such a way as to cause the telephone in circuit to give out similar sounds to those spoken into the photophone. Messrs. Bell and Tainter devised about fifty different forms of apparatus for this purpose, and they were able by means of them to control or modify a sunbeam at any accessible point of its path. One of these forms of apparatus will be readily understood on reference to Fig. 5. A thin metal grating of fine parallel slits (A) was attached to a diaphragm, which could be set vibrating by speaking into the tube, and it will be understood that this vibration gives the grating a to-and-fro, or backward-and-forward, motion, precisely similar to the motion given to the style attached to the diaphragm of a phonograph. A second grating of parallel slits (B) was now placed behind the first in the position of the dotted lines. When the grating A is at rest, an unvarying amount of light passes through the two from a lamp in front of them; but when A is vibrating, and its bars are made partly to obstruct the slits in B, it is plain that, under such circumstances, the amount of light passing through the two would vary with the tone and loudness of the voice—that, in short, nearly every peculiarity of voice would be impressed on the beam passing through the slits. If, therefore, a parallel beam were passed through the slits, as in Fig. 6, and such a beam were conveyed on to the selenium cell (*Se*), the quantity of light falling on *Se* would be ever varying while a speaker was uttering sounds at M, and this variation would be a definite one. Bell and Tainter found that the observer at O, in another room, and out of ear-shot, could make out what was spoken at M. Gibberish it certainly was in many instances, for this form of photophone seems to have failed in transmitting consonant sounds; thus Sumner-Tainter, at M, crying out the most unlikely thing he could think of, said, "Put me to bed," and Bell, at O, made it out to be "Good piece of bread."

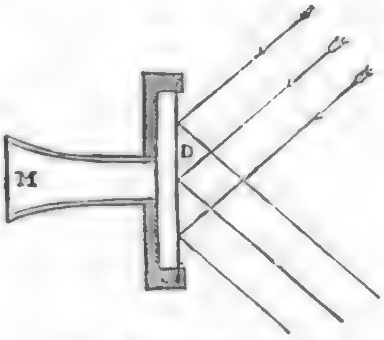


FIG. 7.—A TRANSMITTER.

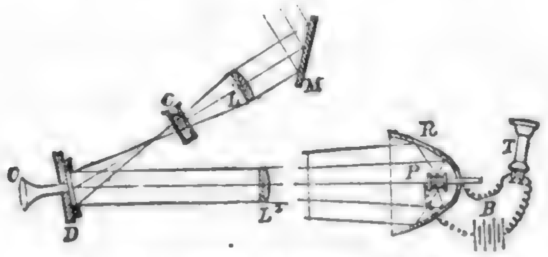


FIG. 8.—PHOTOPHONIC TRANSMISSION OF SPEECH.

The form of photophone (Fig. 7) which appears to give the most satisfaction, is of the simplest nature, since one may speak of it as a thin piece of looking-glass (D) placed at the end of a tube (M). The mirror may be silvered mica, or thin silvered glass, placed at the end of a speaking-tube, so that it may be set vibrating by means of the voice. Such a flexible mirror acts as a very efficient transmitting instrument, for when a parallel beam falls on it and is reflected, the quantity of light which reaches the distant selenium receiver evidently depends upon the state of the mirror's surface at that moment, whether, for example, it be convex or concave, or a combination of the two.

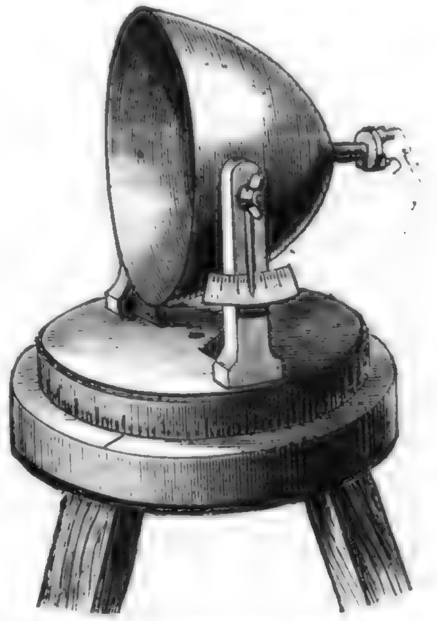


FIG. 10.—PARABOLOIDAL RECEIVER.

For reproducing speech at a distance by means of the sonoriferous beam, Messrs. Bell and Tainter have chiefly experimented with sunlight. For this purpose a large beam (Fig. 8) is reflected by the mirror M in the required direction, and then concentrated by the lens L on to the transmitter or diaphragm mirror D. At L a second achromatic lens is placed for making the rays parallel or divergent, just as may be required, and projecting them on to the selenium receiver a distance away. A section of the receiver is seen at R, which is a parabolic reflector with a selenium cell in its focus connected by wires to the telephone (T) and the battery (B). A glass trough is placed at C, containing a solution of alum, for the purpose of sifting heat-rays from the beam, so as to prevent any disturbance which would arise from heating the diaphragm-mirror D. With such an arrangement of apparatus speech has been conveyed beyond ordinary speaking distances; and Bell explained to the members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Boston how Tainter and he had made a successful experiment over a distance of about 700 feet. It was in Washington, and Mr. Tainter worked the transmitting instrument on the top of the Franklin Schoolhouse, while Bell was at his laboratory in 1325 L Street, with the sensitive receiver arranged in one of the windows. While his friend was at work at the distant schoolhouse, Bell

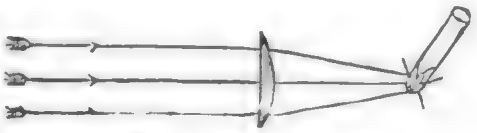


FIG. 11.—A SOUNDING CHIP.

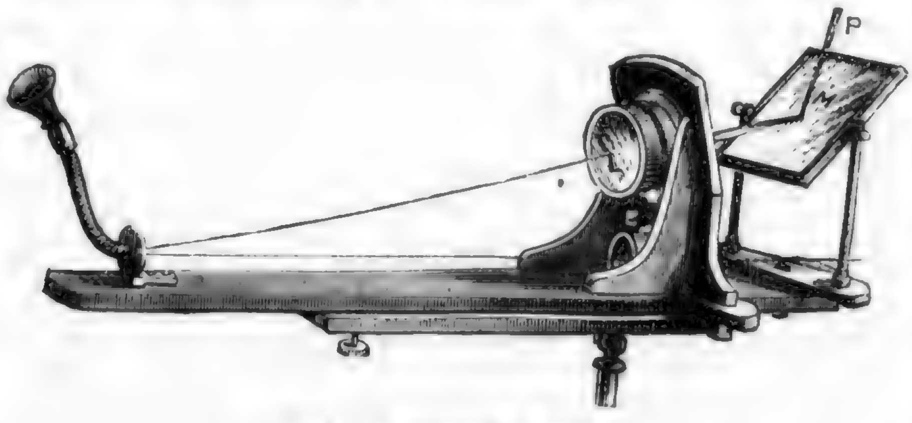


FIG. 9.—PHOTOPHONIC TRANSMITTER.

applied the telephone to his ear, and heard distinctly from the illuminated receiver the words: "Mr. Bell, if you hear what I say, come to the window and wave your hat." In relating this incident subsequently, Professor Bell remarked that he need scarcely say with what gusto he rushed to the window and made the required signal.

The transmitting instrument is shown in Fig. 9, and the paraboloidal receiver in Fig. 10. The preceding paragraph is sufficiently explanatory of the former; and, respecting the latter, it will be understood that there is a sensitive selenium cell in its focus, and from this wires proceed to the outside, and are joined up to the battery and telephone.

In the course of this investigation Messrs. Bell and Tainter discovered another remarkable fact. They found that a sonoriferous beam possesses the power of causing most substances to emit sound when they are placed in its path, so that the selenium receiver, battery and telephone could be dispensed with in such photophonic experiments. Thus, when a sheet of hard rubber, or ebonite, was placed in the position of *Se* (Fig. 3), it emitted a distinct note. In earlier experiments of this sort the sonoriferous beam was converged on to diaphragms of the substance placed at the end of the tube, the other end being applied to the ear, and it was not long before it was discovered that the substance of the tube alone would emit a sound when the sonoriferous beam was converged into one end of it. From this it was a natural step to converge the sonoriferous beam into that crooked tube, the ear passage, and upon making the experiment a sound was heard.

Perhaps this is the most simple of all photophonic experiments that have been made, the receiver being the ear alone. When new ground is opened out discoveries come thick and fast, and Messrs. Bell and Tainter's investigation has again exemplified the fact, for, in addition to the foregoing discoveries, it has been experimentally shown that solids, liquids and gases placed in test-tubes are efficient sound-producers when a sonoriferous beam is converged on to them (Fig. 11). Chips of wood in this way gave clear audible sounds, and even the smoke from a cigar was an efficient source of sound.

Practical men are now asking—"What is the use of these discoveries?" And, after the manner of Franklin, one might reply by putting another question, "What is the use of an infant?" We only know, so far, that we have been presented with a new instrument which may yet be utilized for all purposes where sunlight is employed in signalling with the heliograph, and if nothing more than this is done, a vast amount of labor will be saved in the future, because in photophonic, as in telephonic communications, it is not necessary to learn any code of signals. To the less utilitarian it is already a source of pleasure, in that it has opened out a new line of research of great possibilities. We have learnt that matter in general is susceptible of a change when under the influence of a sonoriferous beam of light; and who shall say that some one of these newly-disclosed facts may not yet form the cornerstone of a vast superstructure of useful knowledge?

It has been proposed to investigate the "voice of the stars" with the photophone, and if we should ever be so far successful as to be able to study the superficial tremors of heavenly bodies by means of the light they send earthward, we shall, indeed, have learnt to interpret the *vox stellarum* in a way no astrologer ever before dreamed of attempting.

A RICH vein of anthracite coal has been discovered within five miles of the City of Victoria in British Columbia.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

PETROLEUM AS A MOTOR.—One of the most ingenious contrivances for utilizing petroleum as a motive power has recently been brought forward in the shape of a gas cylinder and air-pump, placed longitudinally side by side, and connected to the same crank shaft. The power is originated by the combustion of petroleum oil in the gas cylinder, which is supplied from a receiver, in which it is kept at the desired pressure through the agency of the air-pump, the speed of the engine being increased or diminished by graduating the quantity of air introduced into the gas cylinder from the air tank. The engine makes about three hundred revolutions a minute, and the main or gas cylinder is kept cool by water which circulates up through one piston rod and piston head, passing out through the other piston rod. The mode of connecting with the propeller shaft in the marine application of the motor, is a unique feature. The engine always moves in the same direction, whether the boat is going ahead or backing, the motion of the screw being governed by two cog-wheels, one of which it drives forward, and the other backward—these being controlled by friction clutches, which are operated by air pressure from the tank.

AN ELECTRIC TRICYCLE.—M. Trouvé has made experiments with an English-made tricycle, weighing about fifty-five kilogs. He fixed two of his electric motors, supplied with electricity by three secondary cells, such as he uses for his polyscopes, to each side of the machine, the motors being connected one to each crank. A friend rode the machine, which traversed the Rue de Valois, an asphalted street, at the speed of an ordinary cab. The experiment was continued for an hour. The total weight of the tricycle with M. Trouvé's friend on it was 160 kilogs., and the effective force produced by the two motors, 7 kilogrammètres. M. Trouvé is at work on a motor the effective force of which he puts at 0 kilogrammètres, and with which he hopes to attain a speed of from 20 to 30 kilomètres an hour.

QUITE a notable engineering undertaking has just been completed in Russia, in the shape of a long bridge over the Volga, on the Syoran and Orenburg Railway, connecting the cities of Syoran, in the Government of Simbirsk, with that of Samara. The width of the river is nearly a mile, and, as it is liable to the occurrence of heavy Spring floods, the piers—of which there are fourteen altogether—had to be built 100 feet above the mean water-level, the depth of the water being more than fifty feet. The great girders, 364 feet long and 20 feet wide, were all riveted and put together on the right bank of the river, and then floated to their position. The whole cost of the structure, which is regarded as a model of its kind, was 7,000,000 silver roubles.

AN earthquake shock was felt in Eastern France on the night of July 21-22 at Aix-les-Bains, Lyons, Grenoble, Chalons, and other places. The time of the phenomenon was 2h. 3s. A.M. at Lyons and Chalons, and the direction from north to south. No accident is reported in either of these places. The shock was also felt in Switzerland in a large number of places, at Geneva, Morges, Lausanne at about 2h. 45m. A.M., local time; indeed, it is stated to have been the sharpest felt in the district since 18 4. Nowhere has any accident been recorded. A terrible storm was raging in these regions on the 21st, a few hours before the earthquake took place. Spontaneous currents have interrupted also the telegraphic communications.

IT has no doubt been a mystery to many how the iron ball inside sleigh-bells got there, and it is said to have taken considerable thought on the part of the discoverer before the idea struck him. In making sleigh-bells the iron ball is put inside a sand core, just the shape of the inside of the bell. Then a mold is made just the shape of the outside of the bell. This sand core, with the jinglet inside, is placed in the mold of the outside, and the melted metal poured in, which fills up the space between the core and mold. The hot metal burns the core so that it can all be shaken out, leaving the ball within the shell. Ball valves, swivel joints, and many other articles are cast in the same manner.

The method described by Herren Kirchoff and Hahnemann last year for determining the heat-conductivity of metals, has been applied by them (*Wied. Ann.*, No. 7) to three varieties of iron, and to lead, tin, zinc, and copper; and the electric conductivity of these metals has also been measured. The conclusion is that the ratio of these conductivities is in general constant in these different metals, with exception of iron, and it is thought the exception may be connected with magnetic properties. Herr H. F. Weber's result disagrees with this, for he finds the ratio to be a linear function of the product of specific heat and density. The authors are unable to discover the cause of this discrepancy.

THE boring of the Arlberg tunnel is proceeding with great rapidity. The length finished since June, 1880, is 1,720 metres, and an average yearly advance of 2,160 metres is confidently expected after a while. The average of Mont Cenis and the St. Gothard was only 1,112 and 1,670 respectively. The St. Gothard tunnel was expected to be completed by the end of September, but the lines of approach are not likely to be ready before next Spring.

IN a note to the Vienna Academy, Dr. Margules calls attention to the beautiful figures that are produced in glycerine, when the liquid is moved in a regular way, by rotation of a disk in contact with it. These fissures afford an insight into the form of the surfaces and paths of the currents. They are due to the water contained in the glycerine.

At a granite quarry in Westerly, Rhode Island, there was recently detached a monolith 150 feet long, 10 feet wide, and 8 feet thick, weighing over 1,000 tons. These dimensions greatly exceed those of the Obelisk of Semiramis, the largest of the Egyptian monoliths. The Westerly stone was loosened by one oblong blast-hole, in such a simple and perfect manner that the theories and conjectures advanced by many as to the methods of the Egyptians appear absurd. It contains over 12,000 cubic feet of granite, and when cut into smaller blocks will bring about $30,000. It is believed it could be transported to New York, finished as an obelisk and erected for about $150,000.

It seems that the attempt to naturalize camels in Texas and New Mexico was not, after all, an utter failure. The camels used for carrying freight across the California Desert did not, for some reason, prove profitable, and they were turned loose on the Gila and Salt River bottoms. There they lived and bred, until now, it is said, they roam the lower Gila plains in large numbers, giving *The Louisiana Citizen* ground for the belief that they "will continue to increase in numbers, until a drove of wild camels will become as common on the western plains of Arizona as buffalo now are on the plains east of the Rocky Mountains."

There is nothing new under the sun. Luminous paint, which produces beautiful effects in the dark, is being introduced as a novelty, when in fact the Emperor of China, in the year of grace 976, possessed a painting, the subject of which every morning left its frame to go and take a walk, and was only on view at night. The Emperor naturally thought there was something peculiar about the artist, but it turned out that he made his paints of a luminous substance extracted from the oyster. To-day, a thousand years later, oyster-shells and sulphur are astonishing our grown-up minds.

Disk Scissors.—A novel pair of scissors has been devised by Herr Sievert, of Dresden. The blades are represented by two circular steel knives, which slightly overlap the edges, and are pressed together by two spiral springs. The knives are fastened to a pair of wooden rollers with india rubber rims, which grasp and guide the cloth or paper as it passes between the knives, so that the latter may cut straight. These cutters are carried by two handles or levers, which are held in the hand, and the cutting is effected by pushing the scissors forward, so as to cause the rollers to revolve.

The presence of one-twentieth of 1 per cent. of lead or certain other metals in standard gold will render a bar an inch thick so brittle, that it may readily be broken by a slight rap with a hammer. Less than one-half of 1 per cent of iron in metallic copper will reduce the electric conductivity by about sixty per cent., while a far smaller quantity will render it quite unfit for manufacture into telegraph cables or for other electrical purposes.

Several important discoveries of petroleum have been made in Hanover. A bore of 200 feet at the village of Oelheim yields from a single source in twenty-four hours 20 000 gallons, of which one-third can be used for illuminating purposes. This has given rise to speculative fever, which is running very high, and ground in the neighborhood is selling at $750 to $1,000 per acre.

By means of the "detective camera"—a new feat in photography—photographs may be taken in the street, or in any other place, without the knowledge of the individuals being photographed. The apparatus appears externally like a book or small box.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Fine Animals—Ground mice.

A burnt mustache dreads a short cigar.

Grave Subjects—Those in a dissecting-room.

Always Goes Round with a Long Face—An alligator.

The man who knows the most is not always an owing man.

When actors get angry with one another, they generally make up before the next performance.

Precocious boy (munching the fruit of a date-tree): "Mamma, if I eat dates enough, will I grow up to be an almanac?"

Some men, when they go to church, never think of studying the frescoing on the ceiling of the edifice until the collection plate is being passed around.

Frank.—"This letter I am writing to my dear, noble, handsome Frank, might truly be called Frank-incense," said a young lady, who was very far gone indeed!

BABY'S PETITION.

Life is restless, days are fleeting,
Children bloom, but die in teething;
Warning take all friends and mothers,
Watch the precious girls and brothers;
Read the home life of Victoria,
Children nine, all had Castoria;
No sleepless nights, by baby squalling,
Like larks they rise in early morning.

The Latest Fashion Report—The banker's wife should wear cashmere; the organist's, organ-die; the carpenter's, plane goods; the chairmaker's, satin.

In some churches, the seats on the right are devoted exclusively to ladies, and those on the left to gentlemen. The latter is called the "aisle of man."

Mrs. Brownstone says that if she has a dog she wants one of those great Sarah Bernhardt dogs that dig those dear old monks out of the snow in Switzerland.

A horse-shoer.—"Ez a general thing," said Uncle Jacob Read, the other evening, "I am down on puns. But I've allus considered a blacksmith a hoss, sure."

What is the difference between the preacher, the builder, and the architect of a church? One is the rector, the other is the erector, and the other the director.

They say Beaconsfield never wore anything but patent-leather shoes. A man with nothing on but patent leather shoes could not fail to make a sensation in Parliament.

"I don't like a fellow who is inclined to fancy everything he sees," said Tom. "I dislike still more the fellow who is inclined to seize everything he fancies," said John.

The *Lancet* came out recently with an article headed, "How to Tell a Mad Dog." We have nothing to tell a mad dog that we cannot communicate by telephone or post-card.

Man's inhumanity to man was first discovered in the deacon who mistook a good ripe umbrella for the old rustic, unplunged one of his own, which he had thoughtfully left at home.

A legal Conundrum—If distance lends enchantment to the view, and the view refuses to return it, what remedy has distance? The court takes the papers, and reserves its decision.

A parrot speaks two hundred and fifty words. There being less than that number of profane expressions in the English language, it is presumable that the bird is something of a polyglot.

An inveterate wag, seeing a heavy door nearly off its hinges, in which condition of neglect it had been for some time, observed that when it had fallen and killed some one it would probably be hung.

Brownson: "Well, I always make it a rule to tell my wife everything that happens." *Smithkins:* "Oh, my dear fellow, that's nothing. I tell my wife lots of things that never happened at all."

"This house for sail," was the way the landlord spelled the announcement. A smart fellow came along and asked: "When will the house sail?" "As soon as some one comes along who can raise the wind," was the cool answer.

A pretty girl out West told her beau that she was a mind-reader. "You don't say so!" he exclaimed. "Yes," said she; "you have it in mind to ask me to be your wife, but you are just a little scared at the idea." Their wedding-cards are out.

In a railroad collision the other day, a young lady's old-style bonnet was crushed and dented in seventeen different places. She took it home, put a flower and two yards of ribbon on it and now has a bonnet of the latest style, worth eleven dollars and a half.

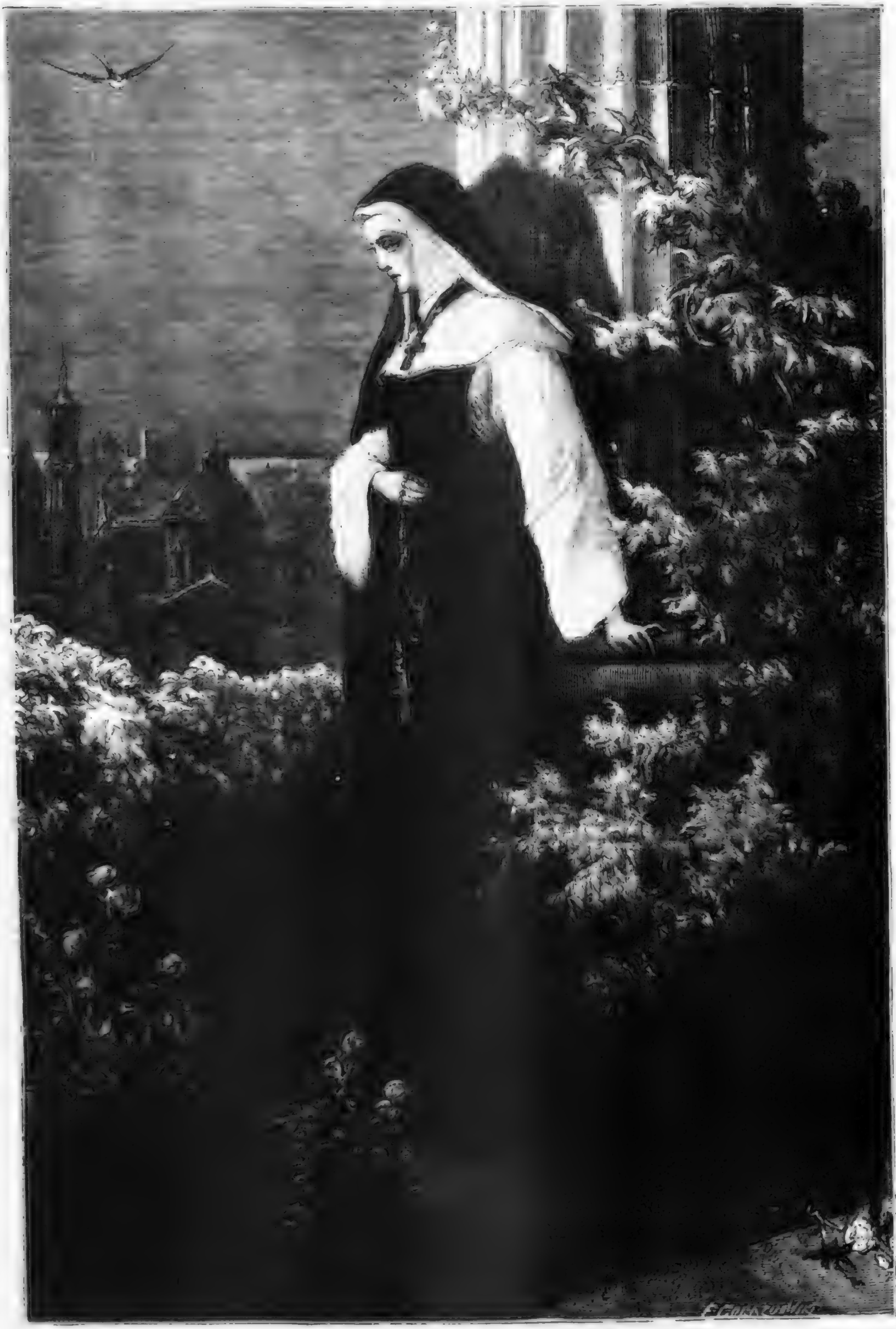
Remarks on Dress.—"Papa, is it nice to make remarks about people's dress?" "Why, certainly not, darling; what did you ask that for?" "Nothing, papa, only mamma said my dress was awfully shabby, and wondered why papa hadn't noticed it long ago."

"This isn't a menagerie," sharply observed an irascible woman to a man who was trying to force his way through the crowd at the door of a concert-room. "No, I suppose not," returned the man, "or they wouldn't leave any of the animals to block up the entrance."

Parson Cantable is one of the most absent-minded men we know. At a funeral the other day, after going through the usual exercises for such cases made and provided, and while the bereaved circle was sighing and weeping, and the head mourners were completely overcome by his harrowing eloquence, he sank gracefully into his chair, with the announcement: "The usual collection will now be taken." Even the head of the head mourners smiled.

Better far than arts æsthetic
  Crewel-work and peacock fans,
Are these studies dietetic,
  Carried on 'mid pots and pans.
This is woman's true position,
  In the kitchen's inmost nook—
And a lady's noblest mission
  Is to cook.

Candid.—A party of tourists came upon a man in the back yard of a wayside inn, who was calmly engaged in the occupation of skinning cats. One of them approached him, and, after some general conversation, ventured to inquire as to the object of the business in which he was immediately employed. Grasping a fresh grimalkin and plying his knife with the dexterity of a professional operator, he replied, without looking up: "Folks hereabouts never eats no game arter the first of April, but for strangers and sich we allers keeps the rabbit season goin' until June."

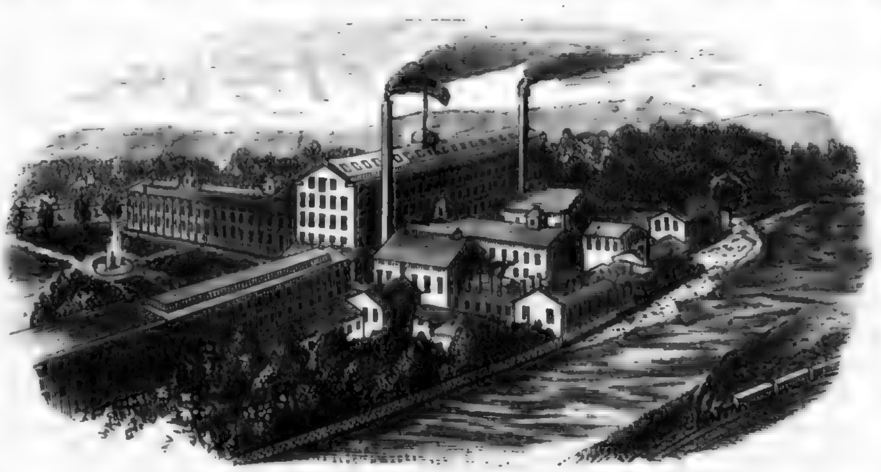


FOREVER.

BICYCLE-MAKING.

WHERE AND HOW BICYCLES ARE MADE.

A WALK of ten minutes from the railway station in Hartford, Conn., through a beautiful park, and by that most elegant of State Capitols, which will keep the name of Upjohn famous as an architect for a century at least, brings one to the front entrance of one of the busiest and most interesting factories in America. The small engraving herewith shows a view of it as seen from the opposite river bank.



It had been for many years known as the Weed Sewing Machine Company's factory, and had acquired a reputation for excellent machine work and good mechanical skill. Sewing machines are still made there in a part of the works, and the wonderfully ingenious metallic screw machinery is busier than ever. But the buildings have been enlarged until they cover five acres of floorage, and the numbers of mechanics and of machines have been trebled, and a threefold interest has been centred here within the last four years. Colonel Pope, of whom more on another page, held the wand which has worked this transformation. Under its sway this has become the largest bicycle factory in the world. In England this manufacture has a history of twelve years or more, and here it has but four; and yet this one large American factory is larger than any three across the Atlantic, and the Columbia bicycles, turned out at the rate of fifty a day already, are running in every part of this country, and are exported to half-a-dozen other countries.

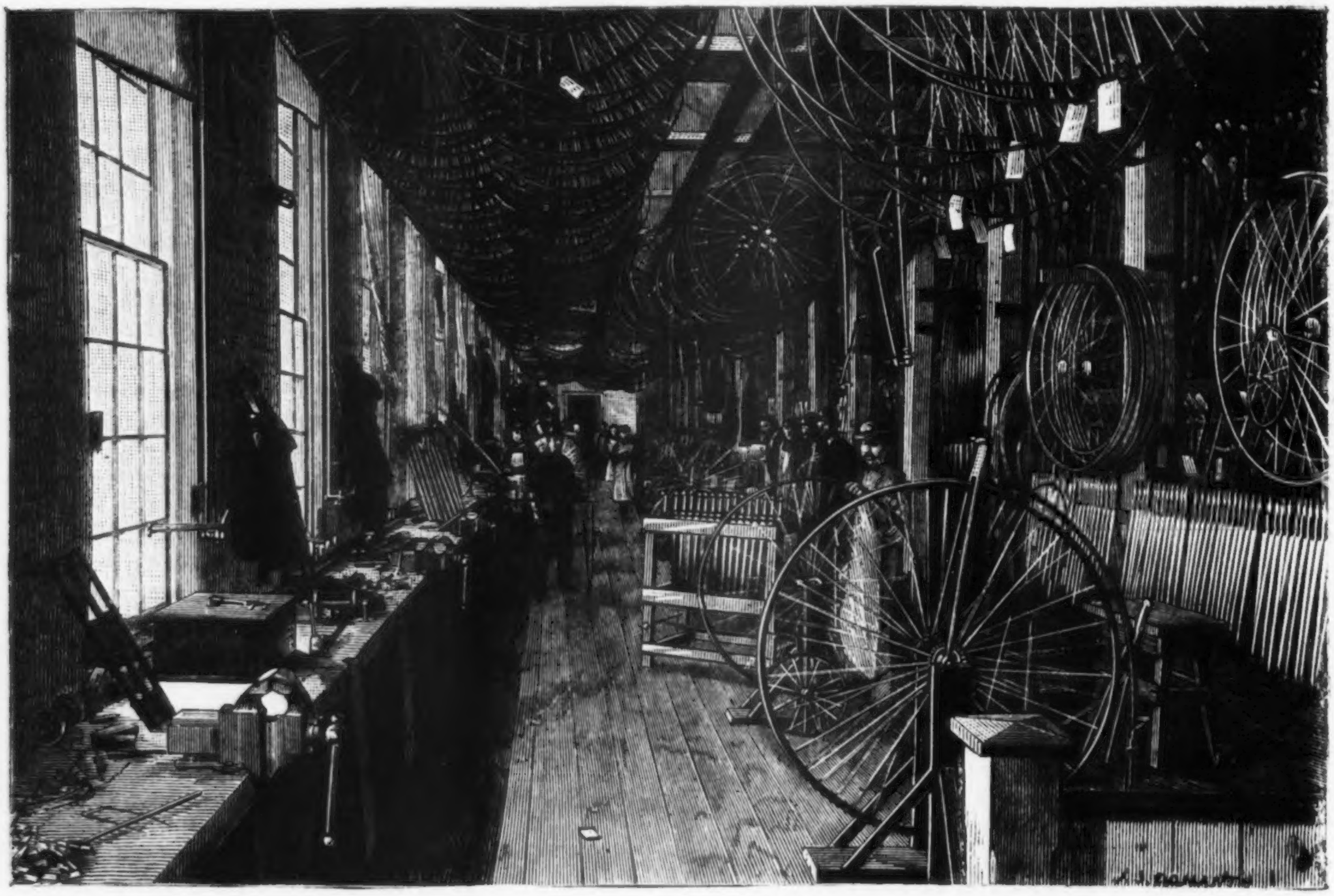
The cuts which illustrate these pages, which are made from photographs taken on the premises, and the following cursory description, will give the thousands of readers of the POPULAR MONTHLY who cannot visit the works some idea of the extent, as well as the methods, of this young manufacture. The buildings shown in a group in the first illustration are now all occupied by the bicycle works; the buildings occupied by the screw machinery and others above referred to, being on the other side of these. On entering from the street the visitor will find first, of course, the offices; then the designing and draughting and model rooms, where the best of skill and experience is focused, and the work mapped out, so to speak. From these, passing by a winding way and leaving other rooms until our return, we come to the forge shop. Arranged on either side are a dozen large drop forges with their accompanying contrivances, while in the corners are pony hammers and power hammers of different sizes. Just off from the main room is a cabinet for the dies, the various sets being kept in their appropriate places when not in use. Many of them are so large and heavy as to require the strength of two men to handle them. These dies are made in another part of the works, by expensive machinery and most skilled labor, some of them requiring weeks to cut and finish. In forging the "open head," for instance, there are five or six sets of dies used, one set of which costs more than five hundred dollars to cut and finish in the hard steel blocks. Some of the dies are the largest used in the country, and the drop forges in which they are used are believed to be amongst the largest in the world. Not all the forging, however, is done in the "forge shop"; there is another place where the rims are forged with rollers, and then they are welded and shaped with dies. There is the "perch shop," where the tubular backbones are drawn, and have the proper proportions and curvature given to them.

In another room the front forks are welded to the arms extending downward from the head, and the rear forks to the arms that take the back wheels. In the lathe room the cutting, milling, and turning of the cylindrical parts is done; in another the hubs are turned, and formed to receive the spokes and to be fixed on the axle; in still another the busy emery wheels make the fine metallic finish. In the wheel room the wheels are set up and trued; in the tiring room the rubber tires, now made in molds, are stretched upon the rims, cemented and baked; in the assembling room the wheels, forks, and backbones are put together, and every part duly marked and tagged.

One of the most important is the inspection room, where all the parts of the different bicycles made are brought and tested with as much care as watch machinery or firearms are tested; every part and every workman's work is brought to this room for judgment, and all imperfect parts are rejected. Then there is the paint shop, where those parts not intended to be all-bright or nickel-plated, and some whole machines, are painted with their several coats and stripes; and adjoining is the large drying room. In the nickeling-room, especially fitted for the purpose, all the parts are separately coated with heavy plate, including the largest rims. In the storeroom for small parts is kept the surplus collection of all the lesser pieces which enter into the making of a bicycle.

The number of different parts to a "Standard Columbia" is about seventy-seven, not including those parts of which several are used in the same bicycle, as, for instance, spokes, nuts, etc.; the parts of the "Special Columbia" number about sixty-six, not including the like bolts, nipples, etc.; while the actual number of pieces in either bicycle is over three hundred. The "Mustang," or youth's bicycle, contains a few less. This does not include the accessories, such as wrenches, bells, lamps, bags, oil-cans, etc. This storeroom might aptly be called a new curiosity shop.

Again, there is the storeroom for bicycles, where completed machines are held at the factory to be drawn from by orders from the salesrooms at Boston and elsewhere, and from which, when orders are received, the bicycles are passed on to the crating, boxing, and marking rooms



SECTION OF ASSEMBLING-ROOM.

for delivery. Besides the many rooms mentioned, there are those in which the nuts and screws and bolts are made, and several others. The making of the fine, anti-friction ball-bearings, invented and constructed expressly for the Columbia bicycles, is almost an industry by itself; the perfectly hard, smooth, equal spherical balls, and the accurately constructed box in which they are held, requiring consideraable machinery and ingenious processes for their rapid and exact construction.

Few who look at an elegant bicycle, as it sensitively obeys the will and responds to every motion of the rider, reflect how many things are involved in its building. To this factory are brought steel and iron in the bars of commerce, handles of the best horn (of which a thousand pairs will scarcely furnish fifty pairs of accepted handles); the purest Para rubber; the anodes of nickel, and other requisites which may be had in the market, and which have already undergone many processes by men and machinery. But they must be subjected in this factory to how many more? In the making of them, 158 different machines perform their automatic labor, many of them complicated and peculiar to this art; whilst in the same machines many different tools are often used, and they are supplemented by the use of scores of hand and bench tools, and appliances known to well-equipped machine shops. Some of these machines and processes are patented, and most of the principal parts of the bicycle are the subjects of American and foreign patents.

The way into this industry was beset with obstructions and difficulties on account of so many existing patents, and the enterprising and persistent founder was obliged to turn these same patents, as well as others since granted, into a hedge and protection for it during its adolescence.

The supplement to this extensive manufacture may be briefly referred to. At Boston the warerooms and principal offices of the Pope Manufacturing Company (for this is the maker whose works have been described) occupy the principal part of a large and elegant stone-front building on Washington Street, in the centre of the city. The main offices are approached by broad flights of marble stairs in front, or by an elevator in the rear, and much resemble those of any large and busy corporation. But adjoining and above them are a large and well-lighted show room, with its rows of bicycles and tricycles, a wareroom, a riding-floor of sufficient size for trying bicycles and tricycles and for taking the first lessons in their use, a well-appointed repair and fitting-shop, a painting-room, a store of accessories and outfits, and room for storing and crating. There is a "law department" connected, where the attorney for the corporation may be found when not elsewhere engaged; and last, but not least, is the cheery "president's room," which, however, does not long at a time detain the active "Colonel," who flits about like the spinning wheels themselves on favorite roads. At these headquarters the greater part of the mercantile business of the company is performed, and here the retail orders for machines are received and filled, the larger orders being sent to the factory for direct shipment. The company has also its agencies in more than two hundred cities and towns of this country, which are, many of them at least, sub-centres of activity and enterprise.

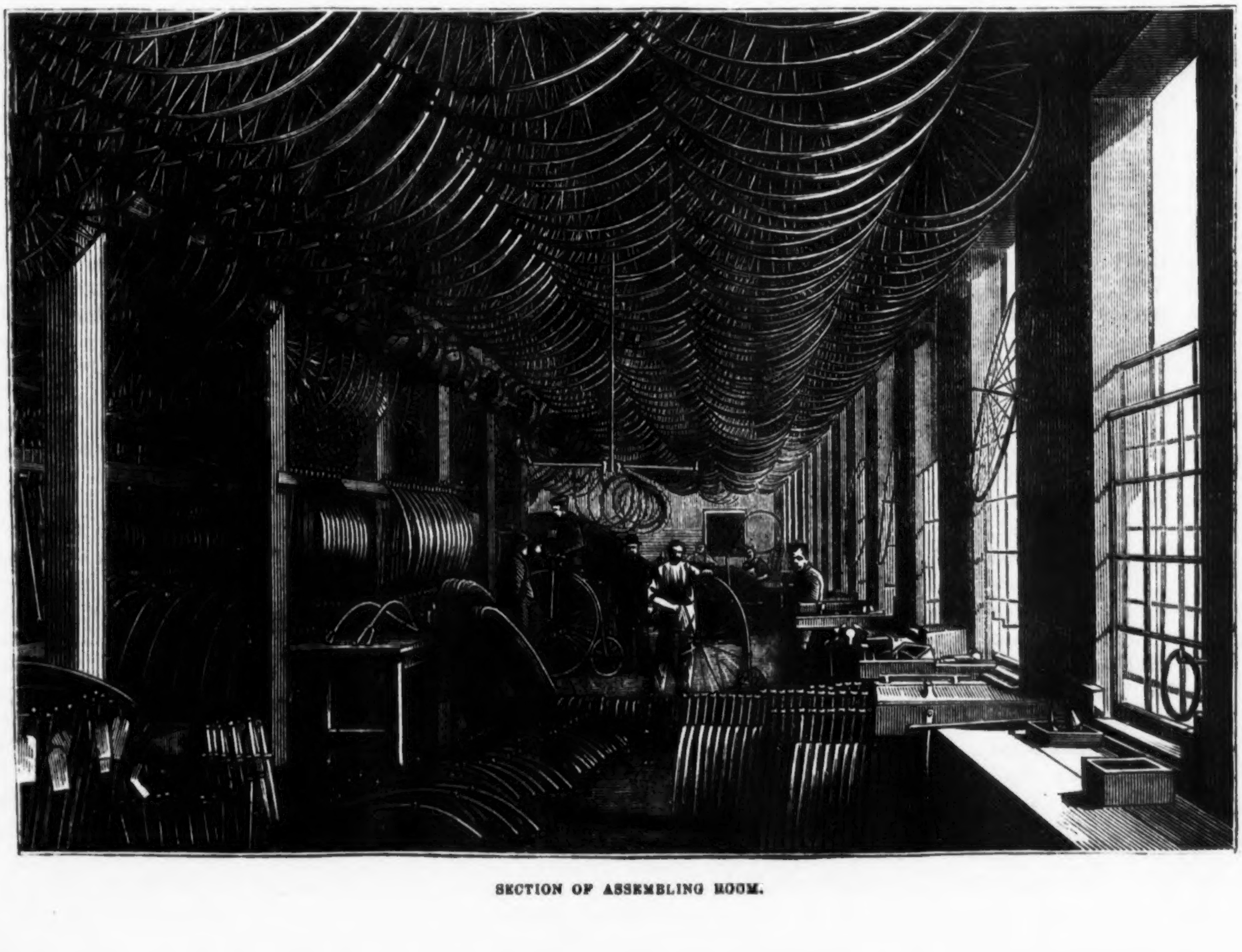
The originator of this new industry and the president of the Pope Manufacturing Company, Colonel Albert A. Pope, is a comparatively young man, of fine personal presence and of genial manners. He had added to a long and honorable record in the army an equally successful one as a merchant whose means, business integrity and resources were of his own developing and accumulation. He was one of the first few to ride the bicycle in this country, and is himself an active and enthusiastic wheelman, was the first President of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, is honorary member of several others, and has been foremost in every way to promote the interests and enjoyments of American wheelmen. When there was no one else ready to stake five thousand dollars on the success of the wheel in America, he came forward with many times that amount personally, and by his confidence inspired others.

The velocipede was the subject of a furore in this country in 1869, and many makers competed in its construction; but they failed to make it a success as a practical road-vehicle. It met with a sudden failure. American inventors did much to suggest improvements, some of which, like those in the suspension-wheel, tubular metallic construction, and the application of the rubber tire, were availed of abroad, where the use of the velocipede was continued and its perfection received great attention. Here and there in this country there had been a rider who had brought home a better bicycle from abroad; and at the Centennial Exhibition there were several styles shown. But there was no revival of velocipedestrianism, and there was no demand here for bicycles. In the Summer of 1877 Colonel Pope learned the art of an English visitor at his house in Newton, Mass., and immediately arranged for his company to import them. His foresight and sagacity led him to see in the near future an opportunity to create a wide market for these vehicles and to build up an American manufacture of them. He visited England, and learned at Coventry and at London what he could about the industry, and reassured himself of its possibilities for his own country. In the Spring of 1878, under his lead, the Pope Manufacturing Company entered upon the manufacture which has resulted in its present proportions. Where there were a dozen bicycles then there are nearly as many thousands now. They have become the popular vehicles, and the popular means of athletic recreation and contest. Not only are hundreds thriving by this industry as a means of livelihood, but it has also opened a market for English makers by stimulating importations by those who always want a foreign thing in preference to one made at home; and it has given an impetus to the trade in children's velocipedes, and developed a new departure of great extent in boys' bicycles of cheap construction. Many are now reaping in the field which Colonel Pope has sown with unsparing hand.

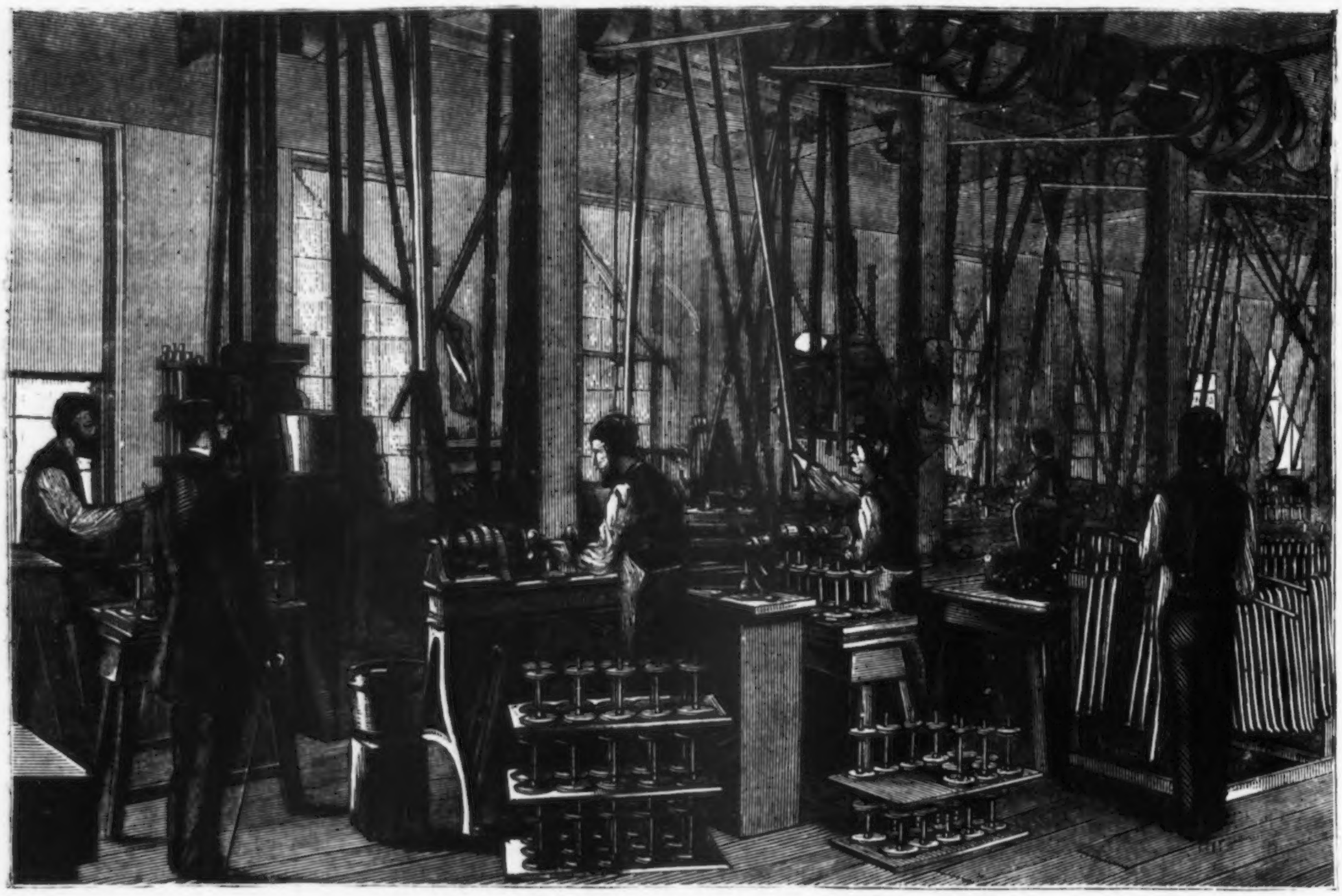
The literature of bicycling in this country, springing from a book entitled "The American Bicycler," by Charles E. Pratt, a Boston lawyer, first published in the Spring of 1879, and which has passed through two large editions, has become copious. Books, magazine articles, bicycling papers, the daily and weekly press, have made the history and the uses of this modern carriage familiar everywhere; whilst "the wheel" itself, in club runs and national L. A. W. meets, in races and on long excursions, has noiselessly and gracefully gained the favor of the American public. Clergymen, physicians, lawyers, merchants, manufacturers, schoolmasters, messengers, clerks, farmers, students—in fact, people in every profession and walk in life, have given it their approval and the sanction of their own example.

The "Columbia Bicycle" helps to spread the gospel of Christian civilization, and aids in the physical salvation of the race. It is an economizer of time and strength and expense. Wherever one would care to drive with a horse and buggy, he can go as fast and as far and as pleasantly with a bicycle, and be twice as independent. For the Summer stroll or Autumn ramble, for the social call and the week's excursion, it is the readiest and most enjoyable conveyance.

Bicycling is a manly art. It strengthens and develops the faculties of mind and body; quickness of judgment,



SECTION OF ASSEMBLING ROOM.

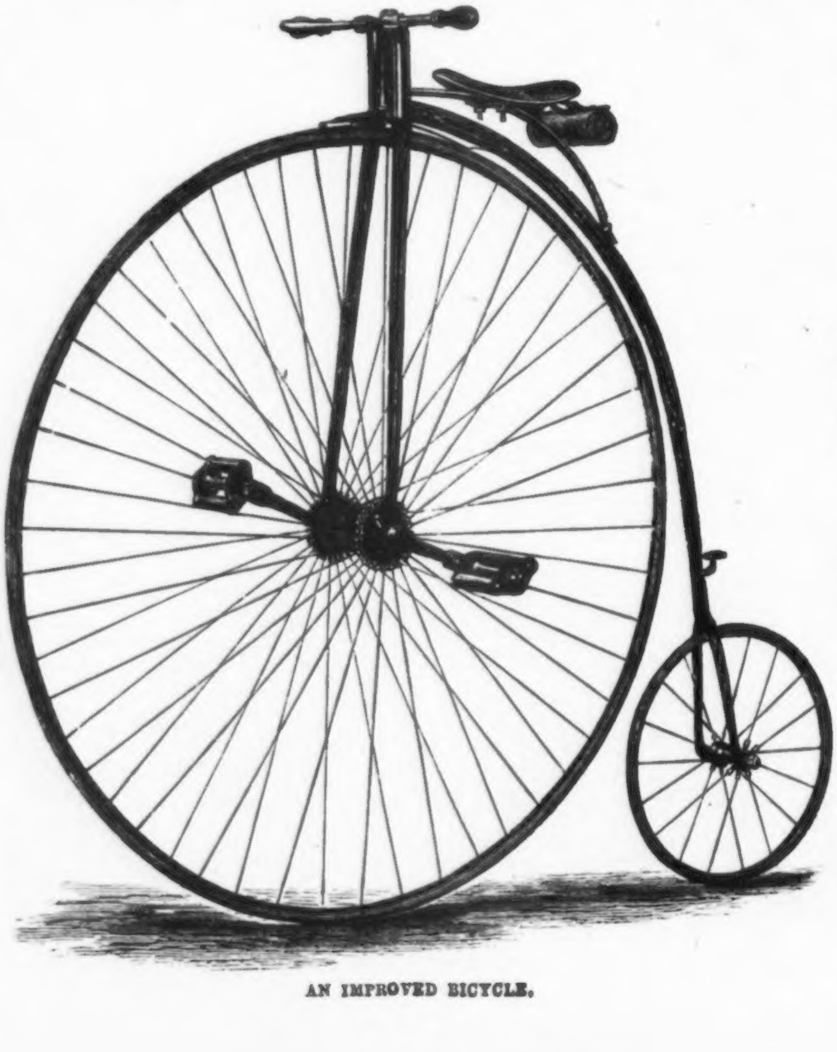


SECTION OF MILLING-ROOM.

alertness and grace of motion, pluck, endurance, independence and self-reliance, may be set down as the qualities to be found in a good bicycler. It was a frequent remark at the hotels, on the occasion of the last May "meet" of the League of American Wheelmen, "Why, the bicyclers are all gentlemen!"

It is a healthful exercise, as the writer of this article knows by experience: it exercises the lungs, the arms, the back and the chest as well as the legs; it braces the nerves and promotes a good circulation of the blood; it sharpens the appetite, and insures sound sleep. Amongst all the recreations which the writer has tried, this is easily chief; and he will be glad if the reading of this article may encourage many who have not yet tried it to partake of its benefits and enjoyments.

There is still some notion abroad that this is a difficult art to learn. It may be acquired by any one in five half-hours. Boys step to the bicycle from their velocipedes without hesitation. The young man learns more quickly; but none of active life or free use of limbs are too old to take it up and make it convenient and enjoyable. For those who are too timid for the bicycle, there are the so-called "safety bicycles" and the tricycle, which in their measure approach the first; but the bicycle is, and is likely to remain, the prince of velocipedes.



AN IMPROVED BICYCLE.

The reader will pardon this digression upon the uses of the machine, the manufacture of which was to be described. They illustrate the probable, nay, almost certain, permanence and increase of this new industry. What one establishment is, and has done in four years or less, has been briefly sketched. What it will become in the next four years is matter for conjecture; but the success of the American Columbia Bicycle is assured, and its permanence as an instrument of pleasure and a factor in industrial pursuits is established.